

COLLEGE FEUD: BLONDE AMBITION

An erotic story of female rivalry written by

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CHAPTER 1

GETTING TO THE POINT

Jessica Matthews' pace quickened as she pursued the lissome blonde just ahead of her in the crowded club. The noise of the dance beat was deafening as she began shoving dancers aside as she targeted her prey: Kathi Carlson, her newfound rival and obsession, the young woman who had turned Jessica's life upside down ever since the beginning of the semester. Jessica's own wavy, platinum blonde hair fluttered like cotton candy as she kept her crosshairs on the other blonde's taut pelvis, pulsing and quivering with muscle as her toned, porcelain legs, wrapped in thigh-high, fishnet stockings, propelled her across the dark dance floor in front of Jessica. Kathi's skirt was daringly short and tightly drawn across her two firm, flexing ass cheeks—short enough to give Jessica a peek at bare ass flesh and more as she strode in front of Jessica.

Jessica's own skirt was every bit as short and tight, part and parcel of the intensifying, feuding competition between the two young women. Both women wore equally tight tops with sheer sleeves, cut

to leave their lean, toned midriffs bare and to show off each girl's creamy, C-cup cleavage.

Neither girl wore or needed a bra to support her firm, proud, perfectly round breasts—and that wasn't the only underwear each had forsaken for the evening. Jessica could feel the hot, humid air of the dance floor wafting under her skirt, caressing her exposed snatch and its golden fur, still stinging from where Kathi had grabbed her, squeezed and tugged at Jessica's dyed blonde curls, retaliating for Jessica's earlier attack. Yes, Jessica had stalked the other blonde through the bar, cornered her and reached up under Kathi's tight skirt to grip the other woman's hot sexual fur, feeling for the first time another girl's vulva and pubic hair under her fingers, and delighting in the look of angry shock, the gasp of fury from Kathi's striking face as Jessica attacked her.

Then it had been Jessica who had fled, tossing a daring, spiteful look behind her as the angry Kathi pursued her. She had pushed her way through the bar, but not as fast as she could have, her heart pounding with the knowledge that Kathi was following her to retaliate. Somehow she had stumbled into a corner and Kathi had quickly closed on her—she'd felt her

skirt tugged upward, Kathi's angry face snarling against hers as the other blonde's fingers found Jessica's crotch, grabbing, squeezing and pulling as Jessica thrashed against her, her eyes squeezed shut as she fought off the pain and humiliation, gasping as she felt, for one shocking second, the other blonde's firm breasts colliding with Jessica's, the bared tops of their tits rubbing as they struggled.

Then Kathi was gone, disappearing back onto the dance floor, and Jessica pursued her madly, intent on paying Kathi back for the violation she herself had initiated. What she didn't know was what form her payback would take. Each of them had grabbed, squeezed and twisted the other's most secret, sensitive, sexual flesh, feeling and attacking each other physically for the first time, intentionally focusing on the forbidden regions each had goaded each other with over the past week or two in class, waging a secret war unnoticed by anyone else in the group. Now Jessica knew she had to either break off her pursuit and call it even or up the ante. The way her heart was racing, and the way Kathi glared back at her, daring her to maintain her pursuit, she knew she would be admitting defeat if she did anything but push things further.

She saw Kathi dodge around a corner and Jessica rudely pushed past two other girls as she pursued. It was the sort of rude, thoughtless behavior she hated in other girls, but which she felt compelled to commit now.

She saw Kathi dodge into the cramped service corridor that ringed the DJ stage at the center of the club, an entrance with no other exit where Jessica knew Kathi would be trapped, forced to confront Jessica on her own terms. The platinum blonde turned the corner herself and pressed warily into the darkness, breathing hard.

Kathi's body met hers. She felt the other blonde's fingers gripping her hair and she instinctively grabbed Kathi's neck-length, straight hair and stared into Kathi's big blue eyes with her own, both girls' intense glares framed by heavy mascara and eyeliner. Jessica forced Kathi backward, felt the other young woman's hot, toned stomach slap against hers and her muscular pelvis thrash against Jessica's.

"You dirty bitch," Kathi growled huskily as she hugged her upper body against Jessica's, and Jessica felt her breasts crush hotly against Kathi's, felt Kathi's

deep navel align with her own. She spread her porcelain, toned thighs, clad like Kathi's in black fishnet, and groaned as she forced Kathi's back against the wall, forced her thighs farther apart as their hips thrust and pounded against each other. It took only a few seconds of hot, pelvic combat for both girls' tight, short skirts to ride up and expose their bare, tingling pussies, golden fur facing golden fur as Kathi fought not to escape, but to meet Jessica's thrusting pelvis.

"Cheap little hussy," Jessica snarled back against Kathi's face, their eyes, highlighted by almost tribal war paint, blazing hatred at one another.

"You're a hussy too," Kathi panted as Jessica's hot fur found Kathi's. Instantly the two blondes began to rake fur against fur, pubic flesh against flesh, as Jessica's round buttock's flexed, the bottoms of her ass cheeks peeking out as they fought to pound and grind her pussy hard against Kathi's coarse blonde fur.

"Then fight me hussy to hussy," Kathi gasped, jamming her cunt back against Jessica's with angry, insistent blows. Jessica panted as she stroked back against Kathi's pussy with mounting intensity, drinking in her enemy's hot, alcohol-soaked breath, her parted

lips almost touching Kathi's as they humped, squirmed and pounded against each other. Every ounce of dignity had been stripped from Jessica and she now gladly fought against Kathi like a rutting animal, two bitches in heat battling for dominance.

How had she gotten to this point?

Two weeks earlier...

Kathi Carlson walked confidently up the University Hall stairwell to the early evening business class she'd been taking. She was midway through her first year at college and the freedom from her repressive, religious family life had become a sea change in her young life. Kathi had excelled in school and athletics since junior high school, always pushed along by her perfectionist parents, but she had been forced to dress in the most puritan and boring way possible and to hide her developing body. Now the freedom to dress and behave the way she wanted was a revelation. Now she found herself going to bars, taking boys home to her private dorm room and exploring her budding sexuality in a way she had never imagined, and each new day seemed like a new adventure.

She had kept up with her athletics, doing gymnastics and working out, and one of the freedoms she enjoyed was coming to class in workout gear—sometimes just sweat pants and a tank top. Kathi was five foot six, lean and toned, with straight hair dyed straw blonde, large blue eyes, a strong, no-nonsense jaw and a lush, pouting mouth. She certainly wasn't the bustiest girl on campus but her perfect, C-cup breasts were as perky without a bra as they were with the naughtiest push-up bustier, so her breasts tended to draw more attention than most girls', even when Kathi wasn't dressing to intentionally show them off. She had a beautifully porcelain complexion, and her dark eyebrows added focus to her brilliant blue eyes, especially when she added eyeliner and mascara, the "war paint" she was so fond of. But she often arrived at class with no makeup after a workout, and still drew plenty of attention from the boys in the class of about 20 business students. Sometimes she'd dress more preppie—she liked to show that she could be professional, and she played to win in the class—one of her friends had called her a "power bitch" where business and competition were concerned, and despite her proper upbringing, Kathi liked the sound of that. She sometimes cut off other students in the class and

she was intent on getting the best grade among all the students there, even if she had to undermine one or two others to reach the top. She prided herself on the fact that she could look attractive even in her deglamorized workout gear, but after a month on campus she was looking to step up her game even in that department, and she went shopping and picked out a few “special outfits” for days when she was feeling particularly daring.

The teacher always arranged the class desks in a circle, and over the course of a few weeks Kathi began to notice another girl sitting across from her named Jessica. She was about Kathi’s size and build, pale and seemingly shy, with big blue eyes and beautiful, porcelain skin, delicate features and a fleshy, pouting mouth like Kathi’s. Even more than Kathi, Jessica attended class in workout gear, sometimes shorts and a T-shirt, but once in a while a black tank top, which Kathi noticed immediately because it showed off some surprisingly deep and provocative cleavage coming from such a wallflower. Kathi had sneaked glances at the other girl’s legs when Jessica wore shorts, noting the muscle tone in her creamy thighs and calves, and the hint of strong biceps on her lovely arms.

Like Kathi, Jessica seemed to have dark brown hair, but hers was longer, slightly down past her shoulders, a bit wavy, and dyed a bright platinum, like white cotton candy. She had the same dark eyebrows that gave her face a striking appearance with her light hair, and even the dark streak of roots across the top of her head seemed to add rather than detract from her appearance. Jessica rarely made eye contact, which made studying her easier. Kathi quickly discovered the other bottle blonde was very smart—she had even corrected Kathi on a point the second week in class, so Kathi held a mix of respect and annoyance for the other young woman. There had been one class where she had caught Jessica's eye—one where she had started to notice the other blonde getting sidelong glances and peaks from the same boys who were checking out Kathi. It bothered her, although she still found Jessica mousey in comparison to her. There was something weak about her, Kathi thought, and that made it doubly annoying that anyone else would choose to eye Jessica rather than her. They had both worn tank tops that day, Kathi's daringly white, Jessica's light gray. Kathi's prominent nipples always budded out against her tops, another weapon in her armory of distraction, and she had felt even more annoyance as she saw Jessica's nipples too poking out

against the tight stretch fabric of her own top. She swore she'd caught the other blonde checking out Kathi's breasts, no doubt noticing her jutting nipples, and for a second Jessica seemed to sit a bit more upright, arching her back a little as if to set her little boobs in a better position versus Kathi's, to show off those little rods pointing upwards a little better. Both girls had exchanged quick, furtive glances before staring back down at their work, but Kathi had seen enough to note that Jessica's boobs seemed to be drawing as much attention as hers, and she didn't like it one bit.

Maybe that had played into her new outfits, she thought grudgingly as she mounted the last stairwell up to the classroom. She wore a tight silk blouse, buttoned down enough to show off the cleavage she'd packed into a tight pushup bra, and cut short to give everyone a peak at her toned, creamy abs. Below that was a skintight black miniskirt, cut perhaps an inch below the bottom of her taut, muscular butt. To top—or rather bottom—it all off, she had bought a pair of black fishnet stockings and high heels that clacked loudly now as she pounded up the stairs.

The final touch would be known only to Kathi—she had left her underwear in her dorm room, and had walked brazenly commando across campus.

She had already attended a couple of classes this way during the day, and she exulted in the feeling of raw sexual power and freedom the outfit had given her. She could feel the eyes on her cleavage and legs, the stares sometimes meeting her eyes with their stark, exotic “war paint” on full display. All she had to do was keep her legs crossed and position her body carefully to prevent anyone from discovering the secret underneath her tight skirt, and the knowledge that she could flash another student in the class secretly, any time she wanted, only amplified the feeling of power and control she experienced. The warm campus air wafting up her skirt, between her legs, was like invisible fingers exploring her. She loved the feeling.

The business class was at the top of University Hall, one of the oldest buildings on campus, and by this time of day, early evening, much of the building had already emptied out and this class was the only one held on the fourth floor. Kathi marched efficiently into the class and took her place at her desk,

studiously pulling out her books and notes, seemingly oblivious to the electrified stares she was getting from the male students. As she smugly glanced around the room, she picked up a few grimaces of disgust and jealousy from some of the other girls in the class as they took their seats. Just what she was looking for.

Kathi squirmed slowly in her seat, crossing her delicious legs in their fishnets, stretching them out and arching her back a little to shove her pert breasts outward, giving anyone who wanted a good long look. Her bare bottom and exposed, furry labia caressed the skirt stretched across her buns, her sexual anatomy straining a bit against the firm muscle of her inner thighs as she adjusted her position at her desk.

Kathi glanced at the desk across from her, almost disappointed that that girl Jessica hadn't arrived in class yet. The girl didn't know what she was missing, Kathi thought begrudgingly. Even as the thought passed her mind, Kathi angrily tried to shake it off. It bothered her how much she had factored Jessica's possible reaction into the outfit she'd chosen. More and more the men in the class had seemed to fade into the background—she loved their attention, but somehow Kathi knew that just the slightest glance

from Jessica, or better yet, a look of jealousy or annoyance on the other blonde's face, was the reward Kathi was looking for.

Kathi was lost in those thoughts when she suddenly saw Jessica enter the classroom, dressed just in a T-shirt and shorts, her platinum blonde hair pulled into a ponytail, looking downcast and shy as usual. Kathi felt a burst of satisfaction as she realized that Jessica had entered looking her dowdiest while Kathi had never looked more glam and hot.

The other girl sat, glancing over at Kathi and noticing her outfit for the first time. Their eyes met, Kathi's mascara and eyeliner turning her blue eyes predatory, catlike as they stared down Jessica's paler blue eyes, made more vulnerable by their own lack of framing makeup. Jessica blinked as her eyes flicked over Kathi's frame, targeting Kathi's chest and fishnets before looking back down at her desk.

Kathi had to tear her attention back to the class as the teacher began her lecture, but she made certain to adjust her posture to present the hottest possible view for Jessica. The urge to spread her thighs and flash the other bottle blonde was almost impossible to ignore,

but so far Kathi had managed to maintain discretion throughout all her classes, keeping her the secret under her miniskirt to herself. But she felt a strange pride and confidence in the knowledge that she could brazenly show Jessica her bare pubic region any time she wanted to.

When the teacher began asking questions on a topic Kathi had thoroughly studied, Kathi butted in with a theory she'd been developing. But midway through, another voice interrupted—Jessica's. "I'm sorry, that's just not right," she said, offering a perspective that, Kathi had to admit, undercut her idea. "Jessica's right about that," the teacher said, leaving Kathi silently fuming. After a few seconds, she glanced over to see Jessica looking back at her. Was that a gotcha look in the platinum-haired girl's eye? Kathi thought, staring back at Jessica coldly. As the other young woman spoke up again to elaborate on her idea, Kathi reached her limit. Leaning back slightly in her seat, Kathi uncrossed her legs and purposefully bared herself to Jessica. The other blonde was intent on her dissertation but just as she'd gotten a few sentences into her statement, she glanced sideways at Kathi, looked downward—and Kathi knew she had her. Jessica stumbled verbally, losing her train of thought,

and after a moment of fumbling, the teacher cut her off.

When the other girl met her stare again a few moments later, Kathi kept her legs open, carefully aimed so that only Jessica would be able to make out the fact that she wore no panties. Kathi let a cold, smug half-smile curl her lips as she stared back into Jessica's pale blue eyes. She saw an angry blush spread across the platinum blonde's cheeks, Jessica's eyes blinking as she flushed hotly in humiliation and embarrassment. After she was certain she had gotten the effect she was after, Kathi elegantly crossed her fishnet-clad thighs again, closing off the view. Although the blouse she was wearing didn't show off her nipples as much as some of her other tops, she could feel them straining at her bra and blouse as if they might tear their way out into the open, and between her crossed thighs her pussy was throbbing and hot. The thrill of putting Jessica in her place was shockingly satisfying.

As the class broke up, Kathi walked outside and two guys from the class immediately accosted her, lavishing Kathi with praise over her outfit. Kathi humored them, all the while keeping a lookout for

Jessica. When the plain blonde emerged from the classroom, Jessica seemed to skulk past, keeping in the background, but Kathi wasn't about to let her off that easy.

“Oh, Jessica!” she blurted out, moving away from the boys and grabbing the other blonde's bare arm to slow her down. Jessica almost yanked the arm away, but not before Kathi felt firm, thick muscle and soft, porcelain skin under her fingers. Jessica turned to face her, glancing around at the other passing students in embarrassment. “That was a great point you made in class!” Kathi said brightly. “Sure wouldn't want to meet you on a debate stage!”

Jessica bit her lip before responding quietly. “Thanks. I have to go.”

“See you around!” Kathi said loudly to Jessica's back as the other blonde walked away. She turned back to the two boys, but it was as if a haze of white noise was playing over their conversation. The knowledge that she could have either one of them barely registered to Kathi as she savored the look of shock and embarrassment on Jessica's face. Maybe it hadn't been the Christian thing to do, she thought, but

she had enjoyed it immensely. Kathi was a new person now, free to behave however she wanted, and if wallflowers like Jessica didn't like it that was too bad.

Jessica walked away from Kathi, her head down, cheeks aflame with anger, embarrassment and confusion as she headed down the stairwell to the hall's bottom floor and finally outside onto the campus. Her first few months at college had been a mix of excitement, fear and frustration, now topped off by this shocking, confusing incident with that girl Kathi. Kathi was the sort of girl Jessica had always hated: sure of herself, domineering, just a bitch, she thought. The other blonde girl seemed tailor made to trigger Jessica over every problem she'd ever had growing up. Jessica had been in poor health up until her last couple of years of high school, pale and weak, and she had only managed to work herself back into fitness over the past year or so. She'd been bullied and pushed around by other girls all her life, and she had promised herself that college life would be a new beginning for her, one where she would set her own terms. She loved glamour and style and had worked on sculpting a new, toned figure for herself and a

wardrobe to show it off. She'd even found a pole dancing class off campus where she could both exercise and express the sensuality she'd bottled up for years in school.

Jessica worked out in the middle of the day so she often went to her business class in workout gear, usually very casual. She was a fan of Flashdance and Britney Spears, but she rarely wore that kind of skimpy workout attire to class—she felt embarrassed enough coming to class in tank tops and shorts, but there simply wasn't time to change between her dance class and the end-of-day business class.

She thought for the first couple of weeks of class that she'd found a kindred spirit in Kathi. The other blonde often came to class in plain workout gear and no makeup, although Jessica had to admit that Kathi looked a bit flashier than she did even dressed down, with her stylish short haircut and super toned body. Jessica had eyed her beautiful arms and perfect legs a little jealously at first, noting ways in which she still needed to work on her own legs and biceps in comparison, although she was making good progress. She took a secret satisfaction in the fact that she felt her breasts were just as nice and firm as Kathi's,

although she almost never dared to show them off the way Kathi did. She had blushed the first time she'd noticed Kathi's nipples poking out against a white tank top—Jessica had worn a gray one that was thicker that same day, and had blushed even more when she felt her own nipples getting a little hard after sneaking a few glances at Kathi's. The moment had confused and embarrassed her—she'd never had thoughts about other girls in school apart from jealousy. But there was something about Kathi that drew Jessica's attention—and obviously the attention of the boys in the business class too. Jessica was gratified that she got a few looks from the boys too, but Kathi seemed to be the center of the attention.

Of course that had redoubled today. Jessica had almost stumbled when she first caught sight of the other blonde in her trampy fishnet stockings and miniskirt. She had managed over the course of the past few weeks to train herself to ignore the other blonde's outfits and body, after she'd spent a few days finding thoughts of Kathi's body invading her mind. Somehow Kathi was becoming some kind of twisted symbol of Jessica's goals for her own body, she thought. She'd found herself obsessing over every dismissive, judging glance Kathi had tossed her way in

class, and she'd had to fight to banish thoughts of the other girl from her mind.

Then she'd worn that outfit, and Jessica found those crazy feelings overwhelming and humiliating her all over again. Her little rivalry with Kathi over their business knowledge had simmered off and on throughout the class, but she found herself desperate to cut off the other blonde this time when Kathi had started broadcasting her superiority again, squirming in her seat in those trappy clothes, shooting her hand up as if to show off the creamy cleavage bulging out of the top of her blouse.

Then Kathi had retaliated. There was no other way to describe the other girl uncrossing her legs, staring Jessica intently in the eyes, and exposing herself—her bare, dark-furred pussy!—directly to Jessica. Then she'd had the gall to talk to Jessica after class as if nothing had happened!

Jessica played and replayed the incident over in her mind as she headed toward her dorm. The same old feelings of humiliation and helplessness she'd experienced being bullied now came back to haunt her and she struggled with how to handle this situation as

she reached her dorm. She was due for a night out with friends and she fought to work through her feelings as she undressed, showered and started to dress, eyeing her pale, languid body in the full length mirror on her dorm room door. For some reason her breasts and pelvis were aching, her nipples erect and sensitive, almost mirroring Kathi's jutting rods that Jessica couldn't help noticing on the other young woman in class. Eyeing herself, Jessica began mentally ticking off the comparisons between her legs and Kathi's, her pelvis, her flat stomach, starting to show a little definition but still a little soft; her pert boobs, definitely as perky as that Kathi's breasts, she thought...

She began applying makeup, working black mascara and eyeliner around her large, pale blue eyes until they took on a fierce, cat-like look that she never displayed on campus. She pulled a tight red dress with an open panel over her stomach on and combed out her cotton candy, platinum, shoulder-length hair. Her dark roots were beginning to show and she knew she would have to dye her hair again soon. But after putting on a black choker she began feeling a little better about herself. If she were to wear an outfit like this to class she was sure she could grab just as much attention as Kathi.

But Kathi would always be more of a bitch, she thought to herself with a smirk.

Jessica headed out to the clubs to meet up with her friends, and the other girls quickly picked up on her mood. But despite their questions, she didn't feel like talking about what had happened. What was she going to do, report Kathi? She was worried enough that this other girl for some reason had directed a shockingly sexual provocation directly at her—the last thing she wanted to do was to exacerbate the situation. She would just have to find a way to avoid and ignore Kathi.

The girls arrived at a loud, crowded club and after a few drinks she began to happily dance with her friends, the day's concerns finally starting to melt away. She let the music sway her body, shimmying and flicking her hips sexily to the beat. For 30 minutes Jessica no longer felt shy, weak and intimidated—she felt strong, confident and happy.

All of that collapsed as she made out a familiar figure just a few yards away from her on the dance floor. It was Kathi, dancing with her own friends, her body on full display in her trampy clothes, boobs

jiggling and hips wiggling under her tight skirt, toned legs pumping under those fishnet stockings as she stalked the dance floor in high heels. Once again Jessica couldn't help studying every inch of the other bottle blonde's body and comparing it against hers. Her heart pounded now as she fought to keep up her own sensual, earthy dance moves, measuring herself against Kathi, until finally, the other blonde looked back over her shoulder and locked eyes with Jessica.

Had she known Jessica was here all along? Jess asked herself. Had she followed her here? Kathi had that superior smirk on her face as she twerked her sexy pelvis, shaking her hot little butt like a red flag at Jessica as Jess scowled at her. Somehow, she managed to jerk her own hips back in Kathi's direction in a pelvic "fuck you!" before turning her own back on the other blonde. She shook her hips in a raw, primitive fury, like a cave girl trying to attract a mate, just hoping that Kathi was watching, yet trying to focus on herself, closing her eyes for a moment to close off the other people on the dance floor. Finally, she glanced back almost nervously only to find Kathi facing her, her body gyrating as she met Jessica's stare, flaunting her figure, her creamy, toned abs peeking out from above her black miniskirt, muscular thighs flexing

under her fishnets, boobs quivering as she jutted her chest out challengingly toward Jessica.

Jessica turned away, her cheeks flushing furiously as the memory of Kathi's exposed, furry sex flashing at her in the classroom returned. Kathi was trolling her, harassing her like some crazy stalker...

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“You okay, Jess?” Jessica's friend Gina asked over the din in the bar.

“I'm fine,” Jessica said quickly. “Just a hard day. I just want to dance!” she shouted. As appreciative as she was of her friend's support, Jessica brushed Gina off quickly to return her focus to Kathi. Drifting out in front of Gina a little, she turned to face Kathi, keeping her eyes down on the dance floor, in her own world for a few seconds until she built up the confidence to face Kathi. The sight of the stylish blonde dancing seductively as she stared coldly directly into Jessica's eyes sent a shockwave of confusing, pulse-racing sensations through Jessica's body, but she found herself responding fearlessly to Kathi's moves, matching the other blonde's pelvic thrusts, the serpentine twists of her waist and the way she shook her boobs right at Jessica. Her own breasts felt

strangely heavy, still aching from the days' shocks, but that only added to the secret thrill she got from shaking her pouty breasts back at Kathi. Still yards away from each other, the two young blondes seemed to block out everyone else on the dance floor as they showed off their taut, curvy bodies and dance moves only for one another. Jessica's mascara'd eyes bored into Kathi's, and she swore she saw a touch of uncertainty in Kathi's catlike, equally made up eyes as the two girls took each other's measure. Kathi had worn eye makeup in class a few times before, Jessica thought, but Jessica had never attended class in makeup. Kathi was seeing her dressed up and made up for the first time...and for the first time Jessica felt a kind of equality between them, a secret thrill at the idea that that bitch Kathi might, for the first time, be feeling a little intimidated by Jessica instead of vice versa.

As quickly as that feeling of confidence came, it vanished as Kathi stopped dancing and began to march toward Jessica across the dance floor. Jessica's dancing slowed, and she began to back away as the intimidating blonde strode directly toward her, her fierce eyes blazing into Jessica's—then the other blonde brushed past Jessica, just bumping her

shoulder slightly. Jessica whirled to follow her but the other blonde disappeared into the crowd, leaving Jessica breathless and frustrated.

“Who was that?” her friend Gina asked over the crowd noise. The Latina’s voice seemed to come from another world—Jessica had been entranced by the face-off with Kathi.

“No one,” she sputtered, shaking her head. “Just a girl from one of my classes.”

“Girl, she was checking you out all over the place!” Gina laughed.

“No, she wasn’t!” Jessica snapped.

Gina raised her hands in a gesture of surrender. “Sorry! Sensitive topic?”

“I’m going to the restroom,” Jessica said, smiling apologetically to her friend. Gina was fun and supportive, but Jessica couldn’t explain to her what was going on between her and Kathi—she could barely explain it to herself. She made her way across the dance floor toward the dark corner of the bar

where the women's restroom was. As always there was a long line and the narrow hallway leading into the restroom was packed, hot and claustrophobic. Bodies pushed against Jessica as she stood in line, struggling to get her feelings under control. When she closed her eyes, she saw Kathi's striking face hovering in front of her, her toned body gyrating, those hot boobs quivering...but it was that look of uncertainty that Jessica's mind seemed to have on repeat. She realized that she had been intimidated, provoked by this other girl all semester long, cowed by Kathi even when they'd sat across from each other in class dressed down, with no makeup, just bland workout clothes...somehow Kathi had always seemed more dominant, sharper—a strong, pretty bully just like the ones who'd always pushed Jessica around. But on the dance floor, both of them dressed to the nines, with her “war paint” on...for just that moment, Jessica had felt on even terms with her classroom rival. Even as she thought the word “rival,” it seemed to suddenly define the confusing relationship she had with Kathi. She knew she had an urge to compete with the other bottle blonde, at least academically. But tonight she was realizing that the feelings of jealousy and competition went farther than that.

Lost in thought, Jessica looked up a bit as the line moved forward, jostled by female bodies behind and in front of her. There was another, faster-moving line of women exiting the restroom parallel to the one Jessica was in. Suddenly she saw a familiar figure cut out of the line and begin pushing through—directly toward her.

Her eyes once again met Kathi's, but this time the contact was much more intimate--the other girl was only a couple of feet away, her mascara'd eyes boring into Jessica's. Jessica looked behind her for an escape route but she was being pushed relentlessly forward by the women behind her. Within seconds, Kathi had pressed to within inches of Jessica. In the wash of dim, blue and orange neon lights in the hallway, Jessica could see Kathi's pale cleavage gleaming with a thin coating of sweat. She was sweating herself in the muggy, crowded hallway, spun cotton candy hairs sticking to her temples and forehead while Kathi's stylish, short hairdo still maintained its untouchable perfection.

Kathi approached further, arching her back and sticking out her chest as if intentionally putting her two dangerous-looking, perky boobs on display, even

though Jessica knew the other girl was just pulling free of the girls on either side of her to head closer to Jessica. Again she tried backing away but there was no retreat in the crush of the hallway, and before she knew it, she and Kathi were face to face, almost nose to nose.

“Excuse me,” Kathi said coldly, pressing a little closer until her hair almost brushed Jessica’s, her breasts shockingly close to touching Jess’s. Kathi’s intense blue eyes, brilliantly enhanced by her dark mascara, blazed into Jessica’s at point blank range, and Jessica felt her own eyes widening in an instinctive threat display, the way some animals tried to make themselves look larger when confronting a predator. Kathi blinked just a bit, her eyes flicking down to Jessica’s chest, forcing Jessica to look downward too and compare her exposed, creamy cleavage to Kathi’s. Both girls’ full, round boobs glistened with sweat, and in the half-second glance Jessica measured her boobs against Kathi’s, noting proudly that they seemed at least equal in size and perfection to Kathi’s.

When her eyes met Kathi’s again the brief moment, each girl checking out the other’s outthrust chest, did not go unnoticed, and the cold, challenging

expressions each wore confirmed what both were thinking. “Excuse *me*,” Jessica managed to say, just loud enough to be heard over the din of the hallway. “I don’t have any room here; why don’t you get back in line with everyone else?”

Kathi moved forward—shockingly—and despite her statement, Jessica managed to retreat an inch or two before being shoved forward by the girls behind her. Now, without intending to, she had touched her breasts against Kathi’s, and the two girls’ faces were now fully nose to nose. She could smell Kathi’s perfume and the alcohol on the other girl’s breath mixing with her own, and she shivered a little at the feeling of Kathi’s breasts brushing slightly against hers. Once again Kathi glanced downward and Jessica couldn’t help also looking down to see the creamy tops of her boobs now contrasted perfectly with the gleaming, pale round orbs of Kathi’s cleavage. Jessica’s nipples tingled and she bit her lower lip, willing the two nubs to stay soft and flaccid lest they stretch out and touch Kathi’s. She could see the other blonde’s nipples jutting out from within her tight blouse, threatening Jessica’s breasts—Kathi’s always seemed hard, she thought.

She looked back up to match Kathi's menacing, bully's stare as the cool, icy blonde glared into Jessica's eyes. "I need to get through," Kathi insisted, edging closer to Jessica again. There was no place to retreat to now and Jessica found herself taking a deep breath, jerking her head back to toss her platinum waves away from her face before she spoke again.

"What is your problem?" she said hotly.

Kathi glanced briefly back at the other girls crowding around them and Jessica too eyed the crowd warily, but no one seemed to be paying attention to the confrontation.

"I don't have a problem, *Jessica*," Kathi growled. "Now get out of my way before I go right through you."

Jessica trembled as she drank in Kathi's sexy, predatory face, close enough to hers now to kiss—or bite. Every nerve ending in her body was singing with a blend of erogenous excitement and pure fight-or-flight adrenaline rush. She had been sneaking looks at Kathi's features and body for weeks now, but had never imagined the other girl's striking face and

penetrating eyes so close to her own. She snuck a glance down at Kathi's arms, measuring the toned muscle under that pale skin, gauging it against her own. What was going to happen?

She found herself inhaling again, silently displaying her chest as if daring Kathi to come any closer. "There's no room to move in here so do whatever you want," she managed to say.

Their eyes met again as Kathi breathed, "Fine."

Kathi's forehead pressed against Jessica's and Jess found herself pressing back, measuring her neck strength against Kathi's. Then Kathi's body was on her. Breasts first, the other blonde pressed into Jessica, pivoting to urge her right breast against Jessica's left and force Jess sideways. Jessica felt Kathi's taut belly press against her own, then her pelvis and miniskirt maneuver to engage Jessica's.

Jessica breathed deeply, struggling to keep herself from gasping or groaning at the feel of Kathi's firm, muscular flesh against her own. She managed to shove her chest forward angrily, just enough to impede Kathi's progress, their blue eyes meeting again,

flashing defiance at one another. Now, despite her efforts, Jessica felt her nipples spring to life and harden against Kathi's invading breast tissue as Kathi's torso dragged seductively, dominantly against her own. Kathi shoved her own chest forward and both girls glanced down to see the spectacle of their gleaming, creamy cleavage bulging against one another, Jessica's breasts mushrooming as they gave way to Kathi's, then Kathi's pancaking briefly, bulging upward as Jessica's resisted their pressure.

Jessica trembled as she felt Kathi's hard nipples cut a line directly across her boobs, and she instinctively jabbed forward, forcing a hiss from Kathi as the two girls' hardened nipples met for one electrifying second through the layers of bra cups and blouse material. Kathi's firm abs flexed against Jessica's as if displaying their strength, and Jessica wiggled slowly back against the blonde, firming up her flat stomach against the other girl's. Finally, Kathi's hips grazed Jessica's, and Jessica flushed as she felt the boiling heat radiating from beneath Kathi's tight black skirt while her fishnet stockings scraped Jessica's thighs. Jessica flashed back to the sight of Kathi's exposed sex in the classroom that day and she realized with a flood of brazen arousal that her rival was almost certainly still naked

under her skirt, her dark, un-dyed fur exposed as it hovered just inches from Jessica's now pulsating, panty-clad pussy.

The body to body grind lasted just for a second or two, but to Jessica it might as well have been an evening of hot, sweat-drenched humping. Kathi flashed Jessica one last, daring glance, their mascara'd eyes blazing at one another, before she disappeared into the crowd.

Jessica felt numb, almost dizzy as she let the bathroom line push her along, eventually entering the noisy restroom and making her way into a stall. She was shaking as she leaned against the wall, struggling to recover from the encounter with Kathi. Jessica had never felt another woman's body up against hers, had never been in such an intense, face-to-face confrontation with another girl in her life. She could still feel Kathi's body against hers, the swell of the other blonde's breasts shoving her own throbbing glands, the tingle of Kathi's nipples invading her flesh, the way the other blonde's stomach muscles had squirmed against Jessica's, the smell of perfume and alcohol on Kathi's breath and those cruel, taunting lips so close to her own.

She left the restroom in a fog, made her apologies to her friends, telling them she wasn't feeling well, and made her way home.

Closing her dorm room door, Jessica once again appraised herself in the full-length mirror. The glamorous, confident girl she'd looked at a few hours ago had been replaced by a disheveled, desperate-looking victim, her spun cotton hair matted and tangled, face streaked with mascara. A line had been crossed between her and Kathi—the mental and emotional, unspoken conflict between them had turned physical. Now Jessica had to find out if she was ready to compete with Kathi on that level, and if Kathi—or Jessica herself—might push things even farther.

Kathi marched home from the bar in her own state of confusion and frustration. Something about that girl Jessica had set her off, and she was now torn between the satisfaction of putting the weak blonde girl in her place and a sense that things were spinning out of her control. She hadn't planned on running into

Jessica at the bar, and if she was being honest with herself, she'd been shocked by the other girl's glamorous, striking appearance in that tight red dress. Kathi had never seen Jessica with her hair down, and certainly had never seen her made up, with those dazzling, pale blue eyes accentuated by mascara and eyeliner so similar to the style Kathi herself liked to wear. The dress had hugged curves and muscle tone that Kathi had never guessed might be lurking under Jessica's usual T-shirts and sweats, and the minute Kathi has seen her on the dance floor she knew she had to take a stand and stare her little classroom rival down, show her who was on top on the dance floor or anywhere else.

She just hadn't expected Jessica to stare back. In her mind, the other blonde would have burst out in tears or staggered off the dance floor after just a second or two of Kathi's dominating stare, the same way she'd blushed like a little girl and retreated after Kathi had flashed her in class. Of course, there was no way to pull off the same trick on the dance floor, she knew. But she had put on a show nonetheless, giving Jessica a good look at her body swaying to the beat, showing off her muscle and curves. But Jessica had stared her down and put on her own show in response, and

Kathi had to admit the pale little blonde had the goods. She had always admitted to herself that the other girl had a nice pair of breasts, maybe as big and perky as her own. But she hadn't expected Jessica's taught abs or the definition in her shoulders and back. And she certainly hadn't expected that wallflower to shimmy like a strutting little whore on the dance floor.

She had almost left in disgust until she saw Jessica in line for the bathroom, just a few feet away from her on the way out. The sight of the other blonde's spun cotton hair and creamy cleavage so close to hers had been impossible to resist. If a subtle little dance-off hadn't put Jessica in her place, Kathi had reasoned, a direct approach certainly would. And she had given Jessica a good shove, body to body. But the other blonde had shoved back.

Kathi entered her dorm, marched down the hallway toward her private room, and after entering, leaned back against the mirrored door after closing it behind her, her chest heaving. She unzipped her skirt and stepped out of it, standing bare-assed, her dark crotch on fire. She reached down and dug her fingers into those brown curls, remembering the nearness of

Jessica's hips and the heat roiling off the other girl's groin.

What was happening between them? Kathi was angry, boiling with frustration and uncertainty. She had planned on teaching Jessica a little lesson outside the restroom, but Jessica had seemed almost as eager to confront Kathi as Kathi had been to get in her face. She had never felt anything like this mix of hostility, frustration and something beyond even those—something very much like obsession. Kathi was definitely on the OCD spectrum, and once she got a goal in mind she fought tooth and nail to achieve it. Jessica must have a little of the same fire, the way she competed in class with Kathi to impress the teacher. But this? She had never been involved in a competition like this with another girl.

Kathi stripped, sank into bed, caressing her bare breasts and soaked crotch, the image of Jessica's face filling her mind's eye, so close she could...what? She could still feel the other blonde's firm, curvy body pressed against her own. She could feel Jessica's nipples getting hard and big, just like Kathi's.

Kathi began to plummet toward a long, violent climax.

CHAPTER 2

I IN THE ALLEY

The next business class was two days later. Kathi again dressed to the nines, again left her undies in her dorm dresser. She was eager—determined—to show Jessica who was more glamorous, more in control, and her high heels seemed to fire a 21-gun salute to announce her presence as she marched up the final flight of stairs to the top floor of the hall and into the classroom to take her seat.

She absorbed the expected murmurs of excitement and appreciation from the boys—and a few groans and muttered complaints from the girls—as she settled into her seat. She was eager to flaunt herself in front of that wallflower and her mousey gym clothes, she thought to herself. But with the class almost ready to begin, Jessica was a no-show. Kathi waited with growing, mixed feelings, half desperate to see the other blonde again, half satisfied that she might have frightened that weakling enough that she might never show her face in class again. That would be the ultimate burn, she thought smugly—ruining Jessica’s

grade in the class they were both competing to be best in.

Kathi almost didn't notice the loud clack of high heels approaching from outside the classroom—and suddenly they were *inside*. Kathi held her breath as she saw Jessica enter from behind her and stride confidently around the circle of chairs to take her seat across from Kathi.

Jessica was dressed in a tight silk blouse, showing off a hint of abs above a black skirt just like the kind Kathi often wore. Her hair was down, beautifully combed and silky, and her face was made up, eyes catlike with mascara and eye shadow, makeup accenting her lovely features. The final, galling touch was a pair of fishnet stockings showing off her pale, muscular thighs as she took her seat, crossing her legs elegantly before glancing up into Kathi's eyes.

The buzz in the classroom had grown so loud that the teacher had to angrily call for quiet. Kathi and Jessica stared at each other in a brief but charged contest of wills, Kathi's face darkening in anger, Jessica's flushed as she put on a brave face, her sexy

mouth twisting in a hint of smug satisfaction as she saw Kathi's reaction to her entrance.

Kathi boiled with fury as the class progressed, struggling to focus and keep up with the teacher's questions. The professor began to single out both Kathi and Jessica, asking tough questions, seemingly well aware of the show the two young women were putting on and determined to keep them both on topic. But Kathi still took every opportunity to glare menacingly at Jessica, intent on letting the little upstart know that she was not impressed or intimidated by this new look. At one point Jessica uncrossed her legs to reveal a bright red thong, as if to wave a red flag in front of her rival. Kathi smiled grimly and uncrossed her legs in response, once again flashing her bare crotch to Jessica. Now Jessica stared back up into Kathi's eyes with a look of cold hatred, and Kathi felt another warm flush of smug satisfaction. She wasn't going to let this little bitch get the upper hand with her, on *any* level.

Her feeling of victory suddenly redoubled when Jessica stood and asked the teacher to excuse her for a few minutes as she went to the restroom. Kathi watched her exit with a bright, vicious smile—was the

little girl heading to the bathroom for a good cry? Kathi doubted Jessica would have the nerve to turn up in class trying to outdress her again. She waited impatiently, hoping to get a glimpse of red eyes or mascara stains when Jessica returned, but the other blonde still seemed put together and not as upset as Kathi had hoped. Kathi tried to focus on the teacher as Jessica took her seat, but after a few moments, the two rivals locked eyes again.

Then Jessica uncrossed her legs, and Kathi's heart began to pound. The red thong had disappeared, and instead Kathi could see the glimmer of Jessica's dark auburn pubes and the swell of pale labia pressed down onto the seat between the blonde's fishnetted thighs. Kathi glared pure, cold hatred back into Jessica's eyes as the two women matched stares, mascara to mascara, eyeliner to eyeliner. Jutting her chin out aggressively, Kathi uncrossed her legs again, flashing her bare crotch for Jessica's approval. The two bottle blondes now boldly displayed their naked pussies to one another, each daring the other to judge and compare.

Kathi felt a flash of hot sweat dampening her back, her buttocks flexing against the hard wood of her seat

as she studied every inch of Jessica's body, peered into the dim light under her skirt to measure and compare that furry crotch to her own bare sex. She would never in a million years believed that Jessica would join her on this level, in a secret flashing contest, each showing off her most intimate, secret anatomy to the other with a whole class of students around them, completely unaware of the brazenly sexual confrontation taking place next to them.

A mix of ugly fury and grudging respect struggled for dominance inside Kathi. Maybe she was getting what was coming to her, she thought honestly. She had started down this path, stepping over the line to flash Jessica, to embarrass and humiliate a total stranger. She'd taken Jessica for a shy little weakling who would run and cry to daddy before she'd ever dare to face up to Kathi. About that she'd been wrong, for sure. But whether Jessica was really up to her level...that remained to be decided.

When the class ended Kathi instinctively moved toward the door, eyeing Jessica jealously as the other blonde walked warily toward the exit. Kathi stepped outside the door into the hallway and Jessica emerged, the two blondes eyeing one another silently, with

Jessica making her way to the stairway and glancing back at Kathi, almost as if she was hoping that Kathi would follow her.

“Going downtown tonight?” Kathi said finally. Jessica stared at her for a moment as other students passed, oblivious to the face-off.

“Maybe,” Jessica said finally.

“Maybe I’ll see you there,” Kathi said coolly. The two blondes maintained their staredown, Kathi eagerly searching for fear or submission in Jessica’s eyes and not finding it.

“Maybe,” Jessica said, before finally turning her back and walking down the stairwell away from Kathi.

Kathi’s words rang in Jessica’s ears as she chose a new outfit for the bars—the *bar*, she corrected herself, determining that she would be heading to the same place she had had her run-in with Kathi earlier in the week. Kathi had all but invited her out and Jessica knew that she couldn’t disappoint the other blonde, or

herself. Kathi was calling her out. Jessica had raised the stakes by flashing Kathi in class, getting down to the other bottle blonde's dirty little level, and she couldn't back out now that the two rivals had basically arranged a date. But Jessica fully intended to bring backup, and she, Gina and her other friends had planned a night out anyway.

Jessica selected a skintight red skirt and a black top, this one all but a halter, leaving her toned belly bare and her breasts half revealed in a deep, creamy valley of cleavage. She kept to the high heels she'd worn to class—they made her feel taller, more intimidating—and she was sure Kathi would wear heels too. Assuming the bitchy blonde showed, she told herself. Kathi didn't seem like the type to run away from a confrontation...and Jessica just hoped that she didn't prove to be that type either.

She made one last wardrobe decision before leaving her dorm room. She had almost donned another red thong before stepping out, when she remembered the heat of Kathi's pelvis as she'd pushed against Jessica outside the bathroom a few days earlier. There was no way to prove it, but Jess was sure that Kathi had been naked under her skirt—she could practically feel the

heat roiling off the other blonde's dark pubic hair. If Kathi was going to be out here commando, then it was only fair that Jessica go out the same way. Just in case, she thought. Just in case.

Gina and the other girls groaned when Jessica suggested the same dance bar they'd been to earlier that week. "That place is too crowded," Gina said. But Jessica insisted, hinting that she'd been looking for a certain boy there. But Gina's face indicated she wasn't quite buying her story. The Latina girl relented though, and before she knew it they were drinking and dancing at the club. It was going on to 10 pm and Jessica was beginning to relax a bit, with Kathi a no-show. Maybe she'd seen Jessica with her friends and turned tail and ran, she thought. Or maybe she'd lost interest? Jess couldn't decide whether she was relieved or disappointed. Then, finally, she saw Kathi enter the bar in an ultra-tight blue dress. An open panel under her breasts showed off the other blonde's flat, toned stomach, almost baring it down to her navel, while her supple breasts quivered and bulged tightly over the top of the V-cut under her neck. Stiletto heels clacked on the bar floor, audible even over the pounding dance music, as Kathi and her entourage of tall, loud girls made their entrance, and the enemy blonde scanned

the bar quickly before sighting Jessica and staring her down as she and her friends chose a table near to the one Jessica and her friends had staked out.

Kathi sat almost in profile to Jessica, giving her a good look at her curvy, athletic figure. Kathi's lean waist made her round, C-cup breasts look even larger than they were, especially stuffed as they were and spilling out over the top of her tight dress. The simple blue stretch material made Kathi's stiff little nipples perfectly visible, while the flare of her short skirt emphasized her muscular hips and meaty, toned butt. Of course she was wearing fishnet stockings again, and Jessica was glad she had kept hers on, even if it had resulted in some ribbing from her friends. "You are totally dressed to get some, girl," Gina had said. "That is too much!" In truth, her friend seemed glad to see Jessica coming out of her shell, and Jess appreciated the support.

As the evening wore on, Kathi continued to throw challenging glances in Jessica's direction, sometimes whispering to her friends as she glanced over at Jessica's table and causing a burst of laughter.

“What are those fucking bitches talking about?” Gina growled after a particularly loud outburst. Gina was always up for a confrontation, but Jessica didn’t want anyone to cause a scene.

“Just ignore them,” she said quietly, sipping from her drink before stealing another glance at Kathi’s legs.

“Isn’t that the blonde from the other night, the one who was checking you out?” Gina said. Jessica shrugged noncommittally, but Gina’s radar was on. “That *is* her. What’s she looking at you like that for?”

She’s just a girl from one of my classes,” Jessica explained.

“I don’t like her attitude,” Gina said.

“Don’t say anything,” Jessica said, glancing at Kathi again. “She’s my problem.”

Gina suddenly smiled. “All right,” she said, nodding. “Jess has got a problem! I’m impressed, girl!”

“Don’t make a big deal out of it,” Jessica implored. “I’ll deal with her.”

“She’s giving you shit?” Gina asked, glancing over at Kathi and her friends. “I wouldn’t take that from her,” Gina said. “You should fight her.”

“What?” Jessica said. Just the words “fight her” shot adrenaline through her body as she glanced over at Kathi and her friends, only to be met by another challenging stare.

“Get right in her face, girl!” Gina said. “You can take that blonde.”

“I’ve never been in a fight before!” Jessica insisted.

“Well, maybe neither has she!” Gina said.

Jessica caught her breath as those words hit home. She looked over at Kathi, and this time the other blonde met her eyes meaningfully. It was almost as if both young women knew that they’d wasted enough time after goading each other back to this bar where they’d first faced each other, pressed flesh to flesh, challenged one another...Kathi’s aggression had painted her as an experienced bully in Jessica’s mind. But even Jess knew that sometimes bullies were all

bluster and couldn't handle getting physical. Maybe it was time to find out what Kathi was made of.

"Should I?" she asked idly.

"What's going on?" Julie, another one of the girls, asked.

"I think our Jess might be looking for a fight!" Gina said proudly. Jessica looked back at her friend, as if seeking a final assurance. "Don't let her disrespect you, honey. And don't worry about those bitches," she said, nodding at the tall girls laughing with Kathi. "We'll back you up."

Jessica smiled, then took a big pull of her drink, letting the alcohol burn into her gut before she stood up and began walking toward Kathi's table. She saw the girls around Kathi titter as she approached them, which only added to her determination to take this to the finish line.

"Hi Kathi," she said as she stopped directly next to the other blonde's bar stool, glancing condescendingly down into Kathi's exposed cleavage.

“Oh hi, Jessica, is it?” Kathi said, matching Jessica’s condescending expression with her tone. “This is Jessica, from my business class,” she said, looking around at her friends before staring back up at Jess. One of the other girls snickered. “Did you want something?”

“I just wanted to ask you a question,” Jessica said, forcing her voice a bit over the roar of the bar.

“Oh really?” Kathi replied innocently. “What’s that?”

“Do you want to fight me?”

Kathi’s face darkened and the chuckles from the other girls died out as Jessica stared challengingly down at Kathi.

“Fight you?” Kathi sneered.

“Yeah,” Jessica said, growing annoyed. “Unless you’re afraid.” That produced a few gasps from Kathi’s friends, and it got Kathi off her chair, the other blonde straightening, thrusting out her boobs as

she stood up to get into Jessica's face until the two blondes were once again nose to nose.

"I'm not afraid of you, *Jessica*," Kathi snorted, her breath caressing Jessica's mouth as Jess whipped her hair back off her face and placed her hands on her hips, mimicking Kathi's stance as the two women aimed their breasts at one another like six-guns in a western street shootout. "You want to fight me?" Kathi said it quietly, almost privately, although still loud enough for her friends to hear. "Then let's fight. Just tell me where and when."

"Outside, in the alley behind the bar," Jessica said.

"Just the two of us?" Kathi said, glancing at her friends.

"Bring your friends," Jessica answered her as she stared Kathi down. "Mine are coming too."

"Good," Kathi said brightly. "They're gonna love watching me beat up your weak little ass."

"Meet me outside," Jess said, turning to motion to her friends. With the two groups of girls eyeing each

other warily, Jessica led the party outside the bar and around the back, deep into a dark and filthy back alley, wrought iron fire escapes looming overhead like the bars of an MMA cage.

Jessica could still hear the heavy, amplified beat of dance music pulsing through the brick walls of the club, mirroring the pounding of her pulse as she nervously turned to face Kathi. The other blonde looked intensely at Jessica, her sexy face twisted in a cruel sneer, like a tigress eager to get at her prey. Jessica looked down at the alley floor, littered with gravel, garbage, and occasional shards of broken glass. Now the reality of her challenge was sinking in—Kathi seemed utterly unafraid—maybe she *had* been in fights before—and the alley seemed like a dangerous place for a fight. Despite the debris on the ground, she bent down to start to unfasten her high heels, eyeing Kathi warily.

“Let’s do it in our heels,” Kathi insisted, her sexy mouth twisting in a vicious grin as she stared down at Jessica’s cleavage. Neon light and deep shadows sculpted the two girls’ bodies as Jessica straightened, nervously tossing her hair back and licking her lips

while their friends gathered in a circle around the two enemies, forming a little arena in the dark alley.

Jessica stared hard at Kathi as the two young women circled, fierce, mascara'd eyes drinking each other's bodies and faces in. Kathi had never looked stronger or sexier, Jessica thought, placing her heels carefully down as Kathi's spiked heels clacked one by one as the other blonde chose her own steps and stance, each girl edging closer to one another.

Jessica knew that Kathi's request for the two of them to stay in their heels would change the whole tenor of the fight. Now it would all be about maintaining balance, preventing their opponent from toppling them off their heels. So the fight would either be over in an instant, or it would be slow and intimate, a test of strength and tactics between their two toned, pale bodies.

Jessica glared bravely into Kathi's fierce blue eyes, now barely a foot away from her own. All of the drinks she'd downed in the bar seemed to have evaporated in her belly, leaving her stone cold sober, keenly alert. The reality seemed to ring in her ears: she and Kathi were about to fight each other for real.

Kathi reached out and Jessica briefly clutched the other girl's fingers, each girl squeezing one another in a quick finger lock, Jessica almost gasping at Kathi's touch and the strength in those powerful fingers. But she managed to twist out of the other blonde's grip, the two young women lightly shoving and slapping arms and hands as they searched for a hold.

Then Kathi surged forward, penetrating Jessica's defenses, and their chests collided roughly. Jessica stifled a groan as Kathi's breasts hit hers in a powerful reminder of their chest to chest encounter outside the restroom a few days ago. She was shocked by the weight and firmness of Kathi's chest and the way the other blonde's boobs seemed to smash against hers ahead of Kathi's rib cage, like two wrecking balls bashing Jessica's bosom. She stumbled backward momentarily, then found her footing and crashed back against Kathi, suddenly feeling the mass of her own C-cup breasts take their revenge and pound back into Kathi's, forcing a grunt from the other blonde at the impact.

“Get her, Jess!” Gina shouted.

“Kick her ass, Kathi!” one of the other blonde’s friends yelled.

For a few seconds, the two girls jostled and pushed chest to chest, exposed bellies smacking, each trying to knock the other off her heels and failing, hot breaths exchanged as the two blondes forced themselves against one another, exchanging and escaping finger and arm grips, each searching for a hold to use against her opponent. Kathi’s snarling, beautiful face hovered near Jessica’s, both girls panting, warning each other off with fierce stares. Then Kathi forced a hand into Jessica’s flowing, spun cotton hair, yanking her head back as she pressed her body against Jessica’s. Jess winced and gasped at the pain before instinctively grabbing Kathi’s shorter, stylish hairdo, both girls forcing themselves chin to chin, each wrapping her free arm around the other’s lean waist, thighs spreading, stretching their miniskirts taut as they fought for balance in the dark, humid alley.

Jessica stared at Kathi’s mouth, the other girl’s teeth bared as both girls gasped and hissed—not just from the intense hairpull, she knew, but from the feeling of their dense, jutting breasts pressing against one another. Jessica could feel the weight of Kathi’s pert

boobs contesting hers, mass shifting from one set of mammaries to the other as the two young women pressed back and forth, heels clattering on the pavement as they fought to maintain their balance. Kathi tightened her grip around Jessica's waist, forcing their flat, bared bellies into closer, more intimate contact. Jessica could feel Kathi's labored breathing, the way each inhalation forced her breasts into rock-like hardness against Jessica's, the way her toned abdominal muscles tightened and flexed against her belly. And with their thighs spread, fishnets scraping one another, it was impossible to ignore the hot V bulge of Kathi's pubic mound brushing Jessica's, and the knowledge that beneath that stretched out miniskirt fabric lay two bare, furry cunts, the same ones Kathi and Jessica had flashed each other with, the dirty, secret challenges each had exchanged with one another in class.

Jessica squeezed her eyes shut as she struggled with Kathi, imagining the other girl's pale, bare ass under her skirt, flexing and pulsing with sexual power as she struggled with Jessica. She wanted to tear that skirt off of Kathi and bare her enemy's ass to the world, and then she thought about Kathi doing the same to her, the two of them exposed, their creamy buttocks naked and quivering in the alley as they fought bottomless

and bare-assed, dark-furred crotches dancing dangerously close to one another.

She hugged Kathi closer, forcing herself to stare the other girl down once again as their bellies smacked. Kathi pressed back against her, her chin sliding past Jessica's until the two girls pulled each other into a tight, cheek to cheek embrace. Jessica moaned as her boobs mushroomed against Kathi's. She could just barely peek downward enough to see the tops of her breasts bulging up against Kathi's, cream against cream, and now Kathi groaned back against her as Jessica ground her boobs into the other blonde's.

The alley had grown quiet as both sets of friends reduced their shouted encouragements to awestruck "ooooh"s and gasps. The fierce and rough fight the girls had expected had turned into something else—a passionate, intimate test of wills between two curvy, athletic young bodies, two budding sexualities confronting one another. Jessica felt Kathi grip the back of her skirt hem, tugging it upward a little, baring a bit of Jessica's ass in the dark light of the alley. Jessica quickly retaliated, yanking Kathi's skirt upward too until the bottoms of Kathi's tight buns were exposed, each girl threatening to reveal that the other

wore no underwear beneath their skirts. She could feel Kathi's body tensing against hers, both girls on the edge of exposing the other, trembling at the thought of their friends discovering their bared pubic regions, seeing their bare asses.

Kathi suddenly edged her pelvis away from Jessica's, pressing forward with her upper body and bracing her powerful thighs backward to give herself more leverage against Jessica. Jess struggled to remain upright, forced back on her heels, the damp air of the alley caressing her bare stomach and wafting under her skirt now that the heat of Kathi's lower body was separated from hers. She managed to catch her balance and edge her own thighs backward until both young women were leaning against each other's upper bodies, breasts still squeezed together hotly, and Jessica couldn't help noticing the way Kathi moaned provocatively every time her bust grazed Jessica's. She had to force herself to stifle groans of passion and excitement herself every time Kathi's boobs touched and pressed against hers. Her breasts and nipples had always been sensitive, but she had never experienced anything like this—the soft yet firm feeling of Kathi's hot breasts rubbing, jostling, quivering against hers, her own breasts resisting Kathi's, surging and

cramming back against the enemy glands, beads of sweat beginning to gather in the bulging valleys of cleavage they eagerly matched against each other. Slowly Jess began to concentrate on Kathi's breasts, gauging the other blonde's reaction every time she pressed her chest against Kathi's. Her nipples had grown hard and stiff, tingling against the outrageous stimulation of Kathi's soft tit flesh rubbing against them, and several times she found herself gasping as Kathi's equally erect nubs, either by accident or design, found hers, clashing stiffly as each aroused rod seemed to probe and struggle against the tight, containing fabric of their blouses as if eager to burst free and join the catfight.

Suddenly Jessica felt Kathi's fist smack softly into her bare belly, eliciting a wet thud in the dark quiet of the alley that overrode the two blonde's moans and a chorus of gasps from the onlooking girls. Jessica grunted at the punch, struggling to free her other hand and retaliate. Her fist grazed Kathi's flank, then a second, desperate blow smacked into Kathi's exposed abs. A low, guttural moan escaped Kathi's lips as she took the belly punch, then the other blonde muscled against Jessica and smacked her fist into Jessica's stomach again.

The two girls hugged their upper bodies closer together, mashing breasts, gasping and moaning cheek to cheek as they exchanged vicious rabbit punches, edging their aim lower, sinking knuckles into each other's exposed navels, then into the soft flesh barely an inch above each other's crotches, sinking punches into the tops of each other's tight skirts and then lower, threatening each other's Venus mounds. Struggling even more tightly against one another, the two rivals even tried jabbing upward, each managing to land a punch or two underneath her rival's boobs, sometimes targeting the sides of each other's breasts as they bulged outward, mushrooming against one another and presenting tempting side boob targets. But the breast punches quickly backfired as any impact on their opponent's bulging breasts vibrated directly into their own, causing just as much discomfort to themselves as to their rival.

Jessica had expected violence and pain—she had wanted to humiliate Kathi, prove herself equal to the other blonde's aggression. But she had not expected this exhausting, intimate clinch, teetering on high heels body to body against Kathi, neither girl willing to relinquish her crushing, sweat-drenched hold on the

other. Kathi's hair felt hot against her face, and she knew her own longer, platinum locks were all but choking off the other blonde's oxygen as they covered Kathi's face. Slowly the two young women pushed each other back and forth across six feet of space, kicking gravel and glass shards around their clattering spiked heels. The grunts and groans from the slow punching duel were growing quieter, more subdued and pleading as each girl lost strength, and finally the two girls found themselves gripping each other's slender waists again, hugging closer, body to body again, fishnetted thighs still spread, each girl opening her legs to the other as they clinched in an overheated crush, pelvises quivering in opposition. Jessica could almost feel the heat of Kathi's sex again, lurking under that skirt just inches from her own throbbing pussy. But she kept her ass cocked backward warily, and Kathi's pelvis too pivoted backward, no doubt showing off some of her perfect butt as that skirt crept upward, but keeping her overheated hips warily clear of Jessica's, as if any more contact between them might lead to an explosion neither young woman could handle. But Jessica knew now that she *could* handle the feeling of Kathi's bustline pressing and rubbing against her own. Her boobs still burned with the sensation of the other girl's breast flesh caressing

and harassing her own, and her nipples were on fire, forcing gasps from her panting lips every time they encountered Kathi's stiff rods. But every time she forced her breasts back against Kathi's she felt a satisfying quiver and a keening moan from the other blonde, as if Kathi might beg her at any second to leave her aching boobs alone.

Suddenly Jessica felt the brick wall of the club hitting her back and butt, and for a moment she and Kathi wrestled against the wall violently, struggling for control of the fight. Jessica led with her boobs, jamming her nipples against Kathi's until the other blonde backed off and stumbled against the wall, freeing Jessica to attack. Gripping Kathi's short hair, she forced her rival's head against the wall, facing her nose to nose now, her chest and belly pressed tightly against the moaning blonde, her hips briefly joining the battle as she pinned Kathi's writhing body against the bricks and felt Kathi squirming and bucking exhaustedly against her. Somehow the blonde bully managed to jab her pubic bone into Jessica's, forcing a wary gasp out of her before Jessica mashed her breasts back into Kathi's while the other blonde's jaw jutted skyward, her mouth panting as she twisted her tits desperately back against Jess's.

Now she had her, Jessica thought. She could wear Kathi down against this wall, force her to submit. Kathi tore against Jess's soft hair and Jessica hissed and squealed at the pain, but held her ground against Kathi's body.

Silence in the alley now, interrupted only by gasps and moans from the two rapidly tiring, overstimulated young blondes. None of their friends dared speak now—they all seemed to be holding their breath as this intimate, vicious struggle edged toward its conclusion. Jessica felt a burst of angry pride, her self confidence swelling as she controlled Kathi's thrashing body against the wall. All the years of bullying and victimhood seemed to fade away as she matched her strength against this dominant blonde. How she'd longed to wipe the smug, bitchy smile off Kathi's beautiful face. Now she was close to finishing her.

She knew she needed a final tactic to make Kathi submit, and the attacks on her enemy's breasts seemed to be the key. But she would have to lose her inhibitions and any thought of fighting fair to take the fight to its finish. Kathi's face filled her vision, her brilliant blue eyes blazing hatred through the masks of

mascara and eyeliner now streaked and running down her elegant cheekbones, both girls blasting hot breath into each other's gaping mouths as they struggled tightly together, lips almost grazing one another as they wrestled for control. Jessica pressed her body harder against Kathi's, knowing she'd have to release her hold on the other girl's waist to initiate her final attack. Her bare arm scraped against the rough brick as she pulled it free of Kathi's waist, forcing her to use her pelvis to maintain her pin on Kathi's lower body. She could feel Kathi's pubic mound like a hot compress searing against her own bulging Venus mound, their matching skirts now pulled up almost enough that pubic hairs could peek out off the bottom regions of their labia. The thought made Jessica's pulse pound even more rapidly as she thought about Kathi's dark brown fur flashing at her back in the classroom, goading her into this fight.

Squirming and gasping against Kathi, Jessica reached up between their warring bodies until she found one of the other blonde's firm boobs. Encircling the soft orb with her fingers, Jessica glared triumphantly into Kathi's eyes and squeezed the other girl's hot tit flesh. She felt a rush of adrenaline and erotic excitement at the feel of the blonde's dense,

weighty gland under her fingers, and Kathi gasped and moaned uncontrollably at the assault. Jessica tightened her fingers until she found the other girl's stiff, vulnerable nipple, squeezing and twisting it between her thumb and forefinger. Kathi bucked desperately, her mouth grazing Jessica's, both girls baring their teeth, snarling like animals as the fight edged into a savage, dirty climax.

Jessica suddenly felt fingers under her skirt, probing into her pubes—grabbing and yanking her thick, girlish fur. She gasped, twisting and bucking against Kathi's body, shocked by this intimate violation.

In a burst of violent, thrashing action, Kathi managed to squirm out from Jessica's body pin and turn the tables. Now it was Jessica's back and ass forced painfully against the abrasive brick wall behind her, Kathi pinning her body to body against the wall, and Kathi's fingers digging upward, closing around Jessica's exposed vulva, twisting her delicate labia and pubic fur into a fist-hold of pure, shocking pain.

“You dirty bitch,” she gasped against Kathi's mouth as the other blonde pressed forehead to forehead with Jessica, her breasts now dominating Jessica's as she

poured the pressure down onto Jessica's bare, vulnerable pussy.

"No rules," Kathi panted quietly against Jessica's face. Jessica felt herself wilting under Kathi's tightening fist, her labia gathered into a white-hot, tingling mass of raw nerve endings as Kathi slowly squeezed her into submission. "Give," the hot blonde hissed at Jessica.

"No," Jess moaned. Behind them in the alleyway their friends were gasping in shock at the down and dirty turn the fight had taken.

"Give, you little bitch," Kathi snarled. Jessica began sliding downward, glaring up into Kathi's merciless face, the other girl's jutting boobs now in front of Jessica's face, almost close enough to bite. But Jessica's strength was leaving her rapidly. Kathi followed her down, maintaining her crotch hold until Jessica sank down onto her haunches against the wall. "Give," Kathi panted again. She exerted a final application of pressure, squeezing Jessica's cunt in a vise-like grip, and suddenly Jessica moaned and bucked in a shocking, unwanted orgasm.

Kathi watched the spectacle intently, drinking in Jessica's humiliation, then letting the wounded blonde gasp and pant in submission for a few seconds before slapping her, lightly but spitefully, across the face before standing up. With her fishnetted thighs spread wide in her victory stance over Jessica, Jessica had a clear view of Kathi's exposed pussy, revealed once again only to her, and in the gleaming light of the alley she caught the sparkle of slick arousal clinging like dew to Kathi's dark pubes.

"See you in class, Jessica," Kathi purred as she turned away to gather her friends and leave the alley.

Jessica sobbed quietly as the rival gang departed and her friends gathered to help her up away from the wall.

"You held your own, girl," Gina said encouragingly. "She just got dirtier than you, that's all."

Jessica nodded as she got unsteadily to her feet, acknowledging the truth in her friend's words. She had survived her first catfight, and had almost won. The other girls talked about returning to the bar, offered support, but Jessica brushed off their concerns. "I'll be

fine,” she said. “I just want to go home and sleep this off.” She managed to put herself back together enough to call an Uber and limp back to her dorm. She was shocked by what greeted her when she closed the door to her room and checked herself out in her full-length mirror. Her hair was ratty and matted, mascara ran in streaks down her face, giving her the look of a wounded raccoon. Her blouse was stretched and torn, her breasts caked in dried sweat, still bulging out of the top of her blouse as if they were locked in battle with Kathi’s sweaty boobs even now. Her fishnets were torn and tattered where they’d tangled with Kathi’s too.

Jessica stripped, feeling no more naked now than she’d felt in that alley with Kathi pressed against her and their friends gasping and cooing in excitement and shock at the dirty fight unspooling in front of them. She snuck into the showers, cleaning off quickly before returning to her room and falling naked into bed.

Jessica sobbed quietly into her pillow, squeezing her eyes shut against the images of Kathi’s face leering and snarling into hers. Her breasts ached, and she almost still felt the pressure of the other blonde’s angry boobs

pressing into her own, Kathi's taut tummy resisting Jessica's...their pelvises skirmishing, their two jealous pussies inches away from each other, desperate to join the fight.

She began to squirm and grind against the mattress, her bare, creamy buns tensing as she pressed her pussy into the bed, imagining the pressure pushing back against her was Kathi's naked crotch. She could feel Kathi's fingers squeezing her sex, forcing that raw, humiliating climax from her. Jerking her pelvis into her mattress, she began to come a second time. She could see Kathi's angry face in front of her, those piercing blue eyes glaring into Jessica's, Kathi's mascara and eyeliner matching Jessica's. Despite the outcome of the fight, Jessica now firmly believed she and Kathi were equals—natural enemies. She had survived her first fight and now she realized she wanted, needed, a return engagement. Nothing had been settled; she and Kathi had only initiated what Jessica knew might be a long, vicious war between them. Jessica had already shrugged off some of her innocent, girlish inhibitions, but Kathi had proved she was eager to fight dirty, and Jessica knew that she would have to meet Kathi in the gutter if she was to have any chance of besting the enemy blonde.

Kathi returned to her own dorm room in a mix of exhaustion, smug pride and uncertainty. She could only describe the fight in the alley as “sinful.” It was the opposite of everything that had been drummed into her head since she’d been a child—charity, kindness, innocence and class. She’d spent her whole young life behaving perfectly, following all the rules—even the rules about restricting unclean thoughts to ones about men. Getting excited about boys had always been taught as unladylike, but a fascination with girls wasn’t even discussed.

Kathi had always been a bit of a bully, but she had never gotten physical with another girl before. She intimidated with looks and words, by being better than her rivals. But she had secretly wondered what it might be like to get into a physical fight with another young woman, especially someone like her—athletic, competitive, aggressive. Honestly, she had been drawn in by Jessica’s physicality, the little ways in which their bodies and faces were similar. And when she’d seen Jessica dress up, show off her curves, even wear eye makeup like Kathi’s, the feelings of competition had

only magnified. But she had never imagined that Jessica would hold up under her aggression, let alone throw it back in her face. She'd been shocked and excited when Jessica had answered her little pussy challenge in class, flashing her furry sex back at Kathi and showing herself to be every bit as daring as Kathi in that secret little duel. But Jessica's brazen, public challenge to fight had been even more shocking. It was a gift Kathi never thought she'd be given.

And the fight too had been surprising, draining, shockingly intimate and personal, even though the two young women had barely spoken a word during the struggle, right up til the bitter end. Kathi's breasts still throbbed from the pressure of Jessica's surprisingly firm and competitive boobs against her own. And Kathi had surprised herself with her own weakness and vulnerability there. Her tits had always been sensitive, her nipples more so. But she knew that Jessica had almost overwhelmed her, almost won the fight, just by pressing her sensual attack on Kathi's breasts, distracting and weakening her until the other, surprisingly muscular blonde had Kathi pinned against the brick wall in that alley.

She felt a flush of embarrassment and anger at the way she'd been woman-handled. That little wallflower, she thought, giving back as good as she got, matching Kathi's strength and dominance as they wrestled back and forth on their spiked heels, Jessica's fishnets tearing and tangling with hers. She knew without checking that Jessica had come commando to the bar just as she had, both girls secretly continuing the face-off of bare, exposed pussies, both knowing they were nude under their skirts—knowledge Kathi had used to decisively end the fight. But Jessica had almost beaten her by grabbing Kathi's breast, and her nipple still throbbed from the crushing feel of Jessica's fingers pinching it.

Jessica had proven to be a strong, ruthless opponent, far from the pushover Kathi had expected. She stripped off her filthy, tattered outfit, grabbed a robe and headed for the shower, her body and mind still alive with the memories of Jessica pressing and thrusting against her, the other girl's sensuous mouth panting next to hers, her teeth bared as the two girls threatened one another.

The fight had been the most exciting experience of Kathi's life. And she knew she had to find a special

way to celebrate and flaunt her victory. Returning to her room, she searched through her hair products and found a special bottle of hair color. She had always toyed with the idea of dyeing her pubic fur blonde to match her golden hairdo. She couldn't think of a better time than now or a better signal to send to Jessica that their feud was far from over.

CHAPTER 3

DIRTY DANCING

Kathi headed to her business class a couple of days later, eager to face Jessica again. Any thoughts of dressing down after her afternoon workout were yesterday's game plan; she fully intended to flaunt herself and her new, dominant position over Jessica in class from now on, so she wore one of her tightest, shortest skirts, another pair of fishnets and a light-colored, extra tight top that showed off her midriff. She chose a sheer, lightweight bra, just enough to push her boobs up a bit, with barely enough fabric to conceal her nipples in their resting state. The least provocation would stiffen her little weapons and make them stand out, brazenly visible through her tight top, and that was exactly what she wanted.

She couldn't suppress a little nervousness and excitement as she mounted the steps to the top floor of the hall where their class was. It seemed like only a few hours ago that she and Jessica were locked in their sweating, perfume-drenched clinch in that dark alley, hugging tightly, tearing at each other's blonde hair,

groaning and gasping in effort and catfighting lust. Kathi could still almost smell Jessica on her body, like sweet cream. The other blonde had seemed innocent, even submissive, but obviously she had a lot more going on underneath the surface, more than enough to push her into confronting Kathi. But Kathi had proved she could handle even Jessica's surprising strength and aggressiveness, and she had the perfect provocation now to flaunt her superiority over the other girl. Her pussy still burned a little from the peroxide she'd used to dye her pubes a bright, creamy platinum—exactly the color of Jessica's spun cotton hairdo. She couldn't wait to flash the little prude and put her in her place.

Kathi reached the top of the stairs and headed into the classroom when her phone began to vibrate urgently. She pulled it out as she took her seat to view the incoming text, then stiffened at what she saw. It was a selfie, but one of a creamy, curvy, female behind, fully nude, with a text message: "Tighter than yours." A second image came in, showing the same lovely butt flexing, glutes tightened like two fists over shapely, pale thighs.

Kathi sat down, fuming as she glanced in front of her at Jessica's empty seat. Then another image came in—a flat, supple female stomach marked by a deep, ultra cute navel. “Harder than yours,” was the text message.

Kathi sat the phone face down on her desk as it continued to vibrate. The urge to stand up and shoot her own toned bottom was overwhelming. Jessica had her at an infuriating disadvantage—bombarding her with selfies of her body for Kathi to compare her own to, with no possibility of Kathi being able to retaliate—at least not right now.

She heard the clack of high heels behind her and watched Jessica stroll innocently into the classroom to take her seat across from Kathi, blue eyes sparkling, her cute mouth twisted into a smug, tight-lipped smile as she briefly locked eyes with Kathi. She noted uneasily that Jessica had re-dyed her hair so that her roots had disappeared, giving her the look of a deadly angel with perfectly white, spun cotton hair. Jessica had her phone out but held in her lap out of sight under her desk, fingers fluttering, while Kathi's phone vibrated with buzz after incoming buzz as the class commenced.

“Kathi, can you please turn off your phone?” the teacher demanded in irritation, a few of the other students even giggling as the phone continued to vibrate, almost moving of its own accord on the surface of Kathi’s desk...filling up, she knew, with images of her rival’s body, unanswerable by her. She stared pure hate into Jessica’s eyes and drank in the other blonde’s response as Jessica’s eyes filled with defiant venom.

Kathi still had her trump card, and her pussy seemed to pulse between her crossed thighs with the eagerness to display itself and its new ‘do to its counterpart nestled between Jessica’s creamy, fishnetted thighs. She would show this little bitch who was boss before the class was over.

Kathi bided her time, exchanging heated looks with Jessica while both girls struggled to focus on the teacher’s lecture. But Kathi stumbled when the professor lobbed a question her way, and she saw Jessica’s eyes flash with amusement. She had had enough. Glancing pointedly down at Jessica’s legs, Kathi looked back up to draw Jessica’s attention back to her eyes, then waited for Jessica’s inevitable,

competitive glance down at Kathi's legs to uncross her thighs and display her newly dyed crotch to her enemy.

She'd expected a hot blush of embarrassment from Jessica, but while the other blonde flinched microscopically at the sight of Kathi's platinum blonde fur, her expression remained cool and in control as she studied Kathi's open crotch for a moment and then glanced back up to stare into Kathi's eyes as Jessica now uncrossed her own legs.

Kathi gave a derisive little snort at the gesture, annoyed that she hadn't gotten a shocked reaction from Jessica, but far from intimidated by the other girl flashing her back.

Then she glanced downward, intending to sneer at Jessica's dark fur. Instead she saw straw blonde pubic curls nestled between Jessica's creamy thighs—hair almost exactly the same color as Kathi's honey blonde hairdo.

Now Kathi stared back up into Jessica's eyes with renewed hate and competitive fire. Somehow the two girls had gotten the same sneaky, dirty little idea, each

trying to claim each other's hair color like a scalp. It only reinforced that Jessica fully intended to play on Kathi's dirty level. But Kathi still had the upper hand, she thought grimly. Jessica might be flashing that dyed pussy fur like a trophy, but only Kathi had earned the rights to the real prize. She had beaten Jessica, not the other way around.

Her pulse was racing as she glared back at Jessica, arching her back a little, instinctively flaunting her bustline at the other girl. Jessica squirmed a little in her seat, leaning forward to show off her own creamy, bulging cleavage to Kathi as Kathi bit her lower lip in concentration, fighting to arrange her body and expression to look hotter and more aggressive than her enemy. Then she noticed two tents pitching on Jessica's tight top, fabric stretching between the points of her two breasts as her nipples came alive at the competition, threatening to pop out of her top as they strained and stiffened under her bra. Kathi's own nipples immediately hardened in response, twisting painfully against her bra fabric and top as the material struggled to restrain her two weapons, now fully at attention in a defiant answer to Jessica's stiff ones. Now Kathi's mind couldn't help but return to the intense finish of her fight with Jessica, the shock of

the other blonde's hand on Kathi's breast, fingers pinching down onto her nipple. Her breasts had already been throbbing at the touch of Jessica's boobs pressing against hers, teasing Kathi's tits with their softness and stunning her with the way they firmed up competitively against hers every time Jessica inhaled or shoved her creamy cleavage against Kathi's. She had almost been overwhelmed by those perky, aggressive boobs, she admitted to herself. She hated the way Jessica was showing them off now, sticking them out at Kathi, pointing her nipples upward almost at a 45 degree angle to the floor, like two battle flags waving in Kathi's face. She knew her own were pointing out just as far, and even over the din of blood in her ears she could hear the restless fidgeting of boys in the class as they fought to get a glimpse of the two co-eds bursting tops. Kathi found herself wishing the two of them were fighting again, itching for another chance to match her firm chest against Jessica's and erase that feeling of humiliation she'd experienced when the other blonde's boobs had gotten Kathi moaning and gasping from their touch.

When the class ended, Kathi moved directly toward Jessica, fully intending to stop the other girl and privately call her out. Instead, her professor touched

her arm and pulled her aside while Jessica walked past, smiling smugly at Kathi. “I’m getting a little disappointed in your behavior,” the teacher started, and Kathi flushed as she endured a quiet lecture while Jessica escape. She forced herself to be respectful and apologize until the class was largely cleared out, then excused herself, hoping against hope that Jessica would be waiting for her outside, but the other blonde was nowhere in sight. Kathi reactivated her phone, which instantly began buzzing with more incoming texts. Glancing down, Kathi saw more photos of Jessica’s body—her thighs, a shot of her in a dark, lacy bra, and even one of her newly dyed pubic fur, a honey blonde triangle set between creamy, supple thighs.

Kathi barged her way into the restroom on the fourth floor of the hall, grateful that the room was empty before she entered a stall and began to mount her counterattack. She pulled up her skirt and shot selfies of her bare ass, making sure to flex her buns the way Jessica had to show off her muscle before shooting the images back at Jessica with the message, “Tighter than *yours*,” then shot images of her toned stomach before unbuttoning her top, thrusting out her

bra-clad breasts and sneering hatefully into the camera lens as she snapped herself.

Even as she took the photos, more shots of Jessica buzzed in, a cascade of skin-baring selfies. Jessica must have taken them all before class, Kathi thought furious, had them ready to bombard her with so she could send them while she sat there staring Kathi down, embarrassing her in front of everyone.

Kathi shrugged back into her clothes furiously, heels clacking on the stairwell as she charged down to the first floor and outside, looking around madly in the gathering darkness for her adversary. Her body ached with the desire to show Jessica up—she could not let this humiliation pass unpunished. Burning with frustration, Kathi pulled up her phone and jabbed the CALL button, hurriedly stepping off the sidewalk between halls into the lawn, away from the other walking students so she wouldn't be overheard. Her heart pounded as the phone rang once, twice—and then was picked up, with a charged silence on the other end.

Kathi breathed in and out, almost panting between her rush down the stairs, her cold fury at Jessica's

trick, and her raw excitement at the possibilities of a private conversation between the two of them. In a sense, the two newfound enemies were alone for the first time, no classmates, no bar patrons, no friends around to overhear their talk. As she moved far out on the lawn and away from the other students, she could hear Jessica's hard, deep breathing on the other end of the line, as if both young women had just run a sprint and were pausing to catch their breath.

Finally, Kathi, the wounded party, managed to speak. "Am I supposed to be impressed?" she said breathlessly. "Think you're going to shock me by sexting me your bare little ass?"

Jessica only breathed on the other end of the line for a few seconds until she too finally spoke, her voice as electrified and tense as Kathi's.

"Am I supposed to be impressed with your new little pussy dye job?" she snapped, her voice trembling with anger. "You really love flashing that hairy little snatch of yours, don't you?"

"Oh my god, don't make me laugh," Kathi spat back hatefully. "Don't act so high and mighty, Miss

Innocent. You couldn't wait to match my fishnets and short skirts and you could barely get through one class without stripping off those undies and flashing me right back, could you, hussy?"

"I'm not going to let you intimidate me," Jessica growled, her voice trembling. "I can out-dress you and out-flash you, move for move, so deal with it, honey."

"But not out-fight me, right?" Kathi snapped. "You weak little pussy."

"Cheating bitch," Jessica shot back. "Don't forget you had to grab me between the legs to win, just like the gutter trash you are..."

"You mean like you, squeezing my tits, grabbing my nipples, Jessica?" Kathi hissed, struggling to keep her voice low enough so that the students a few yards from her wouldn't overhear. "You fight down and dirty with me and I'll fight down and dirty with you."

"I should have expected a girl who dresses like a hooker to class to be a cheap, cheating catfighter," Jessica replied hotly. "I had to shower for an hour to get your stink off my body..."

“I was scrubbing all night washing off your cheap whore perfume, Jessica,” Kathi snarled, warming to the war of words between them. “But it was worth it to watch you fall on your flabby ass in that alley after I squeezed your little cunt.”

“It was worth it to feel your weak body squirming against that brick wall when I pinned you there,” Jessica’s voice taunted, almost a whisper now. “You were sweating against me...bucking under that tight little skirt, naked under there...just like you’re naked under there now, right, you bitch?”

“You mean the way you are?” Kathi demanded, furious but charged with adrenaline and hormones as the two taunted and teased each other over the phone line. “You think I’m scared of that fake blonde fur under there? I’ll tell you why I dyed *my* pussy, Jessica,” she hissed into the phone. “To show you that your little snatch is *mine* any time I want it. Your little dye job is a joke, that’s all, just a way to dress up a loser’s pussy!”

“Just because you got lucky once doesn’t mean you have anything on me, *Kathi*,” Jessica snarled back at

her. “I’ll match my dye job against yours *any time*, you hear me? Any time!”

Kathi shook silently as those words penetrated her, as the reality of what both young women were saying to each other became clear. When she spoke again, it was with a forced calm, as she determined to make her words crystal clear to the bottle blonde on the other end of the phone.

“You wouldn’t dare match your dye job against mine,” she growled. “Not a weak pussy like you. You were lucky, honey, lucky we had those tight little skirts between us in that back alley fight...”

“I’ll bet you were itching to get out of yours,” Jessica’s voice jabbed at Kathi. “That hot little bare ass of yours under there...and don’t think I couldn’t feel you getting all hot and bothered down there, right next to mine! Bumping into me down there like you couldn’t wait to grind on me like a whore...”

“Oh, I could feel your fur itching to get at mine, baby,” Kathi snarled into the phone, her heart hammering in her ears as she and Jessica goaded each other farther and farther. “That’s why you kept that

creamy ass of yours cocked back, so you could keep your titties pressed up against mine and your poor little pussy out of harm's way, in case I decided to teach you a lesson you'd never forget!"

"You don't have anything to teach me, honey!" Jessica said, her voice shaking. "You're the lucky one, you're so hot to flash that hot bush of yours out in the open...I just hope that peroxide didn't sting too much because one of these nights I might just pound it right off of those pubes of yours."

"With what, Jessica?" Kathi demanded. "That hot, bottle blonde bush of yours? Think that's a weapon, honey? 'Cause you might be the one losing her dye job in that match up!"

Both girls panted now, wild with frustration and fighting lust. "I should have known that's what you were trying to do when you were hugging me so close in that catfight," Jessica purred hatefully. "Is that why you like going commando around me? That why you came commando to that bar? Hoping we'd fight so you could rub your hot pussy against mine, bare?"

“That’s the least I’d do to you if you and I ever got into another little tussle, girlfriend,” Kathi snarled. “I owe your boobs, and I owe your nipples, and if it’s another fight you want you just bring it on, little girl.”

“I’m not your little girl, Kathi,” Jessica snapped back at her. “If you want another fight I’ll give it to you. There’s a new club in town, in that building they’re still finishing—know the place?”

“I know it!” Kathi answered her eagerly.

“You meet me there tonight,” she said hotly. “Wear a nice pair of panties so I can tear them off your tight little ass.”

“I’d gladly shred the undies off your snatch, you platinum blonde little pussy,” Kathi snarled.

“And don’t bring your friends,” Jessica snapped. “This is just between the two of us, you against me.”

“I’ll put everything I’ve got on the line against you, Jessica,” Kathi growled. “You’re making the biggest mistake of your life, matching up against me for a second time.”

“I’m going to humiliate you once and for all,” Jessica hissed. “I’ll pay you back for grabbing my pussy...if you think you sweated in that back alley, you have no idea what I’m going to do to you tonight...”

“I’m going to make that pale little body of yours submit to mine once and for all, honey,” Kathi whispered. “You’re going to be screaming my name before this night’s over.”

“I’m going to leave nail marks all over that hard little ass of yours,” Jessica promised.

“I’ll claw your hot little buns red,” Kathi threatened back.

“You’ll never stick those creamy boobs out at me again after I crush them tonight,” Jessica hissed at her.

“I’ll crush yours,” Kathi snarled. “Any way I can...”

“I’ll do whatever I have to to beat you tonight, Kathi,” Jessica swore.

“Then let’s meet at 10. I’ll find you on the dance floor and we’ll finish this feud once and for all.”

“Be careful what you wish for,” Jessica’s voice said. Then the line went dead.

Kathi’s pussy throbbed as she almost limped back to her dorm room, quickly rifling through her dresser for the one item she needed for the encounter—a skimpy pair of black cotton panties. She stepped into the undies, shivering as she pulled them snugly over her swollen cunt. She almost shook with a mixture of growing fury at Jessica’s brazen threats and challenges, and nervous uncertainty at what she was about to engage in with the enemy blonde. Jessica’s strength and stamina had surprised her in their alley fight—Kathi’s first real catfight—and she was even more surprised by the other blonde’s determination for the two of them to fight a second time. It felt strange and off-putting to have another girl directly challenge her instead of submit to her bullying, physical or psychological. Kathi was used to being the aggressor, and used to other girls giving her a wide berth once she’d threatened them. Jessica was different. She felt confident she could beat the other girl a second time,

but she also knew that there would be no hesitation now in fighting dirty.

She called an Uber and headed downtown, filing through the photos of Jessica's body during the drive, nervously judging the other girl's abs and ass against her own, and fuming at the way Jessica had stolen her pube dyeing provocation. She glared at the photo of Jessica's honey blonde dyed fur, studying the photo intently to gauge whether the other girl's pubes were any thicker than her own. Just how much protection was there...how much abrasive, scrubbing fur did Jessica sport down there? She was already imagining what might happened if the two girls exposed themselves to each other during the fight, if they really did tear each other's undies off, let their short skirts ride up so that Kathi's platinum fur met Jessica's honey blonde pubes...Kathi squeezed her pussy underneath her skirt, almost as if forcing the throbbing sex organ to stay under control. She struggled to make sense of their heated, irrational threats to one another, and her pelvis unconsciously twitched on the car seat, impatient to engage Jessica's. This was how they were going to fight, she thought. They had bumped crotches briefly during the alley fight, but not with conscious intent. Kathi closed her

eyes and for a moment imagined ramming and rubbing her overheated, furry crotch against Jessica's. Would she be forcing pain or pleasure on the other girl's pussy? And she knew that her own pubic region would experience every sensation that she tried to force onto Jessica's, pain or pleasure. Was she ready for that?

Kathi angrily banished the thoughts from her mind—let Jessica be the one worrying about *her*, not the other way around, she thought. She had tamed Jessica's body once and it would be her pleasure to tame it a second time.

Kathi's phone vibrated against her and she rapidly snatched it to see an incoming photo of Jessica's red panty crotch visible underneath her tight black skirt. Eyeing the uber driver warily, Kathi quickly snapped a shot of her own black undies and shot it back at Jessica, texting, "Pussy protection. You will need it."

"Not from you," Jessica rapidly texted back. "Waiting for U here."

"Coming for U now," Kathi texted back.

The Arena was nothing like the rickety old bar she'd met Jessica at a few days ago. This was a new techno dance club in a building whose upper floors were still being filled out. Kathi could already hear the music from the club pulsating through the urban neighborhood as she stepped out of her Uber. As she paid the pricey cover and pushed inside with a horde of other girls she blinked at the riot of strobe lights and neon inside, dance music pounding to the point that conversation was almost impossible. The club was huge, with multiple dance platforms and levels, and a stage for a DJ surrounded by massive sound systems encased in metal risers and acoustic shielding, closing off the DJ area from the bar area behind it.

Kathi moved through the crowd, eyeing her phone in frustration, hunting Jessica, and often jostling with other club denizens either dancing or weaving their way to and from tables with their drinks. She drew her share of stares from both men and women in her revealing outfit, her bare stomach drinking up the red and blue neon glow around her, creamy cleavage quivering confidently as she stalked the club in search of her enemy.

She caught a glimpse of platinum, spun cotton hair a few yards away and pivoted, struggling through the crowd, but the other young woman, if she was Jessica or not, quickly disappeared, and Kathi's impatience and annoyance only grew. She didn't like Jessica dictating the terms of this confrontation and she was determined to get the other blonde under control, under her thumb in this little feud, the second she tracked her down. She couldn't help replaying the humiliation Jessica had put her through in class, and the flood of body selfies still clogging her phone. She was going to teach that little wallflower a lesson once and for all.

Kathi moved along one dark wall in the club, passing couples making out at the edges of the crowd of dancers gyrating on the floor next to them. Suddenly she felt someone press against her back, and before she knew it she was being forced against the wall by trim, muscular arms and legs.

"Remember me?" Jessica's voice demanded hotly in her ear. Kathi felt a strong hand grip her right breast and squeeze her nipple roughly, then a second hand

dug under her skirt, reaching under her black panties to grip and yank her newly dyed pubes.

Kathi twisted her head to snarl back against Jessica's face, her eyeliner and mascara matching Jessica's as the two blue-eyed bottle blondes glared at each other in intimate fury. Kathi jammed her butt back against Jessica's pelvis, feeling the heat of the other young woman's crotch against her muscle as she violently twerked her ass against Jessica, violently struggling to escape the vicious attack.

In a second she was free and Jessica backpedaled, disappearing into the crowd at least momentarily. But that mane of platinum angel hair made her easy to follow and Kathi pursued in a hot rage, determined to pay Jessica back for the violation. After a few minutes' pursuit she sighted the blonde, her heart-shaped ass pumping as she thrust her way past dancers on one of the dance platforms. Kathi shoved several dancers aside until she could grab one of Jessica's creamy biceps, yanking the other blonde around until her body and bare stomach pressed against Jessica's.

Jessica's bustline, with its goddess-like, pale cleavage, pressed against Kathi's too, and the two

young women once again confronted one another nose to nose, panting in exertion and excitement as their mascara'd blue eyes bored brilliantly into one another. Kathi forced herself closer and Jessica did not retreat, her strong young body hardening against Kathi's muscles. Glaring hatefully into Jessica's eyes, Kathi reached between their cocked back pelvises and up under Jessica's skirt, still gripping Jessica's arm to keep her from escaping. As Jessica pressed her chin against Kathi's, forcing Kathi's head backward a bit, Kathi grabbed and squeezed the platinum blonde's crotch under her panties, eliciting a gasp from Jessica. Kathi winced and hissed herself as she instantly felt Jessica's hand dig under her skirt and retaliate, both girls now gripping and squeezing as their bodies jerked against each other.

Kathi forced herself cheek to cheek with Jessica, as if the two women were dancing closely. That would still grab attention, she knew, but at least no one would try to break up an apparent fight this way. She groaned as Jessica squeezed her and immediately increased her own pressure on Jessica's pubic mound, pinching and tugging at Jessica's hot, panty-lined crotch. "Thick little panties you're wearing, bitch," she growled against the other blonde's cheek. "Is that a

maxi pad under there? You really need protection, don't you?"

"They're no thicker than yours," Jessica hissed, both girls raising their voices just loud enough so that they could hear each other over the din of the dance music. "And I'm going to tear yours off your hot little ass so don't worry."

"I'll strip your buns bare too," Kathi shot back as the two girls pressed together, their bodies instinctively moving to the dance beat and against one another. "I can't wait to shred these cheap panties of yours."

"Go ahead and try it," Jessica growled. "You were bad enough to meet me here so let's see if you have the guts to tear my panties off right on this dance floor!"

Kathi turned her head until the two women were nose to nose again, glaring poisonously at each other, panting sweet breath as their lipstick-coated mouths threatened one another. Then Kathi forced her cheek against Jessica's, nuzzling her face into the other blonde's soft, angel hair, her lips against Jessica's ear.

“I dare you to rip my panties off right here,” she breathed. “I’ll strip your pussy, girl. Right here.”

“I told you I’d shred your underwear off that tight ass and I will, honey,” Jessica purred into Kathi’s ear. Kathi felt a gush of hot arousal setting her pussy on fire as the two women whispered their hushed threats into each other’s ears.

“I’ll tear your tight, furry cunt naked,” Kathi growled against Jessica. “It’ll be you and me, commando, just the way it should be after we’re through.”

Kathi shivered as she felt Jessica’s fingers gripping her muscular buns underneath her skirt. There were enough bodies crushed around them that no one could see below the two girls’ waists, and both were free to attack and explore as they wished. Jessica yanked Kathi’s panties up between her tight ass cheeks, scraping her nails across one of the blonde’s toned buns as she panted into Kathi’s ear. “I’ll get you for twerking these hard buns against me, Kathi,” Jessica snarled. “I told you I’d leave claw marks on you...”

Kathi forced herself closer to Jessica, confident enough now that Jessica wouldn't flee the clinch so that she could let go of the other blonde's arm and reach down to grab her own handfuls of the other girl's heart-shaped, creamy ass, twisting Jessica's red panties around her fingers and wedging Jessica in retaliation, forcing a gasp from the other girl. Both young women sawed their rival's undies up and down, back and forth between their quivering ass cheeks and across throbbing, overheating cunts as they danced against each other, yanking harder as they each began to force rips and tears from the other woman's overstressed panty crotches.

Kathi drank in Jessica's moans and gasps as she dragged the other blonde's panties deeper into her crotch, twitching and squirming against her rival as Jessica too pressed her attack, almost splitting Kathi as she yanked Kathi's black underwear upward. Jessica's boobs slid against Kathi's, almost overshadowing the riot of sensation overwhelming her pelvic region as Kathi sensed Jessica's nipples, the same ones that had stood up like war flags in class just a few hours ago, now poking Kathi's breasts provocatively, jabbing slowly against Kathi's own erect nipples as the two

blondes danced in erotic competition. She angrily stabbed back against the impertinent, enemy glands, outraged at the arousal those two perky round orbs were forcing from her.

She consoled herself by yanking Jessica's panties upward, forcing the other girl's ass backward until she could feel the sticky, warm residue on the platinum blonde's panties. "Your panties are soaked, you little tramp," she hissed into Jessica's ear. "I'm going to leave them shredded on this dance floor...just so everyone knows a little whore lost a catfight right here..."

Jessica moaned as she too yanked yard at Kathi's panties, gripping Kathi's firm ass cheeks tightly as she tugged and tore at Kathi's black undies. "Yours are soaked too," she growled against Kathi's ear. "I'll tear yours off first, you dirty bitch..."

The two enemies clinched tighter, each squeezing and clawing her opponent's muscular glutes as she ripped, shredded and tore at the delicate panty material under her fingers. Jessica made good on her promise and destroyed Kathi's panties first, dragging the remnants up between Kathi's clenched ass cheeks

and wiping the soaked material up across Kathi's bulging cleavage and across the front of her neck and jaw before tossing them to the floor where Jessica's high heels stamped the ruined garment into filthy shreds.

"Fucking whore," Kathi snarled as she tore the red cotton off Jessica's ass, tugging it out across Jessica's damp, furry crotch before smearing it across Jessica's thrusting cleavage and neck in retaliation, then throwing it to the floor on top of the shredded remains of Jessica's panties. "I'm going to fucking ruin you the same way I ruined your little tramp panties, Jessica," she threatened, squeezing the other blonde's ass and jamming her pelvis up against Jessica's as the spiteful, aggressive dance between them continued.

"You bitch," Jessica panted, advancing from her defensive, ass-jutting posture to thrust her tight miniskirt against Kathi's, squealing as Kathi's Venus mound impacted against hers. Kathi hissed as their pubic bones collided, and Jessica hugged her squirming body tighter. "That peroxide stings, doesn't it?" Jessica taunted. "Think you can steal my hair from me, you cheap hussy? I'll make you pay the price..."

“I’ll steal anything I want from you,” Kathi growled back against Jessica’s cheek. “Boys, grades, clothes, or hair. And you’re not too high and mighty to copy my honey blonde hair down there on your weak snatch.”

“You got a good look at what I’ve got down there on your phone so you know just what’s in store for you if you keep this up, whore,” Jessica said, jabbing her crotch back into Kathi’s to underscore the point.

“You’d better just admit right now you’re outclassed, Jessica,” Kathi snarled, ramming her womanhood back into Jessica’s. “I’ll compete with you on any level, anywhere you want...and I’ll humiliate you the same way I did in that back alley this week...”

“I haven’t forgotten what a cheap, cheating slut you are, Kathi,” Jessica said, her voice shaking and recharged with hatred as she growled into Kathi’s ear. Suddenly Kathi felt the other blonde’s fingers sneaking up the front of her skirt, grabbing and yanking Kathi’s platinum pubic curls viciously. “I’m going to pay you back for everything you did to me in that alley...”

Kathi squirmed and gasped, bucking against Jessica’s fist as she angrily reached down, furiously

searching under Jessica's skirt for her overheated, honey blonde bush. She dug her fingers into the soft fur, pulling her face away from Jessica's ear to press her chin against Jessica's once again just so she could see the expression on the wallflower's face as she yanked her pubes viciously.

Jessica's eyes widened, teeth bared against Kathi's sneering mouth as the two young women clinched in an angry, dirty contest, each yanking upward at her enemy's pussy fur with one hand while gripping her rival's ass with the other. Tears stung Kathi's eyes and she saw the glisten of answering tears in Jessica's brilliant baby blues as the two rivals squealed and gasped at the agony of pube pulling each forced onto the other. Teetering on their high heels, the two girls braced thighs and stomachs against one another, breathing raggedly as each tore at the other's pubic hair, hips squirming slowly as each tried to tear their snatch free of the other's claws. Jessica forced her hot, firm boobs into Kathi's, urging more moans of stimulation from Kathi as the honey blonde struggled to keep her own tingling tits engaged against Jessica's.

“I’m going to rip your pussy bald,” Kathi gasped, sucking in answering blasts of warm, sweet breath from Jessica as the other girl panted against her.

“I’ll tear your little pubes out one by one,” Jessica moaned back against her, angrily ramming her boobs against Kathi’s. The hot, passionate struggle was beginning to attract more attention than the sight of two friendly girls dancing ever could, and Kathi knew she and Jessica were pushing their luck in having their conflict out in public on the dance floor. But she had no intention of letting go of Jessica’s pussy fur before Jessica relinquished her grip on Kathi’s pubes.

“I hate you, you fucking bitch,” Jessica growled into Kathi’s face. Kathi felt the confession penetrate her body like an electrical current, her face slackening in excitement as she drank in Jessica’s words. When Kathi replied, her voice was thick with passion.

“I hate you, Jessica,” Kathi said hoarsely. “I’m going to fucking destroy you tonight.”

“Just you try,” Jessica panted against her. Kathi was shaking at this new level of emotional disclosure between them, an invisible wall of intimacy now

breached. She wanted Jessica underneath her, submitting to her, more than anything she'd ever wanted right now.

The heat of Jessica's soft, sexual fur under her fingers was maddening, and Kathi could feel the damp slickness of the other blonde's labia almost touching her fingertips. Shaking, she extended her middle finger and watched Jessica gasp as she slowly thrust upward, deep into the other blonde's hot, slippery sex. She felt Jessica's tight pussy grip her, convulsing around her finger before the other blonde managed to twist away, leaving a few platinum pubic curls between Kathi's fingers.

Kathi leered in triumph as she backed away, twisting between two other dancers before turning tail to barge her way across the dance floor with the furious, violated Jessica in hot pursuit. She managed to throw a taunting glance back at the other blonde, saw Jessica tossing her angel hair back, mouth twisted in fury as she forced her way through the faceless club dancers, desperate to get at Kathi and exact her revenge. Kathi fought her way through a tightly packed crowd and found herself in the shadows at the edge of the club space, a dark wall to her side.

Suddenly another body forced itself against her and Kathi found herself slammed into the wall chest first, pinned by Jessica, the other blonde's hands reaching up to grip and squeeze Kathi's breasts, forcing a screech from her lips as her nipples were pinched and twisted through her tight top. Her butt wrestled with Jessica's pelvis, miniskirt against miniskirt, as Jessica's thighs pinned Kathi's, fishnets scraping one another. Kathi felt her hair yanked and realized with a shock that Jessica had bit down on her hair, yanking Kathi's scalp with her teeth to control her head while her fingers explored Kathi's breasts.

Kathi squirmed and twerked against Jessica as she felt one of the other blonde's hands leave Kathi's breast to reach down past her taut, straining belly and up into her miniskirt. Letting go of Kathi's hair, Jessica panted angrily in Jessica's ear. "I can fight just as dirty as you can, gutter trash!" she snarled, pressing her boobs into Kathi's shoulder blades. Then Kathi felt Jessica's fingers probe into her pussy, easily gliding upward as Kathi saw with a jolt that she was every bit as aroused and slick as Jessica had been.

She elbowed Jessica's stomach viciously, somehow twisting around until her chest met Jessica's boob to

boob. Grabbing the other blonde's spun cotton hair, she tugged Jessica's face closer and landed a hot, vicious bite on her enemy's cheek. "Prove it!" she snarled into the other girl's face before shoving her away and fighting through the surrounding crowd back toward the center of the club.

Kathi headed across several dance platforms toward the edge of the DJ stage and the towering sound system wall bounding it. She had talked with a girl who said she'd found a narrow space within the walls where she had made out with a guy, hidden from the rest of the people in the club. The sound was deafening as she found the opening at the edge of the sound system wall and backed into it, warily eyeing Jessica's approach as the other blonde furiously fought her way through the other dancers toward Kathi. Kathi backed into the darkness, heavy blocks of speakers and equipment crowding around her on either side of the cramped, narrow passageway, the rhythmic pulse of music an almost palpable, throbbing presence around her.

Jessica's curvy silhouette filled the entryway in front of Kathi as the other blonde entered, and before she

knew it, Jessica was on her, forcing Kathi's ass backward against a speaker block.

“You dirty bitch,” Kathi growled huskily as she hugged her upper body against Jessica's, her breasts crushing hotly against Jessica's, the other blonde's deep navel aligning with her own as their bare stomachs slapped together. Kathi's back was forced against the wall as Jessica, fishnet thighs spread, pinned Kathi's body backwards, groaning as she consolidated her full body hold and forcing Kathi's thighs apart as their hips thrust and pounded against each other. Kathi hugged Jessica to her, meeting her rival's thrashing pelvis muscle for muscle as the other blonde's hips pounded into Kathi's, and Kathi's panting breaths quickened as she realized that the focal points of the last few weeks of one upmanship and head games between them were now finally meeting head to head, all pretense at accidental contact thrown aside as Jessica jammed her Venus mound insistently against Kathi's, both girls' tight miniskirts stretching and quickly riding up as Kathi fought not to retreat, but to meet Jessica's pelvic attack thrust for vicious thrust. Within seconds both girls' dyed blonde pussies were half exposed, hints of fur mingling as Kathi's arms encircled Jessica's waist and Jessica

tugged mercilessly against Kathi's short hair, the two young women engaging in an increasingly desperate, hateful clinch in the cramped space of the corridor.

"Cheap little hussy," Jessica snarled back at her, staring keenly into Kathi's eyes, her war paint matching Kathi's, as both girls searched each other's expressions for any reaction to the dirty struggle opening up between their increasingly exposed pubic regions.

"You're a hussy too," Kathi panted as Jessica's hot fur found Kathi's. Instantly the two blondes began to rake fur against fur, pubic flesh against flesh, as Jessica's round buttock's flexed, the bottoms of her ass cheeks peeking out as they fought to pound and grind her pussy hard against Kathi's coarse blonde fur.

"Then fight me hussy to hussy," Jessica gasped, jamming her cunt back against Kathi's with angry, insistent blows. Kathi panted as she stroked back against Jessica's pussy with mounting intensity, drinking in her enemy's hot, alcohol-soaked breath, her parted lips almost touching Jessica's as they humped, squirmed and pounded against each other. Kathi was both stunned and excited by Jessica's

strength as the other blonde gladly fought against Kathi like a rutting animal, two bitches in heat battling for dominance. After several seconds of thrashing both girls' skirts had ridden up to give their golden pubic fur full exposure to one another, and the real contest between the two enemies seemed finally to begin.

Kathi grunted and hissed as she took vicious, spiteful jabs from Jessica's pubic mound, her hot platinum fur mingling with Jessica's honey blonde curls, her Venus mound stinging both from the pussy blows and the residue of peroxide she'd used to die her pubic hair. All Kathi could think about now was the way she and Jessica had flashed each other in class, each revealing her secret, dark fur to the other, then dyeing that fur to taunt and insult each other—and now, finally, the two girls were fighting each other with that very private, sexual fur, coarse curls used as both weapons and protection—pussy protection, Kathi thought as her pelvis thrust against Jessica's.

Kathi reached up to dig her fingers into Jessica's beautiful, cotton candy hair and wrestled back against her. The two young women strained their upper bodies together, testing each other's strength, bracing

thighs back now, pelvises separating as much as they could in the narrow service corridor. Then Jessica's ass hit a speaker casing and Kathi bent her backward, forcing her supple pelvis up against Jessica's, the other blonde's hot, abrasive Venus mound now fully exposed to Kathi's. Kathi braced her thighs and jammed her cunt against Jessica's, targeting the other blonde's pubic bone and landing two, then three rough pubic punches into her rival. Jessica moaned as she took the blows, then forced Kathi back a step and expertly positioned her pelvis against Jessica's, returning the pubic punches with swift, angry, surgical strokes. Kathi hissed as her pussy was pummeled, and for a moment the two young women achieved equilibrium, braced against each other's bodies between the two walls of the corridor and exchanged furious jabs and thrusts, each targeting the tender, furry flesh between each other's muscular thighs. Kathi's pussy was throbbing, but she still managed to slam her fur back against Jessica's and absorb the other blonde's most vicious blows. After minutes of vicious pounding, both girls paused to rub and grind, scouring each other's fur, both emitting low growls of aggression and arousal as they added hot, insistent friction to the battle.

Kathi's back tingled with excitement in what she knew was a prelude to a building orgasm. The feeling of Jessica's body against hers, the filthy heat of the other blonde's pubic fur grinding into her own was evoking a sexual hunger she had never experienced before. As she glared into Jessica's eyes, intensely searching for any hint that the other girl might be backing off or weakening from the struggle, she felt an infuriating flood of respect for the other blonde. She had loved watching Jessica's face cloud with humiliation when she'd flashed her back in class, loved the feeling of dominating her, forcing her down against that back alley wall a few days ago...but now Jessica was holding her own against Kathi's muscle and womanhood in this secret arena, and the cute blonde's quiet beauty and determination were setting Kathi back on her heels.

"Is this how you wanted to fight?" Jessica asked suddenly, her sweat breath kissing Kathi's panting mouth as the two girls got in each other's faces while they continued to thrust, pound and grind. "Down and dirty like this?"

Kathi pressed her chin and nose against Jessica's, forcing herself closer to the enemy blonde as she

gauged her reply, struggling to keep her mind on intimidating Jessica and controlling the raging sensations exploding out of her hips and crotch. “The dirtier the better,” Kathi growled against Jessica’s mouth. “And I’ve always wanted to fight you...just like this.”

“I knew you did,” Jessica panted. “Just the way you flashed me in class, showing off what you’ve got down there,” she groaned, landing a particularly muscular thrust into Kathi’s crotch just to emphasize “down there” and forcing a grunt from Kathi. “If you wanted to get me mad at your little snatch you picked the right battle.”

“You’re the one with the weak little snatch,” Kathi shot back, taking care to aim a hard punch into Jessica’s fur. “I’ll bet you loved coming out of your shell and showing off what you’ve got to me in class.”

“You started your little flash war,” Jessica growled as the two girls continued to pound and grind. “Now you know mine’s not afraid to come out and match up with yours.”

“Your pussy can’t handle this kind of fight,” Kathi said, even as she began to wince a little at the burning friction of Jessica’s fur against her irritated pussy flesh.

“I can handle you,” Jessica responded hoarsely, and suddenly Kathi felt the other girl’s hand on her ass, fingers digging into the firm, round muscle, squeezing her as she tugged Kathi’s pelvis into tighter contact. “I’m going to rub the peroxide right off your fucking pubes, Kathi!”

Kathi instinctively gripped Jessica’s creamy ass now, too, both young women gaining leverage as they muscled their hot, dyed blonde fur into rougher, hotter contact.

“You little bitch,” Kathi snarled against Jessica’s mouth. “I’ll grind those bottle blonde pubes right off your pussy!”

“Just you try it, tough girl,” Jessica panted against her as their pelvises twitched, bare pussies jamming and ramming feverishly into one another.

Kathi gasped as Jessica’s free hand grabbed and twisted one of her nipples, and she furiously fought

back, reaching up to grip both her enemies breasts and squeezing the two pert, jutting glands until Jessica writhed against her violently and Kathi was able to force the other young woman back against the corridor wall. Forehead pressed against Jessica's, Kathi slowly twisted the other blonde's two creamy boobs before clamping down on their two erect nipples through the fabric of her top, tugging downward as Jessica gasped and hissed against her lips.

Jessica quickly retaliated, and Kathi gasped in shock at the sensation of her own long nipples being pulled downward, twisted cruelly under Jessica's fingers, forcing both women cheek to cheek in the darkness.

"This is what you get for sticking these out in class," Jessica hissed at her as her hot, sweating cheek slid against Kathi's.

"You showed yours off too," Kathi accused her hotly. "Don't act all innocent, girlfriend...you always made sure your tops were tight and light enough so I'd get a good long look every time you got hard..."

“Yours were erect all the time,” Jessica panted against Kathi’s cheek. “I’ve been dying to pinch them down to size...”

“You snotty little cream puff,” Kathi snarled. “I’ll make you regret ever even thinking you could fight it out with me...”

“Come on and show me, tough girl,” Jessica growled back at her. “You’re not the hot bitch you think you are!”

Kathi twisted against Jessica’s hands, her tits on fire from the other girl’s touch. Jessica was gasping at Kathi’s assault on her breasts too but Kathi felt like she was on the edge of losing control despite her opponent’s vulnerability. Her pussy was sore and throbbing from the pelvic combat between them, tingling with a mix of pain and unnerving pleasure. Angrily, she managed to wrestle Jessica back against the wall and land several vicious, carefully-aimed pussy punches into the other blonde’s equally hot snatch, her tangled platinum pubes pounding into Jessica’s honey blonde curls. But Jessica swiftly turned the tables on Kathi, forcing her back until she felt her back and bare ass against the corridor wall, Jessica

glaring dangerously into Kathi's eyes at point blank range as she now landed her own series of brutal pubic thrusts into Kathi's waiting, angry cunt fur, her fingers still torturing Kathi's nipples.

"Bitch!" Kathi snarled, desperately forcing herself to stroke back against Jessica's pussy.

"Fucking slut!" Jessica growled back at her, both women gasping and panting in building desperation as the fight intensified.

"Hey!" Suddenly a man's voice shattered the violent, erotic atmosphere in the narrow corridor, and Kathi turned to see a bouncer a few yards away, peering into the service corridor from just outside. "No one's supposed to be back here!"

Before she realized it, Jessica had abandoned her, and Kathi found herself groping her way through the narrow passageway in the other blonde's wake, tugging her miniskirt back down to cover her bare loins, each girl fleeing the bouncer on the other end of the tunnel, squeezing around refrigerator-sized speaker boxes and other sound equipment.

Kathi emerged on the dance floor with Jessica nowhere in sight. She looked desperately around both for her quarry and the bouncer, eager to make sure she wasn't going to be thrown out of the club. She quickly blended into the crowd, scanning for that familiar head of platinum blonde hair, but Jessica was nowhere in sight.

Coward, she thought to herself. Her body felt raw and abused from the tight, intimate, vicious catfight with the other blonde...but she also felt a knot of frustration at being interrupted just at the height of hatred and raw, boundary-pushing warfare between them. Kathi pushed herself to the bar and ordered a potent cocktail, downing it quickly both to quench her thirst and settle her ragged nerves. Then she felt her phone vibrate.

Kathi quickly pulled the phone from her purse and pulled up the incoming text. Her blood chilled as she saw the photo Jessica had sent. The other blonde looked like she was in a stairwell, alone. The camera looked up at the platinum blonde, her top unbuttoned, bare, hard-nippled breasts exposed, seeming to point directly at Kathi. Below the picture was the text:

“Elevator stairwell, fourth floor. Mine R waiting for yours.”

Kathi shook as she drained the final drops of her drink. She took another, long look at the photo, noting the cold, defiant look in Jessica’s pretty eyes and the hot pink, rigid nipples jutting out from the supple, milky skin of her two perfectly round breasts. Taking care not to be overseen staring at another girl’s topless selfie on her phone, Kathi studied Jessica’s chest jealously, intensely gauging the size and apparent weight of Jessica’s boobs, the way they stood up proudly on her chest free of any bra, and the length and thickness of those two dangerous-looking nipples. The photograph infuriated Kathi, but she told herself confidently that she measured up to those boobs, those nipples, just fine.

Kathi made her way out of the club toward the elevator bank lobby outside, taking care not to be seen as she got into the stairwell, her heels echoing as they clacked on the stairs and she made her way up to the second floor. She thought she heard answering heel clacks somewhere above her, but in the echo chamber of the stairwell it was hard to tell. But she knew she was far enough above the ground floor now that she

wouldn't be interrupted. Unbuttoning her top and unfastening her pushup bra, Kathi pulled out her phone, teased her nipples a bit to make sure they were good and hard, and snapped her own selfie. "Mine R coming for yours," she texted.

CHAPTER 4

STIFF DUEL

Jessica slipped inside the fourth floor doorway near the top of the stairwell and after considering for a moment, removed her high heels and left them beside the doorway as a message for Kathi to do the same. Then she began to explore the empty fourth floor in her stockings. She had sneaked up here with her girlfriends a couple of weeks ago while attending the club and the unfinished space remained very much as she and the other girls had experienced it then. Some of the walls and ceilings were installed but not all, and some of the space seemed like a loft or warehouse, marked only by support columns, wall frames and pools of work light. It was surprising that the space was not locked up but since it suited her purpose perfectly, Jessica didn't question her good fortune.

There was no air conditioning on this unoccupied floor, of course, and even this late at night the summer heat was concentrating in the upper floors of the building, turning the dark fourth floor into a hothouse. Jessica was still winded and sweaty from her tangle

with Kathi in the club, and she could feel a new layer of sweat coating her skin as she prowled the floor.

Jessica's phone buzzed and she stopped to see the incoming text from Kathi. She felt a tingle of excitement and nervousness as she peeked at the image, and she held her breath for a moment as for the first time she drank in the sight of Kathi bare-breasted, the other blonde's features dark with anger and unfinished business as she stared up at Jessica from the phone. Kathi was in the stairwell obviously and on her way up to meet her, and Jessica felt a heady mixture of satisfaction and uncertainty as she prowled the light and shadow of the unfinished floor. She stopped when she found one office that had been partially furnished with a desk and a couch, and amazingly she noticed a large mirror propped up in one corner—a woman's office, maybe?

Jessica checked herself out in the dim light. Her spun cotton hair was a mess, her top torn, fishnets covered with runs, and her mascara was just starting to run from the heat and tears of the confrontation downstairs. But Jessica had never felt more glam. She'd been fascinated by glamour since high school and loved to get dolled up for a night on the town, but

as she eyed her carefully applied makeup and lipstick, the delicate eyeliner and the perfectly tailored top and miniskirt, even the artfully chosen fishnets, she knew she had put more effort into making herself look beautiful and sexy for this hookup with a bitch who wanted to destroy her than she ever had for any date with a man. And Kathi had just about glowed with style and sexiness in her own revealing outfit when Jessica had first sighted her enemy on the dance floor. They were going all out for each other, Jessica thought. Both determined to come out on top of this feud.

Jessica unfastened her top again and held up the phone for a second, her eyes flicking between the topless image of Kathi and her own exposed, creamy boobs. Kathi's looked bigger than she'd expected, she thought nervously. She'd always thought her own boobs were a little better than Kathi's. Now she wasn't so sure.

Jessica could have easily fled the club, leaving her confrontation with Kathi as a draw. She'd already redeemed herself for the beating she'd taken in the alley catfight, she thought to herself. She'd held her own against Kathi body to body, muscle to muscle,

and launched her own dirty attacks on the other blonde to make up for Kathi's assault on her exposed crotch in the alley. But having crossed all those lines, Jessica knew she would only be postponing another confrontation if she ran now. And in both the tight, sweaty clinches she'd engaged in with Kathi, she'd sensed the honey blonde's vulnerability where their breasts were concerned. Kathi always seemed to flinch and squirm, hissing with discomfort whenever Jessica's breasts pressed into hers. Jessica wasn't immune to the effect—she'd been shocked by the feeling of Kathi's boobs contesting hers too, especially the feeling of the other girl's hard nipples poking at her through that tight top. She had caught Kathi more than once eyeing her bustline in class, and she was afraid her own embarrassed reaction had gotten her nipples hard, giving Kathi an even better show to ogle. Jessica didn't understand it, but Kathi's breasts and nipples seemed very sensitive, and this seemed to be the one area where she might have an advantage on the other bottle blonde. And she knew Kathi wouldn't be able to walk away from any challenge Jessica issued now.

They had already sexted each other, revealing their bare asses to each other to examine and compare

against their own. They'd even sexted pussy photos—but that wasn't so big an escalation, Jessica knew, since they'd already flashed each other in class. But somehow both girls had stopped short of revealing their bare breasts, after weeks of cleavage competition and nipples poking out of their tops in class.

Jessica knew there was no mistaking her verbal challenge—"mine are waiting for yours." That and the bare-breasted selfie would be like waving a red flag in front of angry, bullying Kathi. She had openly invited Kathi to compare her breasts, her nipples, to Jessica's...and the notion that her boobs were waiting for Kathi's now left room for only one conclusion: she was challenging Kathi's breasts to compete with hers directly...breast to breast. She shivered at the thought, but knew that this escalating duel had to be headed in this direction. They had challenged each other's furry womanhood by flashing each other, and had eagerly battled each other down there, pube to pube, testing those hidden, hyper-sensitive sexual anatomies directly against one another. Jessica's thighs, glutes and stomach muscles burned from the thrusting, pounding fight, and she knew she had been testing those muscles directly against Kathi's too. Yet really nothing had been settled between the two young women, and

Jessica suspected nothing would be until they truly matched up against each other everywhere...in every way possible.

Far across the floor, Jessica heard the creaking sound of the stairwell door opening and the brief clack of Kathi's heels. She stood still, shaking quietly, holding her breath as the footsteps cut off to leave only silence.

Kathi was taking off her shoes, she thought. Now they were both silent as two alley cats searching for one another in the dark, empty space. Still holding her breath, Jessica turned off her phone and pocketed it, hurriedly re-buttoning her top and taking a last look at her disheveled but still very sexy appearance before slipping out of the office to hunt for Kathi. She knew that Kathi looked every bit as sultry and wicked as she did, and she hurriedly tiptoed along an unfinished hallway toward the stairwell, knowing that she would only have a few precious seconds to get her bearings on the other young blonde before Kathi probed too far onto the floor for Jessica to be sure of her whereabouts.

Jessica's crotch felt raw and swollen underneath her skirt, her nipples and breasts still tender from Kathi's attacking, squeezing, pinching fingers. She closed her eyes for a second as she recalled the feel of Kathi's firm breasts in her hands, their mass shifting as she squeezed and explored that tender flesh, and the shocking stiffness of the other blonde's erect nipples as they poked out from underneath Kathi's top, daring Jessica to twist and pull them.

She replayed the vicious, dirty things she and Kathi had said to each other during the struggle inside the sound system service space. Jessica had never spoken to anyone the way she had to Kathi, and certainly had never heard anyone else spit the filthy insults, threats and come-ons the stuck-up honey blonde had spat at Jessica. Maybe Kathi got in fights with girls like this all the time, but something about the way the other blonde had said, "I hate you" down there seemed to tell a different story. Maybe Kathi was like her, a young woman just discovering what she was capable of. Now they had to discover who was truly braver, stronger...

Jessica heard a rustle and looked to her left and caught a glimpse of Kathi—it had to be Kathi—

moving parallel to her, in and out of the overheard work lights. Jessica stopped short, and she saw Kathi stop too—she'd been watching her! The two young women stepped sideways until suddenly only an open hallway with a line of overhead work lights stood between them, the two young women separated by less than 20 feet of space.

Kathi was in silhouette, only her trim outline visible, and Jessica realized she was in shadow too, a work light and its pool of light directly in front of her. Bravely, she stepped forward, feeling the hot, stark light on her damp, pale skin.

Kathi hesitated, still just an elegant, sultry silhouette ahead of Jessica, then she too stepped into her own spotlight. The work light cast a high contrast overhead light onto Kathy, highlighting her hair and shoulders and sculpting her body with shadows, putting every muscle and curve into high relief—and Jessica knew her own spotlight was showing her off in the same way to Kathi. The two young women stared each other down coldly, each studying the other girls' mussed, matted hair, messy mascara, ruined tops and torn fishnets.

Kathi was breathing deeply, her outthrust breasts rising and falling provocatively on her chest, abdominal muscles tense as she stared at Jessica, and Jessica matched her rival's pose, knowing the light and shadow would be gleaming the same way on her own creamy, exposed cleavage and bare stomach muscles as it was on Kathi's. The two young women stared at each other fiercely, each trying to project the most aggressive, fearless and sexy image to the other, threatening and challenging one another without words.

Jessica had issued this challenge, and Kathi had responded with her own sext and now by showing up here. Jessica knew it was now her move. Reaching up silently as she stared into Kathi's eyes, she reached up slowly and unfastened the last few buttons she'd hurriedly fastened on the way up the stairwell after snapping her topless selfie. Without breaking her stare she slowly wiggled her chest out of the top and hung it on a nail on one of the beams next to her, stripping down to her black pushup bra. Across the hallway from her, Kathi's blue eyes blazed into Jessica's as she accepted the challenge and slowly unbuttoned her own top, thrusting her chest out provocatively as she slipped out of the top and hung it next to her, her two

jutting, perfectly round breasts also cupped in a small black pushup bra.

Jessica cupped her two firm, throbbing breasts almost unconsciously before reaching back, her own chest arching to present her two quivering trophies to Kathi as she nervously began to unfasten her bra. Her boobs seemed ready to leap out of the two restraining, damp bra cups, and Jessica's heart pounded as she began to ease the two gleaming, cream-colored glands out of her bra to present them for Kathi's inspection. Of course, the two young women had already seen each other topless, but there seemed a huge difference now between viewing still photographs and actually baring breasts to one another in person. Jessica's nipples were on fire as they dragged against the stretching bra cup material and finally popped free, jutting upward as Jessica's soft, twin globes emerged to sit proudly naked on her outthrust chest.

Kathi's face seemed to twist with hate as she stared at Jessica's bare breasts, and Jessica could see Kathi's respiration quickening, deepening, causing her black-clad tits to rise and fall eagerly as she reached backward to unfasten her own bra, glaring viciously at Jessica, her hot red-lipsticked mouth sneering cruelly

as she edged her breasts forward and then let the two remarkably firm-looking glands shake free of their restraints.

Both bottle blondes seemed to move in slow motion, eyes locked in an electric staredown, as they carefully placed their bras alongside their tops and then instinctively placed their hands slowly on their flared hips, now dressed only in their tight black skirts and fishnets, brazenly displaying their bare boobs to each other. In the stark overhead light, Kathi's breasts seemed even bigger, more perfectly round even than they had in her selfie, and her nipples cast long, rapier-like shadows down the front of those two supple globes as they pointed slightly skyward. Her breasts are shaped just like mine, Jessica thought with a shiver—both girls' nipples set slightly high on the front of their boobs, giving each an upward cant, like a fencing foil in an *en garde* position.

Kathi began to creep forward slowly, cat-like on her bare feet, and Jessica froze for a moment before edging forward warily herself, both girls slowly, silently closing the distance between them, passing in and out of the overhead lights, shadow and highlight sculpting their topless figures, until they each stood in shadow

just at the edge of a pool of light on the floor. Only Kathi's jutting, hot pink nipples caught the light now, the rest of her body silhouetted in front of Jessica. Jessica glanced down to see that the tips of her own nipples too were illuminated by the overhead light, both girls' nipples weirdly gleaming like warning lights now that they stood just a few feet from each other.

"Mine are here," Kathi said, glancing pointedly down at her own jutting breasts. Jessica found herself jutting her chin forward to match the aggressive stance of her breasts, quivering a little at the challenging sound of Kathi's voice.

"Mine are waiting," she said hoarsely. Daringly, Jessica took a step forward into the pool of light, hoping to regain some of the aggressive momentum now that Kathi seemed ready to steal it from her. Despite the clinging heat, her breasts were covered in gooseflesh, hardening on her chest as if they were freezing, her flesh tightening in anticipation, forcing her already stiff nipples into a state of shocking rigidity. At the same time the heat and humidity was adding a glistening sheen to her tit flesh, and even the rough, dark pink skin of her nipples gleamed with sweat as they faced Kathi's.

Now it was Kathi's turn to edge forward, closing the distance between the two girls' glistening boobs to just a few inches. Jessica could see every pore, every bead of sweat on Kathi's face, on her bare breasts, and gauge the firmness of Kathi's boobs with every quiver and shake of those two gorgeous hemispheres as Kathi moved toward her.

"So your boobs are waiting for mine, that right?" Kathi said with a sneer. "Are mine supposed to be worried?"

"Maybe they should be," Jessica said quietly after a pause. Both girls were breathing deeply, putting on a brave, challenging face—but Jessica could feel Kathi's hesitation, and she knew they were both talking to stall, neither quite sure how to proceed despite their sexted provocations. Jessica marveled at how this situation had escalated, from the first flashing incident in class to the shove outside the restroom, to Jessica's crazy challenge for Kathi to fight her and the shockingly erotic catfight in the alley. She could have easily let it go at that, but she'd found herself driven to shoot Kathi those selfies of her body, to embarrass Kathi the way Kathi had embarrassed her, and force

this new, unbridled confrontation. She had done things with Kathi that she had never done with anyone, let alone another woman...but somehow it all seemed like a prelude to this: the two of them alone, where no one could see or hear them, facing each other topless, each girl's only weapon her two firm, stiff-nipples, naked breasts.

She could almost see the same thoughts registering on Kathi's face as the hot, honey blonde glared downward at Jessica's bare boobs, glared at her hard nipples, as if gauging their stiffness, gauging her breasts' hardness, pondering what she had gotten herself into.

What were they going to do? Jessica thought to herself. Fight and wrestle topless? Lock in another clinch, hairpulling cheek to cheek...while their bare breast and nipples pressed together?

But the challenge she had texted Kathi said nothing about hairpulling, nothing about catfighting. "Mine are waiting for yours." She knew as she typed the message that she was challenging Kathi's tits themselves...challenging them with her own.

Kathi edged forward and now her nipples jutted dangerously close to Jessica's. Both girls glared down at each other's creamy, gleaming, bare weapons before locking eyes again with a new, shattering intensity.

"I guess you're finally getting what you wanted," Kathi sneered. "The way you showed those nipples off in class, sticking those boobs out...now you finally get to give me a good long look."

"Like you weren't putting yours out there for everyone to see!" Jessica whispered fiercely. Both blondes spoke with a quiet, intimate intensity, as if they still might be overheard by someone on the empty floor. "You loved poking out of your top at me, staring over those big boobs while you leaned back in your desk, acting like you were 'stretching' so you could point yours at me, acting all innocent..."

"You're the one with the innocent act," Kathi huffed. "You always put on a show, in every class. Dressing down like a slob but always making sure you were showing off cleavage, shaking those titties for everyone, me in particular! Then the second you find out I can play dirty you can't wait to join in!"

Jessica trembled as Kathi's words found their mark. Unconsciously she stepped forward and before she knew it the tips of her nipples had scraped Kathi's. Both young women hissed as if they'd been stung, then rejoined their staredown with a new, electric tension.

"You're the dirty one," Jessica said, her voice shaking. "I'm not the one who came to class dressed up like a cheap whore."

"No, you're just the one who copied my outfits right down to the fishnets!" Kathi shot back. Now Kathi shoved forward a little bit and Jessica flinched as the other blonde's long, stiff nipples scraped directly across hers.

"You cheap hussy," Jessica hissed. "You better watch where you point those bitch nipples of yours..."

"You keep your stiff ones away from mine," Kathi growled back. "That's if you don't want them bent and scraped red and raw."

Jessica felt a shot of adrenaline and a flush of raw heat penetrating her pelvis as Kathi directly threatened her nipples. When she spoke her voice was hoarse, thick with tension and excitement. “You’d better back yours away from mine before I break those big pink erections you love to show off so much.”

“You want to fight, Jessica?” Kathi purred. Hands still on her hips, chest thrust out brazenly, Kathi eyed the twin targets of Jessica’s nipples and then intentionally flicked her stiff, pink nipple shafts against Jessica’s. Both girls stiffened as their nipples made hard contact, and Jessica forced herself not to retreat, to hold her tingling hard-ons against Kathi’s as both blondes stared intensely into each other’s eyes.

“If this is the way a whore like you fights then it suits me just fine, Kathi,” Jessica said, shaking her mussed, cotton candy hair away from her face as she pressed closer to her rival. Kathi leaned in until her sweat-slick forehead met Jessica’s, both women’s eyes blazing into each other as their noses touched side by side, then both glanced down to judge the angle of attack of their breasts as the two supple, jutting pair confronted one another, nipples dragging achingly across each other’s rubbery pink flesh, rigid shafts

contesting each other's stiffness, each seeking to bend the other while withstanding the pressure from each enemy weapon.

Jessica pushed her left breast forward, slowly plunging the shaft into Kathi's aureola, then winced as Kathi countered by pressing her own left breast deep into Jessica's right and Jessica felt her enemy's nipple stab into her aureola flesh while the other blonde's hot tit flesh bent Jessica's nipple upward.

"You stiff little cunt," Kathi growled as the two women methodically probed and pressed, shifting their quivering boobs against one another, each gauging the other's shocking firmness with her own, giving and taking as the two young blonde's circled in an intimate, slow and hateful dance in the hot hallway.

"You're so fucking hard," Jessica sneered against Kathi's slick, hot forehead. "I knew you'd never walk away from the chance to compete like this. You're so proud of these puppies of yours..."

"I'm surprised you would even dare to bare your boobs in front of me, Jessica," Kathi whispered hotly into her face. "You obviously have issues with my

nipples you've been dying to settle, so now's your fucking chance..."

"Like you haven't been itching to get your boobs out and go up against mine in private," Jessica said huskily as she twisted her erect nipples against Kathi's. The accusations were boiling out of the two co-eds thick and fast now, and Jessica was making admissions she had hidden even from herself. She was realizing now with a flood of hot embarrassment and excitement that she had indeed wanted exactly this, a no-inhibitions, dirty competition with Kathi, one where she could match her bare body up against Kathi's pound for pound, attribute for attribute, to see which of them was truly better. "The only reason you showed off your big pussy to me first was because you could do that in secret just for me," Jessica continued, her fury growing. "But you always wanted to try and outdo my boobs."

"It's not gonna be about trying, honey," Kathi said, her pink erections dragging slowly, savagely across Jessica's. "I'm going to whip your tits right here in this hallway and show you whose are best once and for all."

“Bring it on,” Jessica groaned as her nipples dueled with Kathi’s. “I’ve wanted to go bare tits with you for a long time.”

“I’ll give you everything you’re asking for, pussy,” Kathi promised. Without warning she smacked her sweating boobs against Jessica’s, leaving Jessica’s stinging from the surprise blow. Angrily, Jessica shoved her own bare breasts into Kathi’s and they hit with a wet plop!, droplets of sweat spattering off the four colliding glands. She felt the dead weight of her round boobs strike Kathi’s with surprising force, the slap of bare flesh against flesh echoing through the empty fourth floor. Kathi actually staggered back, her face red, tears gleaming in her eyes as she edged back against Jessica chin to chin.

“You little bitch,” she hissed, trying to blink her tears away, threatening Jessica’s bare breasts with her own but hesitating to engage her enemy for just a second. Jessica’s tits stung from the collision with Kathi’s too, but she could see the skirmish was taking an extra toll on Kathi, the honey blonde shaking as she considered her next move. Without warning she pushed forward, again ramming her breasts into Jessica’s, but this time holding them, wrapping her

powerful arms around Jessica's waist so she could crush her breasts against Jessica's yielding, soft tit flesh.

Jessica gasped as she felt her hard nipples, trapped against Kathi's between their clamped together, mushrooming breasts, twist agonizingly against Kathi's hard, bending, pink rods. Hissing herself, Kathi moved her shoulders, squirming against Jessica to slowly grind those rigid nipples even more viciously against Jessica's as Jessica backpedaled, then made a stand, hugging Kathi's upper body to her to add even more pressure to their sweaty, muscular clinch. Kathi's chin forced Jessica's to the side until the two blondes hugged cheek to cheek, pushing slowly back and forth under the overhead work light, trembling as they struggled to hold and control one another's slippery, sweat-drenched torsos.

"Fucking hussy," Jessica moaned against Kathi's chests as she felt her boobs squirm and slide against her enemy's, each desperately trying to force her own nipples deeper into her rival's soft breast flesh or twist them spitefully against her opponent's equally hard, equally long pink shafts, each forcing squeals, gasps and moans from the other as their breasts dueled,

mashing and kneading one another while droplets of sweat cascaded down those milky globes as they squirmed and bulged, one against the other, in a doughy, intimate crush.

“I’m going to wear your stiff ones down to nothing,” Kathi growled. “I always knew it was just an invitation to fight, the way you stuck them out at me in class. This is just what you wanted between us and don’t even try to deny it...”

“You had a hard-on for my boobs from the beginning,” Jessica moaned back against the enemy blonde, struggling to maintain contact between her aching, electrified nipples and Kathi’s dirty, hard rubber shafts as they raked and tore viciously against Jessica’s. “You never could keep your eyes off my chest, or any other part of my body...” “You can suck my tits, Jessica,” Kathi said as she continued to press and grind her sweating tits against Jessica’s. “Suck my hard nipples, you dirty bitch...”

“I’ll bite your nipples before we’re through,” Jessica whispered against Kathi. “I can’t wait to get those soft tits between my teeth...”

“I’ll bite yours back,” Kathi threatened. “I’ll have my way with your bare boobs and your bare body before this little date is over.”

“I’ll ruin you,” Jessica said hoarsely, the heat and humidity, and the hot weight of Kathi’s body and breasts against hers finally beginning to take their toll. “You’re going to beg me for mercy before this night is over, Kathi...”

Kathi moaned against Jessica’s boobs as the two girls hugged, each tugging at each other’s hair now as they tightened their clinch, each gasping for air as chests and breasts pressured one another, forcing the breath from their lungs as they gasped and struggled in the clinch. Suddenly Jessica felt her back strike a beam behind her, and she felt Kathi’s bare ab muscles squirm and flex against her own, her muscular, fishnetted thighs scraping against Jessica’s as she worked to pin the platinum blonde’s body against the beam.

“Now I’m going to pay you back, pussy,” Kathi growled as her sweat-drenched chest slapped and squirmed against Jessica’s. She jammed her crotch into Jessica’s, but the skintight miniskirt fabric, stretched

out like a trampoline between both women's pussies as their spread thighs pulled the material taught, absorbed a good deal of the impact, and Jessica managed to pump back at Kathi's attacking pelvis for a few seconds until Kathi's powerful hips pinned Jessica's miniskirted ass against the beam.

Jessica gripped Kathi's hair fiercely and for a long moment the two hot-tempered blondes stood frozen, staring intensely into each other's eyes as Kathi pinned Jessica's body and leveraged her startlingly firm young breasts into Jessica's, her nipples boring into Jessica's creamy tit flesh, targeting the platinum blonde's aureola as she braved Jessica's defiant nipples and applied crushing pressure against Jessica's chest. Kathi's red lips grazed Jessica's as she panted and groaned against Jessica's slowly writhing body, and Jessica pressed her chin back against Kathi's, baring her teeth against Kathi's snarl as the crushing pin intensified. "I hate your bitch tits," Kathi gasped as she slowly ground her sweat-slick, quivering glands against Jessica's.

"I hate your stiff nipples," Jessica panted back against Kathi's mouth, staring intensely into her

enemy's eyes. "I've hated them since I first saw them..."

Still gasping against Jessica, Kathi reached up slowly and gripped Jessica's hands, slowly tearing them out of their hold on Kathi's hair. Jessica felt loose strands of Kathi's hair, torn right out of the other girl's scalp, ticking her palms as Kathi fingerlocked with her, forcing Jessica's arms downward. Jessica groaned as she fought back against the other blonde's powerful upper body strength, matching her shoulder muscles and biceps against Kathi's as the honey blonde powered into her body.

Jessica had trained her body back from sickly weakness over the past few years and was proud of what she'd accomplished. Her biceps and shoulder muscles were toned, thicker than most girls', her stomach flat and muscular, thighs powerful. As she strained against Kathi's attack she knew that just about any other girl on campus would be quickly defeated by Kathi's well trained, beautifully defined muscles. Kathi represented everything Jessica wanted to achieve physically, but Jessica felt she had almost reached Kathi's level in terms of pure strength and muscle tone. She still had a girlish softness to her body that

concealed some of the definition that Kathi had, and that gave her body a slightly curvier look compared to Kathi's. But she felt she could match Kathi for strength and stamina...until now.

Jessica trembled as she felt her arms forced down to her sides, and then farther back until they were trailing behind her at a 45 degree angle, her fingers still locked in a vicious crush with Kathi's, their biceps and forearms now touching, sliding against each other in the hothouse environment of the abandoned floor. Kathi slowly pressed first her right breast, then her left down onto Jessica's as she pinned the platinum blonde against the beam, gasping and trembling against Jessica's face and chest even as she strove to dominate her. Jessica's muscles ached from the conflict and from the effort to resist Kathi's pin, but Kathi was almost forcing the air out of Jessica's lungs. As she panted, desperate for oxygen, Kathi's body sagged against hers, the honey blonde tiring even faster from her exertions as she forced Jessica against the beam.

Before Jessica knew it, Kathi's glossy red lipstick was smearing against hers, her hot, sweet breath invading Jessica's mouth. Jessica sucked at the warm, moist air, her mouth gaping against Kathi's, and

before she knew it the honey blonde's soft lips were pressed against hers, sealing off her air and forcing her to breathe through her nose. Jessica moaned at the soft, hot touch of Kathi's mouth, the slick, sticky sensation of the other blonde's lipstick mingling with her own. She felt pressure increasing as Kathi forced her mouth down onto Jessica's, an answering moan bubbling out of her enemy's throat, both girls uttering guttural, animal grunts as they locked lips. Jessica didn't know—perhaps neither girl knew—whether Kathi was trying to kiss her or suffocate her, but she did know that without being able to suck air through her mouth, to gasp and pant as she and Kathi had been doing throughout their fight, Jessica was weakening quickly. She had to stop Kathi, find a way to break free...

Twisting against Kathi's lips, Jessica managed to suck the honey blonde's lower lip between her teeth and bite Kathi, softly but spitefully, and she felt Kathi stiffen and twist against her before pulling her lips off Jessica's with a wet pop, both girls gasping desperately as they glared hatefully into each other's brilliant blue eyes.

“You fucking cunt,” Kathi snarled, immediately forcing her mouth back down onto Jessica’s and biting the platinum blonde back once, then twice as Jessica squirmed against her. Her heart pounding, Jessica lunged forward, her teeth bared, at Kathi’s gaping mouth, and this time their teeth clacked awkwardly. Then she suddenly felt Kathi’s tongue slide past her teeth to invade her mouth. Jessica gagged against Kathi’s long tongue, then madly shoved her enemy backward, goaded upward by the insult of the honey blonde’s lick to fight back. She forced Kathi’s arms outward until both young women were braced against each other between two beams, heads lolling on each other’s shoulders, asses cocked back, thighs pushing, breasts dangling, occasionally slapping one another as gravity forced them together.

“Filthy little biting bitch,” Kathi snarled at Jessica as their hair tangled, platinum waves into honey blonde.

“You licking whore,” Jessica shot back, angrily forcing Kathi’s body further back. Now it was Kathi’s ass hitting the beam behind her and Jessica had leverage. Groaning with effort, Kathi trembling against her, muscle against muscle, Jessica slowly pushed until Kathi was forced upright, their bare chests once again

pressed into hard contact. Jessica reinforced her fingerlock on Kathi, her shoulder muscles and biceps burning as she started to force Kathi's arms upward inch by inch.

"You want to test those fucking guns against mine?" Kathi hissed furiously, crushing her arms back against Jessica's. Their pale, creamy biceps really were matching up against one another, and Jessica could feel Kathi's python-like muscles flexing and squirming against hers as the two young women slowly wrestled body to body.

Jessica squeezed her eyes shut as she focused every ounce of strength on forcing Kathi's arms upward, her breasts dangling teasingly in front of Kathi's as Kathi's back arched against the beam and the honey blonde squirmed against Jessica's grip. Kathi glared into Jessica's eyes as she fought back, struggling to push her arms downward, and for several long, agonizing seconds the two blondes locked into a quivering, sweat-drenched stalemate, fingers crushing against one another, thighs braced against each other, low moans and gasps of effort emerging from both young women. Jessica's muscles ached and trembled as they matched up against Kathi's, and Jessica marveled at

the other blonde's stamina and muscular power. She knew Kathi worked out and had always been jealous of her toned, athletic body, but Jessica had spent the past few years working toward the perfect body herself, and now all that training, weight lifting, yoga and even pole dancing classes were coming into play as she pitted her body against Kathi's. In all that time she had never imagined her workouts would pay off like this: in a near-naked, no-holds-barred, shockingly sexual fight with another young woman her age and size—a girl so similar to her in build and muscle tone, and so similar in something else: a hidden, buried mix of hair-trigger aggression and competitiveness that Jessica at least had never suspected in herself, and had only partially suspected in Kathi. She and Kathi were pushing each other into actions Jessica had never imagined herself engaging in...but even as exhaustion and self-doubt shrouded her, she was determined to put everything she had on the line against Kathi. Even if she was going to lose this fight, Jessica wanted to know that she had given her all and held nothing back.

Pressing her forehead and nose against Kathi's, Jessica had managed to force their locked arms almost straight up, and now she bent her wrists against Kathi's in a high-powered, incremental wrist wrestling

contest, both girls' arms and locked hands shaking until Jessica managed to force Kathi's knuckles back against the beam. Kathi squirmed against Jessica's pelvis and thighs, her back against the beam as Jessica's chest hovered over Kathi's, her sweat-drenched breasts dangerously close to the honey blonde's.

The tension in Jessica's breasts was maddening—both girls' boobs were stretched tight, almost ovals now instead of round globes, their nipples thrusting out like knives, barely an inch away from one another. Kathi's eyes darted back and forth between the nipple face-off and Jessica's glaring, mascara'd gaze, and Jessica too couldn't help glancing downward at the building confrontation, silently gauging the length and thickness of her shockingly erect nipple shafts against Kathi's. The honey blonde's pink rods were at least an inch long, maybe longer, Jessica thought. Jessica's had never hardened out to more than an inch in length, but the friction and the sick excitement of the fight had aroused Jessica's body like nothing she had ever experienced. Her nipples ached, throbbing with every beat of her heart, and she could actually see them move slightly to the time of her pulse as they threatened Kathi's at point blank range.

Kathi squirmed against the beam, arching her back to thrust her breasts and nipples out further, as if begging Jessica to engage her breast to breast, nipple against nipple.

Jessica trembled as she edged her pink, glistening rods closer to Kathi's, both girls glancing nervously back and forth between their breasts and each other's eyes, each daring the other to make the first move. Despite Kathi's defiant, sneering expression, Jessica knew she had control of the situation, at least for the moment. Bracing herself, she dipped her breast downward and scraped the front of her pounding nipples against Kathi's. Both girls hissed and stiffened at the contact, and Jessica felt a new ribbon of sweat gathering between her shoulder blades, cascading down her back to pool at the hem of her miniskirt. Struggling to control her breathing, she bore her erect pink rods down so that they slowly scraped along the full length of Kathi's, the puckered, hot pink nipple skin enacting a shattering toll of raw, electrified sensation from both women as their throbbing shafts dragged and rubbed agonizingly against one another.

“You fucking stiff cunt,” Kathi snarled, trembling against Jessica’s hard rods.

Jessica shook hotly as she responded. ‘Hard bitch,’ she moaned, forcing herself to maintain the white hot contact between her nipples and Kathi’s. She pressed in closer, probing into Kathi’s aureola and wincing at the feeling of Kathi’s hard nubs stabbing into her own dark pink targets. Pressing her sweating forehead against Kathi’s, her soft spun cotton hair mingling with the honey blonde’s, she continued: “You started this, sticking these bitchy things out at me in class, showing them off...is this what you wanted all that time?”

“You fucking cunt,” Kathi groaned, edging her hard shafts even tighter against Jessica’s. “Why not just admit that yours were always aroused by mine? You've been dying to match nipples with me, just like the little pussy whore you are...”

“You wanted it,” Jessica growled back, slowly sawing her pink rods against Kathi’s, forcing her rival to squirm and moan. “You wanted this hot little fencing match...”

“I’ll fucking bend you, bitch,” Kathi snarled, jabbing her nipples deeper into Jessica’s pounding breasts.

“I’ll break yours,” Jessica moaned, stabbing first her left, then right nipple deep into Kathi’s waiting aureola. Both girls gasped and hissed at the electrifying, torturous contact, their hard, matching rods slowly shifting from hot pink to an angry, swollen red as they assaulted one another.

Jessica had never known such delicious agony. Her nipples had been pulled and licked before, but somehow the combination of both girls’ rough, abrasive nipple skin, the abundance of sensitive nerve endings along their four shafts, and the knowledge that Kathi was obviously feeling every jolt and teasing burn exactly the way Jessica was made the contest impossibly exciting and erotic. Both girls trembled and shivered against each other as they matched nipple against nipple, slowly grinding, sawing and stabbing with these aroused, hyper-sensitive weapons, each goading the other past the point of no return.

Somehow Kathi managed to align her nipples on top of Jessica’s and with a cruel sneer she tensed her

stomach muscles and shifted her breasts downward, pulling and bending Jessica's pink shafts until they popped away from Kathi's, plucked like strings on a guitar, sending a shock of stabbing pain through the raw nerve endings within them. Jessica gasped at the sensation, her nipples and aureolas burning from the attack, and she angrily stabbed her erect shafts back down onto Kathi's waiting aureolas, glaring into Kathi's eyes as the honey blonde's face twisted in pain.

Jessica slapped her hard, stressed breast tissue down onto Kathi's waiting glands hard, the impact landing with a loud, wet smack in the hallway, sweat spattering off both girls' mushrooming boobs as they collided in a quivering, jello-like mass. She held her hot tits against Kathi's while the honey blonde squirmed and gasped against Jessica's bare chest, their hot mouths panting against one another. Jessica pulled back after a few moments of hot, tingling contact, breathing hard as she struggled to recover from the overload of erotic sensations, watching as Kathi too gasped, her perfect tits, nipples still defiantly erect, rising and falling on her outthrust chest. Jessica's boobs hovered over Kathi's, hot sweat running in rivulets down those two firm, creamy globes, dripping off her nipples and the bottoms of her breasts to splatter and mingle with the

glistening coating of sweat covering Kathi's bare breasts.

Kathi looked wounded as she eyed Jessica's aggressive breasts warily, and Jessica felt a flush of pride at the way she was handling herself and her rival in this fight. "Maybe you'll think twice before you stick those puppies of yours out at me in class from now on," she panted. "You're just another stuck up bully who thinks she's got the best boobs on campus."

"I'll bully your big ones any time I want to," Kathi snarled back at her. "You met your match in me, hussy."

Jessica felt anger flooding through her again, and she bravely slapped her bare tits down on top of Kathi's again. Both girls' boobs were soaked and slippery with sweat now, and Jessica's slid and quivered against Kathi's as she leveraged her tight tit flesh against the honey blonde's. She began to slowly drag her breasts up and down across Kathi's, her nipples slicing across Kathi's breast mass, stabbing and bending against the shocking hardness of Kathi's tits now that both girls' boobs were stretched and stressed to their limits. Jessica's glands too had been pulled out

into rock-hard ovals, as immobile and unyielding as flexed muscle as she pressed them into Kathi's. Kathi's nipples too bent painfully against Jessica's hard breast flesh, both pairs of bending pink shafts colliding in a fierce, abrasive tangle between their mating aureolas as the four sweat-drenched, pulsing mammaries pressed, mushroomed and squeezed against their counterparts, each pressing and yielding, giving and taking precious inches of space between Kathi's and Jessica's pectoral muscles.

“Just try and match up against me,” Jessica growled against Kathi's mouth as the two young women orally threatened one another, baring teeth in wary, animal snarls, each drinking in the other's hot, sweet breath, staring eye to eye as each measured the other's reactions to the slow, sensual skirmish between their stretched, taut tits and swollen, abraded nipples. “I've been waiting for the chance to crush your boobs.”

“You can't pin me here forever, whore,” Kathi hissed as she squirmed against Jessica's breasts. “I'm going to control you before we're finished tonight...and I'll give you everything you've been asking for.”

“You’re the one who’s been asking for it,” Jessica snarled back at her, her hot lips dancing in front of Kathi’s. “And I’ll be the one giving it to you...”

“Just try it,” Kathi sneered. “I’m waiting.”

“Shut your mouth,” Jessica shot back.

“Shut if for me, whore,” Kathi responded. Jessica took the invitation instantly, forcing her soft mouth down over Kathi’s. Moaning, the two girls exchanged spiteful, slow bites before Jessica found herself forcing her long tongue deep into Kathi’s waiting mouth. Kathi took the violation, pressing her chin defiantly against Jessica’s, then without warning snaking her own tongue back against Jessica’s, forcing a louder groan from Jessica as she shivered against the honey blonde’s tongue. Kathi’s thick, sweet taste organ slid past Jessica’s, invading Jessica’s mouth until the platinum blonde backed off, breath blasting from both women as they matched foreheads, staring eye to eye as their tongues extended and dueled hotly outside their snarling mouths. Jessica licked and tasted Kathi’s muscular tongue, their two long, delicate taste organs licking and curling around one another like mating snails as they panted against each other. Kathi was

twisting and bucking against Jessica now, gasping as Jessica's tits tortured Kathi's. Jessica could feel her enemy losing control and she gloried in the feeling of the honey blonde's panic as her body's muscles controlled Kathi's.

Both girls licked hungrily, tongues flicking, tasting and testing one another, corkscrewing into tingling tangles before one would slip past the other to stab and violate her enemy's mouth, only to be forced back while the other girl invaded her rival's gaping lips.

"Kissing whore," Kathi panted against Jessica's mouth during a pause in the action. "Why didn't you just call me up and ask me out if a little fuck date was all you wanted?"

"You don't get to take me out, you licking cunt," Jessica gasped against Kathi. "If you want my tongue you'll have to fight for it..."

"You've been asking for a fight for a long time, honey," Kathi purred against her.

“I’ve been dying to tangle up with you,” Jessica admitted, both to Kathi and herself. “I’m going to give it to you good.”

“You sweaty bitch,” Kathi snarled, twisting her wrists against Jessica’s pinning fingers. Now Jessica realized her hold was weakening as the two enemies’ bodies became slick with sweat, and Kathi began to slowly, forcefully tear her way out of Jessica’s hold. She freed one hand and yanked on Jessica’s hair, then shockingly jabbed her fist into Jessica’s bare stomach. Grunting, Jessica released her hold on Kathi’s pinned hand and Kathi pushed away from the beam, clinching with Jessica as both sweat-drenched, exhausted women struggled against each other’s topless bodies, breasts slapping and sliding against one another.

Kathi reached down and tore Jessica’s miniskirt away, leaving the platinum blonde nude apart from her fishnet stockings. “If you want to tangle let’s really tangle,” Kathi growled, locking one arm around Jessica’s waist while the other smacked a hand down on Jessica’s bare, soaked ass with a mighty slap.

Jessica instantly retaliated, shredding the miniskirt off Kathi’s pelvis, and now the two young women

clinchd all but nude against one another, fishnetted thighs spread as they struggled for leverage and balance.

Kathi quickly attacked, jamming her hot, furry, dyed cunt into Jessica's. Jessica felt a shock at the abrasive pubic attack, her Venus mound burning as Kathi sent one, two, then three rough blows into Jessica's crotch. Jessica hugged Kathi's tight, muscular body to her own, snarling against Kathi's mouth as she retaliated, her slightly bigger ass flexing its creamy double mass as she stroked back, aiming surgical, angry pussy punches into Kathi.

Hugging each other in a sweat-drenched, slippery death grip, the two rival blondes danced cheek to cheek, gasping as each pumped vicious cunt punches into each other, bare, creamy asses pulsing and flexing as they battered each other's furry, golden triangles, each giving and taking punishment in a desperate war of attrition.

"I'm going to beat the peroxide off that hairy cunt of yours," Jessica gasped.

“I’ll pound your pussy raw,” Kathi moaned back against her, angrily stroking her pubes into Jessica’s. Both girls gripped and smacked each other’s bare asses, squeezing and clawing as if urging even more thrusting power from their enemies, each hoping to prove to the other that she could give and take more in this kind of bruising, vicious contest. Jessica’s pussy tingled and throbbed at the assault, hurting but wildly aroused at the primitive, ritualistic struggle both girls now eagerly engaged in. Somehow they had moved in a few short weeks from cell phones down to an animalistic contest from a million years ago, two female predators fighting for dominance, matching their erogenous zones directly against each other like butting rams trying to push each other off a mountain—fighting without thought, acting entirely on an ancient, sexual instinct.

The battle raged along the hallway’s pools of light, the clinching blondes moving in and out of shadow, work lights gleaming off their sweating bodies as they moaned, thrust, smacked and gasped in growing exhaustion. Somehow the fight staggered out of the hall and into the office where Jessica had first waited for Kathi’s arrival: a darker, muggier arena where the two young women staggered against each other,

hugging each other tightly as much to remain standing as to prevent their opponent from escaping.

In fact, Jessica held Kathi to her in a desperate, confused embrace as she felt the other blonde's breasts work hers over, Kathi's abs sliding and flexing against hers, their muscular pelvises still thrusting and squirming against one another. Jessica dragged her claws down Kathi's back slowly as their breasts slapped together, leaving temporarily dry trails down Kathi's creamy, sculpted back muscles until she could dig her nails once again into the muscle of the honey blonde's ass.

Kathi reached down to squeeze and knead Jessica's ass muscles at the same time as the two enemies pumped slow, seductive pussy thrusts into one another, giving and taking friction as their overheated cunts settled into a grim, scouring grind-off. Kathi's hot fur tore slowly across Jessica's exposed pussy, scraping her vulva and Venus mound, her dyed platinum pubic curls tangling and tugging at Jessica's honey blonde cunt hair while above, their sweating breasts crushed together in a vise-like press.

“I’m going to beat you off,” Kathi snarled huskily, her cheek smearing against Jessica’s in the dark. Jessica’s grip on Kathi’s ass tightened, forcing a moan from the honey blonde as Jessica powered her cunt into Kathi’s.

“I’ll pound you off first, bitch,” she answered as both girls continued to slap and squeeze each other’s bare, sweating buns. For a long moment, the two blondes engaged tongues once again, gasping against each other as they licked and wrestled slickly back and forth, inflicting cruel tongue and lip bites on one another as their muscles sagged and strength ebbed. Jessica felt dizzy, desperate for air in the close, humid atmosphere of the office, and Kathi too hugged her close, fighting to stay upright. Their bare, pale skin slid and glided together as their sweat-slick bodies matched up, only their fishnetted thighs and knees finding any purchase on the other girl’s body, the crisscrossed elastic fishnet material catching, snagging and tearing as both girls reduced each other to a state of primitive numbness.

Suddenly Jessica felt black leather cushions smack into her back as she and Kathi fell across the expensive couch in the office. Before she knew it

Kathi was on top of her, forcing Jessica's fishnetted thighs apart with her own. "Now I'm going to really give it to you," Kathi gasped as she forced Jessica's arms up over her head, her sweating body smacking down onto Jessica's as the platinum blonde squirmed and bucked with all her remaining energy underneath her. Kathi mounted Jessica and planted her pelvis squarely between Jessica's thighs, bracing for leverage until she began to thrust violently down onto Jessica's exposed pussy with her own. Jessica moaned against the blows as her womanhood was pounded and rubbed, breasts crushed under Kathi's in a humiliating reversal of Jessica's pinning of the honey blonde back in the hallway. Jessica instinctively gripped Kathi's ass cheek with one hand, against all logic urging more pelvic violence from her adversary while Kathi hungrily bit and dragged her gasping mouth against Jessica's. Somehow Jessica gripped Kathi's hair with her free hand and twisted against her, forcing a moan out of Kathi as she jammed her breasts, her still hard nipples against Kathi's.

After moments of sweat-drenched, naked wrestling, Jessica had reversed their positions. Now she looked down on Kathi's angry, tiring face, pressing her mouth against the honey blonde's as she dug her hips into

Kathi's thighs and pressed her stomach down onto her rival's, cocking her ass and bracing her thighs against the couch and Kathi's legs. "Now I'm going to show you," she panted as she began to thrust against Kathi's cunt, slowly at first, then with increasing speed and power, jamming her pubic bone and Venus Mound into Kathi's and stabbing her nipples deep into her enemy's retreating breasts, sweat pouring down her body as she gripped Kathi's wrists, baring her teeth against her rival's as Kathi clawed and bucked underneath her, gasping for air. Kathi's hands finally, reflexively dug into Jessica's bare, sweat-drenched ass cheeks as the platinum blonde pounded her final, dominating punches into Kathi's sex. A wave of hot lava seemed to split Jessica's pelvis as she felt Kathi climaxing underneath her and her own searing sexual liquid poured down onto Kathi's pulsing labia to mingle with the honey blonde's boiling girl cum.

Underneath her, Kathi's face was turned away in shame, avoiding Jessica's triumphant, exhausted gaze. Jessica lay across her enemy's supple, warm body, her nipples slowly softening against Kathi's, Kathi's too shrinking timidly into her firm breasts as the two young women recovered from the shocking, raw climax both had experienced.

After what seemed hours Jessica peeled her filthy body away from Kathi's, standing briefly over the naked honey blonde, Kathi finally turning to meet Jessica's eyes in a cold, hateful, silent stare.

Jessica finally turned to stagger back out into the hallway, track down her torn skirt, bra and top, and tried somehow to arrange the ruined garments into something that wouldn't get her arrested once she stepped out onto the street. She limped to the staircase where she found her shoes and began to descend the steps, leaving Kathi alone and defeated in the dark of the fourth floor.

CHAPTER 5

A HOT RESOLUTION

Kathi remained in the dark, empty office in disbelief, the sweat caking on her bare body as she tried to process what had just happened between her and Jessica. She had never felt such fury and hatred, and at the same time she had never experienced a sexual union as draining and overwhelming as the one she and Jessica had somehow fought their way, tooth and nail, to consummate in this dank, unoccupied arena.

She had planned to teach Jessica a lesson, and leave the platinum-haired wallflower wrecked and humiliated at the club. Kathi had no illusions about Jessica's fighting ability after the alley catfight—she knew Jessica could match her strength, that she wasn't afraid to fight close, to push herself to exhaustion. After that first, grueling struggle, she had thought she had embarrassed the platinum blonde enough to keep her away from Kathi for good, but in all honesty, she hadn't been surprised that Jessica had pushed the two of them into another meeting. She had felt the hatred

boiling off Jessica from their first face-off in the bar, and despite her shyness and “nice girl” vibe, Kathi could tell Jessica was the type who would want revenge for the kind of humiliation Kathi had dished out in the alley.

But she’d been surprised by the other girl’s ferocity in the club as she’d matched up against Kathi on the dance floor and later in that hidden, tight space around the DJ stage. The other girl seemed out to prove that she could fight as dirty as Kathi ever would, that she wanted to humiliate Kathi the way she’d been humiliated. But the challenge to meet upstairs above the club, the bare breasted challenge that “mine are waiting for yours” had given Kathi a hot flash of shock and surprise. Even after their little sexting war, Kathi had met up with Jessica expecting a catfight—dirty, yes, but not this. Not what had happened—a rutting, brazenly erotic pussy fight, both girls pounding their cunts together, locked together sweaty and naked, torturing each other nipple to nipple, licking tongue to tongue.

Kathi felt like she’d experienced a profound change, and as she gathered her clothes and snuck downstairs looking like a drunken wreck, she tried to adjust

herself to this new reality, a reality in which she met up with other women, stripped down and competed with them, viciously and sexually, for domination.

And she hadn't dominated. That might have been the most painful reality of all. She'd underestimated Jessica big time. The platinum blonde was no wallflower. She was as strong, as daring, as vicious and dirty as Kathi ever could be.

Kathi found her way home, showered and eased into bed, squirming on the mattress as she played and replayed every sizzling moment of the fight in her mind's eye, squeezing and caressing her raw, sore pussy, despite the pain and despite the orgasm she'd already achieved that evening. Because she wanted to come once again with the image of Jessica, sweat-drenched, mascara staining her cheeks, snarling hate into Kathi's face.

She skipped her business class at the beginning of the following week, risking her grade in the class. As the days wore on, she found herself checking her phone, eagerly picking it up whenever it vibrated, always disappointed when it was a boy or one of her friends and not a new come-on from Jessica. She

steeled herself to attend the final business class of the semester, agonizing over what to wear—nothing too provocative, but nothing that would admit defeat to Jessica. But the platinum blonde never showed up for the final class, and Kathi knew now that only random chance would bring them together again, unless one of them found the guts to contact the other.

She spent several sleepless nights, tossing and turning as memories of the other blonde taunted her. Always the thoughts drove her to stroke herself boldly to orgasm. On a Friday night before the end of the semester she lay alone, pleasuring herself to thoughts of Jessica. She had goaded herself into a state of incredible arousal, yet still short of what she had experienced in her brawl with the other blonde. But as she teased her clit out of its hiding place and eyed the pink shaft, half the size of a thumb, nestled in her still dyed pubes, she came to a realization.

Kathi got out of bed and dug an electric hair trimmer out of her closet, then carefully trimmed her platinum pubic fur down to just a tuft above her clitoris. Then she snuck down the hall to the showers and shaved the rest, giving her recovering snatch a clean, sleek look. Once back in her bedroom, she

teased her clit out again. Without the forest of pubic fur around it, the stiff organ looked big and threatening—exactly the way Kathi wanted.

She grabbed her phone and snapped a shot of her new pubic style and the thick, pink clitoris emerging from her labial hood like a battle horn, and quickly sent the photo to Jessica. It was two o'clock in the morning, and the dorm was as silent as it ever would be as Jessica waited for the reply. Jessica could be coming home from a bar, or she could already be asleep. Or maybe she was like Kathi, haunted and frustrated by the separation from the mortal enemy she'd made over the past semester.

The reply came in 15 minutes—long enough, Kathi thought, for Jessica to trim, shower, shave and return to her dorm room. She held her breath as she called up the image and stared at Jessica's erect clitoris, thick and half the length of a thumb, just like Kathi's. Kathi had always had a bigger than average clit—it seemed part of her sex drive, the thing that drove her to take chances, to go without underwear to class, to bully other girls and look for showdowns with other blondes...at least now.

And Jessica was like her. Armed and dangerous. A secret adventuress, a secret gladiatrix. It explained everything. Kathi now burned hotter than ever with frustration and shame over the way Jessica had topped her in their second fight. Even with Kathi's competitive drive, her "power bitch" persona that led her to try and outdo everyone around her, especially other young women, the idea that she would now be recalling her *second* fight with another girl was shocking, even without the knowledge of just how dirty and sexual both fights had been. Kathi had been brought up a church-going, well-dressed young woman, but this new, forbidden path now drew her like a magnet. She could not sleep, could not rest with the knowledge that Jessica was her better, or even her equal, at anything.

Fingers trembling, Kathi began typing a message: "You're nothing."

Jessica's response came quickly. "Not impressed."

"Proud of that little nub?" Kathi shot back. "You shouldn't be."

"Better than yours from what I see."

“You don’t see very well,” Kathi typed.

“You skipped class last week,” Jessica’s message came. “Ashamed to look me in the eye?”

“Where were you the last day?” Kathi typed rapidly. “I was there.”

Jessica’s reply made Kathi shake with anger: “I was told my grades were good enough I didn’t need to be there for the last class. You?”

Kathi sat fuming, imagining Jessica’s face in front of her, Kathi’s fingers tearing out her spun cotton hair. “Or maybe you were afraid I’d find you after class.”

“With what? That weak little pussy horn? You don’t scare me, Kathi. You never have.”

“If I did find you I certainly wouldn’t be afraid of that pink nothing between your legs, Jessica.”

“It’s better than yours, Kathi.”

Kathi typed furiously. “What I’ve got is harder and longer than anything you have down there.”

“Mine is definitely harder. Thicker.”

“If I ever see you again I would crush your clitoris, Jessica. That’s a promise.” Kathi pulled up both sexts side by side, comparing her clit to Jessica’s directly. They looked amazingly similar, she thought. Made to fight each other.

Jessica’s text followed: “You’re desperate to get your pride back, aren’t you?”

“I’ll beat your weak nothing of a clit,” Kathi typed quickly, her breathing coming faster. It was past three o’clock in the morning and she was texting a girl she despised about her clitoris, about their clitorises...

“With what?” Jessica’s text came lightning fast. Kathi’s body slowly squirmed on her mattress as she feverishly typed her response.

“With mine, you little hussy.”

“*If* we ever see each other again I will destroy your clit. And yes, I would match my clit against yours any day or night.”

“You wouldn’t dare, Jessica.”

“I wasn’t afraid to pound you where it counts and I would so not be afraid to test clits with you.”

“I’d destroy your clitoris, Jessica.”

“I would crush yours with mine, Kathi.”

“You’re the worst kind of whore,” Kathi typed. “The type that doesn’t even know she’s a whore.”

“And you’re the lowest kind,” Jessica responded. “The type who thinks she’s the best whore in town.”

“I could fuck a girl like you into the ground,” Kathi typed.

“I already showed you what fucking is all about,” Jessica replied. “Beating your hot little body is the best thing that ever happened to me.”

“Beating your hot little body is going to be the happiest day of my life,” Kathi typed back.

The text war went on and on, each bottle blonde goading the other into more vicious, bragging threats, Kathi slowly thrashing on the mattress, grinding her hot cunt into the bed as she exchanged insults and threats with Jessica. Finally, at six a.m., the two young women exchanged final messages:

“I’m going to sleep to dream about rubbing you raw,” Kathi typed.

“I’ll dream about making you scream,” Jessica responded. Kathi rubbed one final orgasm out of her pussy—maybe the tenth she’d had over the course of the evening. Then she drifted off into a fitful, dreamless sleep.

Kathi slept in until almost four, luxuriating in her private dorm room. She felt clear-headed after she showered, somewhat free of the cloud of dark anger and resentment that had hung over her ever since the club fight with Jessica. She was letting her conflict

with the other young blonde derail her usual discipline and optimism, and she was determined to get that back. There was a party on her dorm floor that evening and Kathi spent some time getting ready for it, picking out a short, tight blue dress that contrasted beautifully with her porcelain complexion and clung to every curve of her athletic young body. She spent extra time putting on makeup, making herself look dazzling—not ready for a fight, she told herself, but just to charm everyone around her. She was determined to have a good time, drink and laugh, and forget about Jessica for at least one evening.

Students were already clogging the hallway when she emerged from her dorm room at the end of her floor, and Kathi began to mingle and enjoy herself. Most of the beverages were non-alcoholic but a few enterprising girls had snuck real drinks in and Kathi was able to corral a few and get a good buzz on. After two hours all the memories of her war with Jessica were fading and she was remembering how fun college life could be. She knew in a few days she'd be headed home for summer to see old friends and family, and she was already missing the freedom and excitement of the campus.

Kathi was lost in a happy reverie when a familiar head of platinum blonde, spun-cotton hair caught her eye a few yards down the crowded hallway. Kathi's blood suddenly ran cold as she recognized Jessica—Jessica, in *her* dorm, chatting with *her* friends. The other blonde looked flawless, her creamy skin contrasting against a dazzling, skintight red dress, her round breasts crammed tightly into its plunging neckline, and just the hint of dark roots beginning to show on her scalp where that angel hairdo cascaded down to her beautifully toned, bare shoulders. She had a happy, almost innocent smile on her face as she laughed and talked—until her eyes caught Kathi's.

For what seemed like 30 seconds frozen in time the two young blondes stared at each other in icy cold fury across the 20 feet of hallway separating them. Kathi was suddenly glad she'd put the extra effort into applying makeup, choosing the tightest, sexiest dress she owned and putting her two gleaming, creamy boobs on full display with as much cleavage as possible. No one here could possibly know about her relationship with Jessica—none of her friends from the bar incident were here and she didn't see any of Jessica's girlfriends from that night either. But it

seemed critically important now that she not let Jessica outshine her in this silent standoff.

Jessica sipped a drink, tossing her hair back away from her face in that annoying way she had. She looked beautiful, Kathi thought—lovely and sweet, the farthest thing Kathi could imagine from the type of girl that would engage in a no-rules, all-but-nude fight with another young woman. But Kathi, sharply dressed and made up, didn't look like the type either.

She forced herself to continue to make conversation, innocently maneuvering her way down the hall as Jessica stole glances at her. Obviously the two bottle blondes weren't going to call each other out here and now, in front of everyone. What they had between them was private. Kathi took her time, finally, casually leaning against the wall next to Jessica, her bare shoulder and arm touching the other blonde's and instantly creating an electric atmosphere between them. For what seemed like a full hour (but was probably two or three minutes) the two girls stared ahead, occasionally speaking to other people in the hallway, ignoring each other. Then as if on cue they each turned to stare in each other's eyes for a few short seconds—seconds also stretched out in time as

Kathi drank in Jessica's deceptively delicate beauty. Everything about Jessica had seemed innocent, sweet, weak...but the hidden tigress underneath obsessed Kathi. Just as the past nine months on campus had stripped away Kathi's sexual repression and unleashed an aggressive, boiling sexuality, the same secret lust had obviously been boiling underneath the surface within Jessica, and now these two sexual ids were drawn to each other like overheated magnets.

Kathi and Jessica stared at each other at close range for as long as either dared with so many people around them. Jessica thankfully broke the stare first, turning to face forward and sip her drink. Kathi glared at her profile for a second or two before facing forward herself. "You've got quite the nerve showing your face in here in *my* dorm, girly," she said, her tone casual, knowing that the people around them would pick up the tone but not the words she was saying.

"So this is your dorm?" Jessica replied brightly, faking her friendliness as well as Kathi. "This is where all the little whores live?"

Kathi felt almost as if she'd given away strategic information. "Now I know where you live," Jessica

must be thinking, her pulse already beating faster as the two blondes warily navigated the beginnings of the conversation. “I told you exactly what would happen if I ever saw your face again, Jessica.”

“Right,” the other blonde replied coolly. “And I warned you just what I’d do to you if I ever ran into you again.”

“Why don’t you get out of here while you can leave in one piece,” Kathi said.

“Why don’t you make me, if you want to try it right here in front of all your whore friends,” Jessica replied. The two young women stood in hot silence for a moment after that, both staring straight ahead, sipping nervously at their drinks before Kathi turned to stare straight at Jessica and Jessica slowly turned her head to match Kathi’s glare. Once again they fought a cold stare-down for precious seconds, knowing they’d be drawing attention to themselves if they held it too long. This time Kathi backed down, speaking her piece before the silent face-off was noticed.

“Come down the hall to the stairwell over there and let’s discuss this.”

“Gladly,” Jessica said. Both girls dumped their drinks in a trash can and pushed their way through the crowd toward the doorway at the end of the hall and the stairwell. The crowd was thinned out by the exit and just as Kathi had hoped, the stairwell was empty, although she knew it wouldn’t be for long. Entering before Jessica, Kathi spun to face her as the other blonde pushed the door closed behind her and pressed forward toward Kathi.

Jessica instantly, fearlessly pressed her chest and body against Kathi and the two co-eds matched their tight dresses and bulging, creamy cleavage against one another, slowly pushing each other back and forth on their high heels in the stairwell. With both dresses tight as a second skin, Kathi felt every curve and muscle of Jessica’s body sliding against her own, her bare thighs grazing Jessica’s as the two young women maneuvered against each other.

Kathi reached up to grip the fragile shoulder straps of Jessica’s red dress and hugged her closely nose to nose, her mascara’d eyes matching up with the blonde’s while Jessica too wrapped her arms around Kathi’s slender waist in a sensual but tension-filled

embrace, both women nestling their creamy bustlines together as memories of their all but naked, shockingly erotic last catfight flooded Kathi's mind.

"Get your ass out of this dorm before I tear this dress off and fuck the life out of you," Kathi snarled, white-hot, pent-up hatred exploding out of her now that the two enemies had a moment of privacy.

"You're not woman enough to fuck me and we both know it," Jessica's voice shook as she responded, her hands roaming over Kathi's back, claws digging into her flanks while Kathi's nails dug into Jessica's neck with slow, vicious aggression.

"You don't even know what fucking is," Kathi growled, reaching down to squeeze and explore Jessica's ass.

"I've already proved I can fuck harder than you but if you want me to shred that slut dress off your body and show you again just say so."

"Whore," Kathi moaned, forcing her hot mouth against Jessica's trembling lips. Still shaking, both bottle blondes began to engage in a slow, deeply

passionate kiss, mouths opening to one another, hands gliding up and down each other's bodies, caressing and feeling rather than clawing and attacking. Kathi felt her mouth and tongue might melt against Jessica's as she breathed against the platinum blonde's glamorous body, felt her breasts gliding against Jessica's through the tight material of their dresses, and felt her own moans of passion answered by Jessica's as the two rivals laid their emotional and sexual cards on the table, each admitting with their every movement, their every lick and kiss, their every groan of pleasure that they were in thrall to their enemy's beauty and erotic power.

The kiss lasted only 30 seconds—both girls knew they couldn't press any longer with the sounds of the party so close. But Kathi felt mentally and physically exhausted as they gently broke it, staring in vulnerable, passionate hatred into each other's eyes as they gasped against each other's open mouths, lipstick smeared from the kiss.

Kathi managed to muster up more aggression as she controlled her breathing and spoke again. "I'll give you one more chance to get out of here."

“I’ll leave when I please,” Jessica panted back at her. Trembling with rage, Kathi reached up under Jessica’s dress to confirm that the other blonde had indeed entered her dorm without panties. Jessica stiffened as Kathi felt her bare, exposed pussy lips under her dress and instantly snuck her hand up under Kathi’s dress to retaliate, both girls trembling against each other, staring with desperate loathing into each other’s eyes as they felt the tender flesh of each other’s newly exposed vulva.

“I wouldn’t be so brave, coming in here with no pussy protection at all,” Kathi growled. “You were all tough with a bunch of hot fur down there but without that you’ve got nothing to fight with.”

Jessica squeezed Kathi’s bare pussy as she pressed her forehead against Kathi’s. “I’ve got everything I need to fight you and beat you,” she whispered.

“Not from what I saw in that text,” Kathi whispered back. “Not even.”

“I told you what I’d do to you. What I’d do to yours,” Jessica hissed.

“And you know what I’ll do to yours,” Kathi hissed back.

They could hear footsteps coming up the stairwell and with a deep frustration, Kathi released her hold on Jessica’s pussy just as Jessica let go of Kathi’s. Jessica wiped the smeared lipstick off her face and pulled a compact out of her purse to fix her makeup, casting contemptuous glances at Kathi as Kathi worked on fixing her own face paint as a couple walked up from the floor below. As they passed, Jessica started to move with them, looking back over her shoulder at Kathi as the three moved through the stairwell door.

“See you at the party, Kathi,” Jessica said sweetly. Kathi angrily followed, watching Jessica’s curvy hips sway under her red dress, the other blonde’s back muscles and shoulder blades flexing like animated marble as she blended into the crowd while Kathi stalked her, trying not to be too obvious. Kathi felt flustered, frustrated, as if Jessica had invaded her home. Her lips stung from the sizzling kiss with Jessica, another new escalation in their intensifying, erotic war. Yes, they had pressed mouth to mouth, even tongue to tongue above the club, but somehow each could excuse that as part of the fight—just

another way of struggling and angering the enemy. But the stairwell kiss had been earthy and sensual, more so than any kiss Kathi had ever shared with a man. It was pure sex, and now both young women were talking openly about fucking each other. Somehow that word seemed like the ultimate, final step in this incredible competition between them, and Kathi was even now plotting out her victory as she stalked and measured Jessica's figure silently, stealing glances at her creamy cleavage that just moments earlier had been clashing and pressing against Kathi's.

Jessica continued to party, throwing sweet smiles at Kathi, goading and provoking her with her very presence on Kathi's floor. Kathi was only beginning to deal with the humiliation of being beaten by Jessica back at the club. Even though only she and Jessica knew about it, the defeat ate at Kathi's self-respect, her entire "power bitch" existence. She flashed on the memory of Jessica, that wallflower, pinning Kathi to the leather couch in that empty office on the darkened fourth floor, Jessica's supple, creamy body grinding down onto Kathi's, sweat and girl cum dripping off her squirming body to mark Kathi's scent with Jessica's.

She wanted to crush Jessica out of existence. But she couldn't do it now, with all her friends and dozens of strangers here to witness it. This was between her and Jessica.

Finally, the party began to thin out, reduced to quieting gaggles of conversation. Kathi forced herself to continue the facade of socializing, but her body was a live wire of pent up, sexual fury as she tracked Jessica around the floor, looking for any opportunity to engage the other blonde. Then some drunken guy began talking Kathi up, and she spent precious minutes trying to get him out of her face before several R.A.s began clearing the party guests and ordering the dorm residents back to their rooms for the night. Finally clear of the drunk, Kathi realized that Jessica was gone.

Almost in tears of frustration, Kathi lingered as long as she dared before an R.A. gave her a direct order to retire to her room. She slunk into the room furiously, pacing for a few moments before grabbing her phone and texting Jessica. "GO AHEAD AND WALK AWAY YOU LITTLE COWARD" she typed, fingers shaking. She knew by late Sunday students would be starting to head home from the

campus, and for all she knew tonight would be her last chance to get satisfaction from her enemy. She felt the opportunity slipping through her fingers...

Jessica skulked in the middle of the stairwell, listening intently as the dorm guests cleared out and the building settled down as residents headed for their rooms and to bed. She knew if she stepped outside she would not be able to get in, but the stairwell doorways inside the building would not be locked even after midnight, and Jessica had no intention of leaving.

Her appearance at the party had been a complete fluke—a last minute invitation from one of her friends, urging Jessica to come out even though the platinum blonde didn't really feel like partying. Despite her satisfying humiliation of Kathi, the intimate, dirty photos they'd sent each other had sparked something new in her, and the long, electrifying night of texting threats, insults and challenges back and forth with the honey blonde had created a feeling of unfinished business between the two young women—probably exactly what Kathi wanted, Jessica thought. But after

all that had happened between them, there seemed to be one last barrier between them to break through, and they both seemed eager, if not driven, to confront the purely erotic nature of their feud and finally take it to its inevitable conclusion.

Jessica had to fuck Kathi, she knew. She didn't really even understand how two women could do such a thing, but it all seemed to be unfolding naturally between them as they explored and violated each other more intimately, and the secret certainly seemed to lie in the throbbing sexual horn at the base of Jessica's pussy. The sight of Kathi's clitoris in that photo, so similar to Jessica's, seemingly made to confront hers, had created a new obsession for the platinum blonde, and she berated herself endlessly for being its subject. Jessica had proven both to herself and to Kathi that she could measure up to the other blonde physically, in strength, stamina, courage and aggression. And she had shown herself perfectly capable of distracting, teasing and arousing Kathi in order to achieve dominance over her if she had to.

Or, she thought, if she wanted to. Jessica shivered as she thought of the melting, erotic kiss she had shared with Kathi in this stairwell. Her body was

quivering with adrenaline, a fight-or-flight instinct she couldn't ignore—but now an irrepressible urge to consummate the building girl-on-girl lust between her and Kathi was becoming equally powerful.

Jessica cupped her breasts, almost willing them to stop their throbbing. She felt like her inner thighs were slick with her own arousal and anticipation as the building around her quieted down. She had turned her phone off, ignoring Kathi's texts and repressing the urge to answer them. As she waited she took a silent satisfaction in the fact that Kathi, after stalking her all evening, now must be thinking that Jessica had turned tail and run away from her.

Jessica steeled herself when the dorm finally fell into silence, and she saw the hallway lights behind the door in front of her and on the floor below dim around the door cracks, showing the building going finally into night mode. She edged forward carefully, pulling the stairwell door open to check if anyone was in the hallway. When she was sure of not being seen she tiptoed into the hall and made her way toward Kathi's room, which she had seen the honey blonde enter and exit through during the midway point of the party. She had heard a few other girls at the party

talking about Kathi and her “private room,” something they all seemed a little jealous, and faintly annoyed over. But the conversation had confirmed Jessica’s decision to wait until the party ended and circle back to meet up with Kathi once and for all.

She stepped up to Kathi’s room and after a few nervous seconds rapped quietly on the door. Her heart pounded while she waited; there was a chance that Kathi was asleep, but just knowing her own feelings after their encounter at the party, Jessica doubted it. She already heard a rustling from inside the room as she waited in the darkness, and before she knew it the door opened and Jessica pushed inside toward Kathi, silhouetted in the darkness in front of her against the dim light from the window on the other side of the small, private dorm room.

Kathi pressed forward to meet Jessica and Jessica felt the other girl’s chest press against hers again, the familiar feeling of Kathi’s sheer blue dress and its V-cut top allowing the honey blonde’s bare cleavage to caress Jessica’s again. She pressed forward, but Kathi surprisingly gave way, spinning to slam the door shut behind them and face Jessica in the darkness. The two young blondes wrestled against each other with

growing, silent intensity, Kathi's hands finding Jessica's hair and Jessica gripping the other blonde's shoulders and waist as she struggled for a hold. Jessica found herself shoved up against the wall of cabinets that bounded the cramped entryway as Kathi's panting mouth hungrily sought hers.

Jessica's was just as ravenous, the scent of Kathi's alcohol-soaked breath teasing her before she managed to get her own hold on Kathi's hair and jerk the other girl's face closer in the darkness.

"You creamy bitch," Kathi hissed against her, pressing nose to nose as her lips strained to meet Jessica's.

"Little whore," Jessica panted before Kathi's mouth closed over hers, cutting off her air, forcing her to breathe deeply through her nose as the other blonde's soft lips smeared and sucked against Jessica's. The two girls crushed and squirmed together against the cabinet wall, breasts hardening as they mushroomed against one another, thighs pinning each other, stomachs tense as toned abs flexed muscle to muscle underneath the tight material of their dresses.

Jessica thrust her tongue deep into Kathi's mouth and Kathi took it eagerly, sucking as she curled her own long tongue around Jessica's, both girls moaning in protest and pleasure at the mutual assault. Jessica pumped her tongue into Kathi like a cock, thrusting in and out while Kathi's mouth fought to control her.

Their hands explored each other's bodies desperately, caressing waists, shoulders, biceps, reaching down to slowly claw and squeeze each other's flexing, quivering buttocks, feeling what they could of the bulging breast tissue matching up at the sides of their pressing chests. Kathi's pelvis pivoted against Jessica's and she tensed as she felt Kathi firmly drag her pubic mound across Jessica's in the clinch. Even though she was on the attack, Kathi too seemed to stiffen at the shocking feeling of her unprotected pussy encountering Jessica's between the thin, stretched out material of their skirts. Moaning, Kathi pressed the assault, jabbing a short, vicious blow into Jessica's labia with her own.

Jessica's mouth sucked free of Kathi's as she gasped, her vulva throbbing hotly from the blow. Her panicking body found renewed strength and she managed to wrestle Kathi away from the wall and

slowly push her backward until the honey blonde was pinned against the opposite cabinet wall next to the doorway. Gripping Kathi's hair fiercely, Jessica forced her hot mouth back onto her enemy's and forced Kathi's powerful thighs apart, pinning the other girl's squirming pelvis with her own. She pressed her hot Venus mound against Kathi's as if marking out her target, engaging the enemy anatomy in a brief, measuring grind, her lips feeling out Kathi's, before her creamy behind flexed to launch a vengeful, brutal thrust back into Kathi's vulva, forcing an answering gasp from the other blonde. Now it was clear the lack of cushioning pubic hair had created a dangerous new vulnerability for the two co-eds even as they breached this new threshold of conflict between them.

Thrashing against Jessica, Kathi shoved her backward and suddenly Jessica felt the honey blonde's fist land a low blow directly between Jessica's legs. It was a short jab, just a knock on Jessica's crotch, enough to warn Jessica that Kathi was prepared to take things further. Pressing back against Kathi, Jessica reached up and found the other blonde's erect nipples poking through her dress top, gripped and twisted them, tugging them downward as Kathi hissed and squirmed against Jessica. Now Jessica used her

advantage to force Kathi back against the cabinet wall and, bracing against her upper body, she reached down to jab her fist into Kathi's soft pussy through the tight material of her skirt.

"Fucking bitch!" Kathi spat, shoving away from Jessica and backing away into the middle of the little dorm room.

"You cheap, dirty whore!" Jessica snarled back furiously, a little louder than Kathi.

Kathi suddenly grabbed Jessica's arm, her nails biting into Jessica's pale bicep. "Keep your voice down, you little cunt!" she hissed, both girls tugging violently at each other until Kathi released her grip.

The two young blondes stood panting in the darkness for a few moments, Jessica's pussy throbbing from Kathi's attacks, flush with the knowledge that Kathi too had been rocked by the intimate assault on her own trimmed and exposed sexual anatomy. She could see Kathi silhouetted against the window that was opposite the entrance to the little room, arms slightly spread, in a wary half-crouch, ready to ward off any further attacks from Jessica. Jessica too was in

fight-or-flight mode, gasping even though the skirmish between them had lasted only a few seconds. The anticipation of this meeting was electrifying, their grappling, mauling scuffle just a prelude to what Jessica knew would have to be the ultimate confrontation between them.

“What’s the matter?” she managed to catch her breath long enough to taunt Kathi. “Too rough for you?”

“Shut your fucking mouth, Jessica!” Kathi hissed, her voice shaking. “I’ll show you what rough really means before I’m finished with you.”

Jessica chewed on that for a moment as the two rivals faced each other in the darkness. “You mean like your rough little pube patch?” she found herself saying. Something inside her was eager to put that out there and keep the conversation focused squarely on what each of them had between their legs, what each of them had so proudly photographed and texted to each other. “You think it’s rougher now that you trimmed away all that peroxide protection?”

Kathi stared at Jessica in silence for a moment too, and when she spoke again her voice was low and suggestive. “Rougher than yours,” she said hoarsely, as if the words had been forced out of her by blind rage. The verbal escalation immediately sent Jessica’s pulse racing as she struggled to navigate this new verbal duel.

“I doubt it,” she found herself whispering. “I doubt it *very* much.”

“It’s obvious that trimmed little snatch of yours can’t take a good pussy punch,” Kathi said tartly, her voice quiet and low. “Feels different now that you don’t have a big fur rug over those sweet little lips, huh?”

“Like you weren’t squealing like a little bitch when I punched yours,” Jessica sniffed. “I think you’ve got a delicate little flower down there that doesn’t like being mussed.”

“That’s hot talk coming from a little wallflower like you,” Kathi growled. “Believe me, my pussy can handle a lot more punishment than yours can.”

“I doubt you’d want to put that to the test,” Jessica whispered. “My pussy could punish yours.”

“With what?” Kathi hissed quickly. “That fat little clitoris you sexted me?”

Jessica breathed slowly, trying to force herself to remain calm as the two co-eds focused on the growing, primary issue between them. “If it came down to that I’d match my clit against your pussy, believe me, Kathi.”

“Your clit against my pussy?” Kathi huffed angrily, stepping a little closer until Jessica could feel the heat of the other girl’s toned body in the darkness. “Don’t make me laugh. I told you what I’d do to your hard little nub if it ever got *near* my cunt.”

Jessica pressed forward bravely too, her breath mingling with Kathi’s as the girls stood once again nose to nose. “And I warned you I’d crush yours,” she breathed. “Get it anywhere near mine and I’ll squeeze you until you scream.”

“You have no idea what’s waiting for you under this dress, Little Miss Jessica,” Kathi growled, her mouth

almost touching Jessica's. "You think that's as big as I get, that photo? If I felt your little weakling nub anywhere near mine I'd get so fucking hard I'd wipe you out, believe me."

Jessica trembled as the conversation narrowed in, each girl sketching out the raw details of what each had been thinking about these past few nights, what each had imagined a truly score-settling contest between their pussies might turn out to be.

"If I ever got anywhere near that little bitch clit of yours, I'd be stiffer and longer than what you saw in that photo too, girlfriend," Jessica purred. "Just the thought of beating you would get me harder and longer than you."

"You've got a long way to go before you beat my clit, Jessica," Kathi hissed. "A weak little girl like you would fucking melt if she ever came up against a real woman's clit like mine."

"Don't call me weak after I pounded your big pussy back at that club," Jessica said angrily. "I've spent the last three years getting my body ready to handle girls

like you...creamy little toned blonde bullies who like to talk tough...”

“And I’ve been getting ready to hand holier-than-thou cunts like you their asses ever since I got on this campus,” Kathi purred back. “It’s obvious we both want another little shot at each other so why don’t we get down to it?”

“Why don’t you take that dress off before I tear it off of you,” Jessica ordered, pressing her chin against Kathi’s roughly.

“You strip off yours,” Kathi responded, “Unless you’d like me to shred your pale little body bare.”

“Fine,” Jessica said, taking a step away from Kathi in the darkness. “Let’s strip down and settle this fucking feud once and for all.”

“You’re going to regret this,” Kathi whispered, backing away from Jessica. Jessica reached back and unzipped her dress, swiftly dropping off her chest and stepping out of the tight red garment. In front of her she saw Kathi doing the same, both girls kicking off

their shoes and bending to peel their fishnet stockings off their toned, pale legs.

Jessica straightened slowly, warily, standing nude in front of Kathi in the dark, her breasts shifting on her chest, rising and falling with her deep, calming breaths. She suddenly saw Kathi's profile as the other blonde reached out to the wall at her side, and then the lights came on.

Jessica almost gasped as she and Kathi stood nude, facing each other fully naked for the first time. Even though they had seen each other's bodies exposed, only covered by their stockings in their confrontation over the club, something about their total nudity now seemed shocking. In the harsh overhead light Kathi's breasts jutted obscenely, covered with gooseflesh, her aureolas puckered wickedly, nipples jutting upward like erections as they faced Jessica's. Her toned stomach showed off a deep navel nestled between abdominal muscles, and below that a platinum tuft of fur and two sleek pussy lips, a pink, bacon strip of labia nestled between them, graphically visible to Jessica's inspection.

She saw Kathi's eyes take in her body, knowing she was equally exposed, her nipples equally erect, breasts taut with gooseflesh, a mix of cold nervousness and electrified arousal, sheer anticipation of the conflict to come. She saw Kathi reach up to cup her own breasts, shivering as she squeezed the two firm globes and pinched her two erect nipple shafts as she stared defiantly into Jessica's eyes.

"I hate your hard nipples," she said quietly, her voice raw as she massaged her two pink weapons and glared hatefully at Jessica's. Jessica found herself reaching up to grip and squeeze her own bare breasts, easing a knee forward slightly as Kathi shifted on her hips, the two young women bravely putting themselves on display for the other's inspection as they faced off. Jessica trembled as she pinched her own nipple shafts, wondering if she could possibly get them any harder or more aroused than they were now.

"I hate yours," she answered Kathi, both girls stepping forward gingerly, warily as they presented their breasts and nipples to each other, edging closer until the round, puckered points of their four pink rods were almost touching.

“Let’s just get one thing straight, you little bitch,” Kathi whispered. “I don’t care what happens in this room, you just keep your little girl voice *down* so nobody hears us. I don’t want anyone in this dorm to think I’m touching cheap trash like you.”

Jessica felt herself trembling with rage and hatred as she stared into Kathi’s eyes and glared down at the other girl’s cupped, creamy breasts. “Don’t worry, I wouldn’t want anyone to know I ever stripped down to bare skin with a gutter slut like you, either.”

“This is strictly between the two of us,” Kathi agreed grimly. “When we’re finished you’re going to find out just how worthless you and your pale little body are compared to me.”

“I whipped that toned, tight little ass of yours once and I’ll gladly do it again,” Jessica growled. “And we both know you can barely stand touching your fat little boobs against mine so go ahead and try it if you dare.”

“You think those nipples of yours are so fucking hard and rough,” Kathi hissed. “You don’t know the meaning of either word.”

“Bring it on, you fucking bitch,” Jessica snarled, brandishing her own nipples threateningly as she edged closer to Kathi. “Let’s see how rough yours are.”

“Come here and find out,” Kathi said as both women squeezed their breasts, fingers closing just outside their aureola flesh, supporting their erect nipples directly. Both women gasped and hissed as they guided their tingling pink rods against one another, bending and sawing them abrasively, shaft against shaft and stabbing them deep into exposed aureola flesh.

Jessica knew instantly she had an advantage over Kathi even as she shivered and quaked at the rough touch of Kathi’s nipples dragging across her own. She forced her rubbery shafts against the other blonde’s, feeling Kathi tense and retreat, then force herself back into the conflict as she thrust her pink rods against Jessica’s.

“You fucking bitch,” Kathi hissed, blinking and biting her lips as she angled her pink weapons against Jessica’s.

“Take it, honey,” Jessica growled back, her hot forehead meeting Kathi’s as the two young women concentrated on the hot friction between their dueling nipple shafts. “I’m going to grind you down to nothing.”

“Just try it, whore,” Kathi spat, forcing a gasp out of Jessica as she brandished her hot pink rods more forcefully against Jessica’s. The effort immediately cost her, though, as Jessica felt Kathi shaking and twitching at every touch of Jessica’s erect rods against hers.

“Fucking rough bitch,” Jessica moaned, keenly aware that every thrust and rub she forced onto Kathi’s nipples was felt just as keenly by her own throbbing rods.

“You stiff little whore,” Kathi growled back at her as the two continued to thrust and tear slowly against each other’s pulsing weapons. “This is just a fucking warmup and you know it. I want to get you good and hard down there before I crush the cum out of you.”

“Oh is that what you’re gonna do?” Jessica hissed back defiantly. “Before I wring your little pussy horn dry?”

“Oh, you fucking cunt,” Kathi snarled quietly. “You’re really dreaming if you think you’ve got half a chance of beating me down there where it counts.”

“You’re right, I have been dreaming,” Jessica growled, gripping Kathi’s fingers and pulling them slowly off her breasts, forcing both girls’ hands down toward their sides as she edged her bare breasts directly against Kathi’s. “I’ve been dreaming about beating your big hot snatch ever since you first flashed me back in class.”

“Is that right?” Kathi whispered hotly. “I’ve been dreaming about calling out your pussy for a fight too, ever since you dared flash that weak nothing between your legs back at me. A weak little nothing like you...daring to think you could match up against a girl like me, against *my* body...”

“You’re so fucking full of yourself,” Jessica whispered as she squeezed her hot, creamy boobs against Kathi’s, both girls pressing together eagerly, slowly pushing body to body at the center of the room. “I’m not afraid of your body, your boobs...or your pussy.”

“And I’m not afraid of your clit, Jessica,” Kathi hissed as her breasts quivered against Jessica’s, nipples still dueling hotly at the centers of their four creamy, warring boobs. “You’re going to find that out sooner than you think.”

“If you want to take this downstairs then go ahead,” Jessica snarled against Kathi’s face. “You’re brave with your boobs but I doubt you’d dare to match pussies with me now that you’re so exposed down there.”

“Your pussy couldn’t take touching mine,” Kathi whispered. “You’d melt at the feeling of my pussy lips kissing yours.”

“In your dreams,” Jessica whispered back, bravely dragging her open mouth suggestively against Kathi’s. “If you want to kiss, upstairs and downstairs, let’s fucking kiss.”

“I’ll kiss your mouth off,” Kathi snarled, closing her lips hotly over Jessica’s, moaning as the two young women began to slowly maul, lick and bite each

other's tender lips while below their pelvises edged into direct, tingling contact.

Jessica could feel the oven-like heat of Kathi's exposed cunt hovering dangerously in front of her own. Her back was already tingling, nipples throbbing with excitement at the prospect of pressing her bare pussy against Kathi's. Somehow Kathi had held her own against Jessica's breasts, and Jessica's boobs and nipples already felt raw and abraded from the friction between their fencing, probing nipples and grinding aureolas. She was shaking with tension and arousal as she gripped Kathi's slender waist while Kathi's hands squeezed Jessica's flanks, sliding downward to cup Jessica's firm, creamy, naked ass cheeks and forcing Jessica to retaliate. Both girls now squeezed and explored each other's bare buns, each measuring the other girl's gluteal muscles against her own, feeling each other out as they urged their pelvises into closer contact.

Jessica hissed as she felt Kathi's exposed vulval lips touch and caress her own, both young women pivoting, squirming pelvis to pelvis as they struggled to engage their throbbing pussy lips more closely. Jessica twitched as she felt the petals of Kathi's labia, fold

after fold of slick, delicate tissue gliding directly against her own slippery sexual folds, each girl matching her most sensitive, secret body parts against her enemy's in an act that seemed more intimate and extreme than any either of them had undertaken with anyone else.

Jessica forced her searing pussy lips into deep, firm contact with Kathi's, both girls gasping and shuddering as their most intimate sexual flesh silently contested against its counterpart between the thighs of their rival. Jessica could feel her remaining tuft of pubic fur scraping and tangling with Kathi's atop their pressed Venus mounds, adding hot friction to the gliding, snail-like contest between their matched labia below. Jessica's breathing came faster as she began to feel an insistent, swollen pressure at the apex of her vagina, the unmistakable feeling of her clitoris hardening, swelling, stretching its protective hood to shove its way out into the open. And through that pink membrane momentarily holding her sexual weapon back, she could feel the stirrings of an equally aroused and thick clitoris struggling to emerge from the folds of Kathi's sex and confront Jessica's.

“You’re fucking coming out, hussy,” Kathi shuddered as she whispered against Jessica, squirming against Jessica’s bare, tingling breasts and stomach.

“Then come out and fight me, hussy,” Jessica hissed back eagerly. “You hard little bitch.”

“You want to match hard-ons, we’ll match hard-ons here and now,” Kathi said as she pressed her bare cunt into Jessica’s. Jessica shook, squeezing her eyes shut as she suddenly felt her long, stiff, curved clit break free of its shackles, instantly exposing her to the ravages of Kathi’s bare, hot pussy flesh against Jessica’s exposed, tingling clitoris.

“Fight my clit,” Jessica moaned, her ass cheeks flexing under Kathi’s fingers as she struggled to direct her curved weapon against the hot erection she could feel hardening against her pussy mound.

Suddenly Jessica felt a white hot, wickedly curved, hard and thick sexual organ contacting and contesting her own stiff arousal. Like two thick, pink tongues, their two clits found one another and began a slow, urgent licking, slick, engorged tissue sliding, pressing and thrusting with deadly purpose as the two blondes

held each other in a shaking, surgical confrontation measured in centimeters as their two sexual horns took each other's measure, stabbed and bent against one another, every thrust and touch forcing a gasp or a stifled squeal of angry pleasure and competitive fury from its rival's owner.

“Fight my clit, you bitch,” Kathi responded breathlessly as she squirmed and twitched her hips into Jessica's, Jessica's pelvis twitching back urgently as the pace of the clitoral skirmish increased. The two blondes' breaths came in desperate pants now as they hugged each other's sweating bodies closer, eyes squeezed shut as each tried to focus all her attention on the inch and a half deep arena where their two clits crossed, each struggling to bend the other, every ounce of pressure creating an agony of mixed arousal and pain as clitoris strove to dominate clitoris, two equally-matched, equally hard, equally hot pleasure centers giving and receiving pleasure and agony as they fenced intently, curved shaft against curved shaft, while their owners gasped, sweated and cursed against each other's panting mouths, finally pressing cheek to cheek, sweat-slick breasts sliding and squeezing against one another, belly muscles squirming, hardening and releasing while their heart-shaped asses tensed and

muscl'd pussies and clits into harder, more aggressive contact.

Jessica forced herself to believe that her clitoris was bigger, harder, more dominant than Kathi's. She felt the other blonde's toned muscles pressing into her own, drank in Kathi's sweet breath, the alcohol long since evaporated from both girls as the sweat-drenched war of attrition between their bodies, between their sexualities, raged. She wanted her clit to stay hard, to stay harder and longer than Kathi's, to wear the other girl's sexual weapon down, make it shrink back under its hood in hiding from Jessica's superior clitoris. At the same time, the harder and more aroused her clitoris grew, the more shattering the sensations from Kathi's thrusting, surgical clit attacks were. Yet she knew as she engaged her pussy horn against Kathi's that she was subjecting the honey blonde to every bit as much sexual agony as Kathi was forcing from her. They were evenly matched in muscle, beauty, and sexual power, and only time would tell which one of them would submit to the other.

"I hate your clit," Kathi husked against Jessica, nails slowly clawing Jessica's beautiful ass.

“I hate your clit,” Jessica answered her, gripping and tearing at Kathi’s ass cheeks with the same slow, sadistic fury. For several long minutes the two blondes stroked viciously, with savage, quivering thrusts, clit against clit, long, curved shafts slicing and tearing across one another while Jessica and Kathi stifled agonized moans of pain and arousal. Just as the thrusting duel reached a fever pitch, both women broke off, gasping against each other’s nude, sweat-slick breasts, both forced to halt the clit battle at its height as each girl fought to control a mind-bending orgasm shaking through both bodies.

Tears streamed down Jessica’s face as she squirmed her way through a shattering climax. “Bitch, bitch!” she hissed against Kathi, just as she felt Kathi hiss the same words back against her, Kathi’s body shaking with its own hot, involuntary orgasm. Jessica had never experienced such an intense climax in her life, yet she realized her clitoris and nipples were still rock hard, still tingling with arousal. Kathi urged her clit back against Jessica’s and Jessica’s ass instinctively flexed to jab her weapon back against Kathi’s, both women screeching and gasping quietly as they struggled to control themselves.

Panting against Jessica's chest, Kathi groaned, "Now I'm going to crush your clit, Kathi." Releasing her grip on Jessica's buns, Kathi reached up to grip Jessica's biceps, sliding her grip down to engage Jessica's fingers, hands crushing down on Jessica as the platinum blonde fought to match her grip. Then Kathi began to pull both girls down toward the floor, forcing Jessica's arms down to her sides as both girls' knees bent, Kathi urging one knee forward as Jessica struggled slowly against her. It was the flip side of Jessica's arm press against Kathi above the club, Jessica realized now—when she had stretched Kathi's arms up to pin her against the beam and force their stretched, taut breasts together. Now Kathi was forcing her to the floor, each girls' opposite knee up while the other touched the floor until Kathi triumphantly forced Jessica's ass down to the ground, sliding her own pelvis between Jessica's thighs, each girl with one thigh above her rival's.

Kathi reached up with one hand now to grab Jessica's cotton candy hair, jerking her head back as she crushed their chests together and squirmed her open cunt against Jessica's. "I hope you enjoyed grinding on top of me over that club because it's the

last time you'll ever outdo me at anything," Kathi snarled against Jessica's neck. Jessica managed to snag Kathi's hair and yank her head back too until both girls switched tactics and pulled each other closer, back into their tit squeezing, navel grinding clinch, sweat-drenched cheek against cheek.

"You were lucky you grabbed my pussy in that alley because I was so close to beating you," Jessica taunted Kathi in response. She shivered as Kathi's slippery girl cum mingled with her own, like two rivers of molten lava flowing together between the mating valleys of their two swollen cunts.

Hugging Kathi's toned, creamy body against her own, Jessica trembled as she fought with all her strength to push Kathi's throbbing clitoris aside with her own. Kathi pressed back against her, her cruel, curved clit wrestling against Jessica's. The two girls squirmed and panted against each other until Jessica managed to slip under Kathi's clit and thrust her clitoris into the hot, sticky crevasse of Kathi's labia. Kathi twitched, hugging Jessica tighter, tensing against her until Jessica suddenly felt Kathi's pussy lips contract and squeeze around her clitoral shaft. Shivering, she pumped deeper into Kathi's twitching

cunt while Kathi growled against her. “Now I’m going to crush your little clit down to nothing,” the honey blonde snarled against Jessica’s cheek.

“I’m going to fuck you,” Jessica moaned as she slid her hard clit up and down through the slick, squirming folds of Kathi’s waiting, gripping labia. She thought this must be what a man felt like to slide into a girl’s pussy and feel her grip and squeeze him in response, and even as she winced and moaned under the vise-like hold of Kathi’s cunt she gloried in the feeling of fucking her rival exactly the way she deserved to be fucked, by another young blonde as aggressive and competitive as she was.

“Stroke that weak little clit into me,” Kathi hissed as she took Jessica’s thrusts. Then Kathi forced her own clit down onto Jessica’s, shoving it out from its penetration of the honey blonde, and then Jessica felt Kathi’s curved clitoris invade her labia and begin to stroke and slice up and down through her own hyper-sensitive, sexual folds. Squeezing her eyes shut, Jessica flexed her Kegels and bore down onto Kathi’s clit with all her vaginal strength.

“Now I’m going to crush yours just like I said I would, you tough bitch,” Jessica moaned. Kathi’s pelvis twitched and jerked against her as she forced herself to maintain her invasion of her rival’s pussy just as Jessica had fought to stay inside Kathi’s squeezing cunt.

“You dirty blonde bitch,” Kathi gasped.

“Bottle blonde cunt,” Jessica growled back against her.

“Fight me inside,” Kathi panted, her mouth hungrily finding Jessica’s again. “Fucking fight me inside.”

“You filthy fuck bitch,” Jessica snarled against Kathi’s tongue as the two ravenous blondes began to lick and bite.

“Fucking fighting cunt,” hissed as she bit back against Jessica.

Jessica knew instinctively what “fighting inside” meant, and she knew that was how this feud had to be settled. Kathi was pivoting her pelvis against Jessica’s,

her cunt searching Jessica's for the perfect angle, her thighs bracing against Jessica's as their pelvises wrestled and explored one another. Suddenly she felt Kathi's hot clit force itself against Jessica's, both curved clits somehow invading a shared vaginal space between their matched cunts, penetrating and thrusting while grinding together in excruciating sexual contact. At the same time both young blondes squeezed their Kegel muscles to contract their gripping pussies into vise-like contact, clamping down on one another like biting mouths while contracting the slick, hot arena in which their clitorises dueled, forcing the two curved shafts into even tighter, hotter, more abrasive contact, each crushing the sexual life out of the other.

Jessica struggled not to scream as her mouth ate Kathi's, as their tongues and teeth savaged one another. Angrily, desperately, the two blondes bucked against one another, hugging their upper bodies in a tit-smacking, sweat-spraying clinch while their pelvises squirmed, twitched and thrust electrified clits against each other, inside each other.

“Bitch clit!” Kathi gasped into Jessica's open mouth.

“Big, hot cunt whore!” Jessica gasped back as the two women crushed each other and squirmed through a body-wracking, tendon-cracking, mutual orgasm.

Jessica found herself sagging down across Kathi’s sweat-slick chest, their pussies still glued together in an orgasmic mass, her breasts still teasing Kathi’s as the enemy blonde bucked and squirmed underneath her. Somehow in the bucking, orgasmic battle between them she had butted her breasts against Kathi’s and knocked her opponent backward onto the floor and now she exhaustedly reached for the honey blonde’s wrists and with her last dregs of energy gripped them, pinned them to the floor. Once again she pressed her slippery, cream-colored breasts down onto Kathi’s and felt the other blonde’s nipples finally retreat as Jessica’s hard pink rods plunged into Kathi’s softening aureolas. The toned honey blonde still strained against Jessica but Jessica now had leverage as she pressed her pelvis against Kathi’s hips, her engorged, cum-slick pussy down onto Kathi’s gaping, waiting snatch as the tender sexual tissue of her rival slowly squirmed and pulsed against Jessica’s cunt.

“You fucking, hot-boobed bully,” she growled as she slapped her breasts down onto Kathi’s and began engaging the honey blonde’s weakening cunt with hard, dominating strokes. “I’m going to clit fuck you til you scream.”

“You’ll never make me scream you wallflower bitch,” Kathi gasped helplessly, her eyes already squeezing shut as an obvious, submitting orgasm began to wrack through her toned body.

“This is for every girl you ever pushed around,” Jessica said as she began to pound Kathi with aggressive, measured strokes, wringing out her last ounces of strength with this dominating act. “I’m going to punish your pussy the way someone should have a long time ago.”

Somehow, Kathi fought back...but it was a long, losing battle. Slowly wrestling, biting breasts and nipples, sucking and licking, the two blondes struggled for dominance long into the night until Jessica, still squirming in sexual exhaustion, passed out on top of Kathi’s hot, defeated body.