

Like many of my college contemporaries I arrived in the city on the overnight express bus to seek my fortune with little more than a backpack and a bank overdraft to my name. I had graduated from school in the summer and now it was time to start living the life of an aspiring artist in the big metropolis.

Carrie, my girlfriend of two years standing, joined me a few months later. A tall, striking blonde with a pale, clear complexion my girl was used to turning heads wherever she went. With her head for figures and sassy, no nonsense attitude, she soon lined up a career opportunity in an international bank. Notwithstanding my impeccable socialist credentials this was fine with me as the money Carrie was soon bringing in allowed me to concentrate full time on developing my struggling artist persona in the bars and studios of the 'artists quarter'.

Maria and I first met six months later when I signed up for evening classes to brush up on my knowledge of art history – she was there to meet people and improve her language skills while completing a year's law training before returning to Madrid. Maria was an olive-skinned beauty – long limbed, with deep brown eyes, dark brown hair and an infectious, full-throated laugh. Something immediately clicked and we agreed to go for a drink one evening after class. One thing led to another and pretty soon we were in bed together. The sex was great – easily as good as that wild wet weekend two years previously when Carrie and I first met. I began seeing Maria on a regular basis and at the same time – perhaps more than coincidentally – my sex life with Carrie went up a few notches as we recaptured our innate sense of sexual adventure.

Now I'm not essentially a bigheaded fellow, but I certainly counted myself extremely lucky to be sleeping with two sensationally attractive women at the same time. I was also kidding myself if I thought it could last like this. Since my youth, when I discovered that seminal Gypsy fight passage in Ian Fleming's 'From Russia with Love', I had often

fantasised about the possibility of two beautiful women fighting for my attentions until one was forced to submit to the better woman. It was not much of a stretch to centre my fantasies round a fictional encounter between my blonde girl friend and dark-haired lover. As I played the possibilities around in my feverish mind, I imagined many endings in which either tanned, olive-skinned Maria or pale, luminous Carrie would rise sweaty and triumphant above the prone, submissive figure of her rival. Particularly intriguing was the fact that, in addition to each being feisty, proud and fearless, both girls were similar in size and equally well endowed physically: it was simply impossible to predict who would prevail if my fantasy world was ever made flesh.

I guess deep down I knew that something had to happen sooner or later and it was Maria who brought things to a head one evening after class as we lay entwined in bed together. "Tell me how I compare to your other girl, Dan – I mean who is the better lover?"

My mind raced, knowing there is no right answer to this sort of question and women can instantly smell a lie. "Well you and she are sort of ...different and – there are things I like better about both of you... some things – I" It wasn't going well and before I could even finish my limp answer Maria pinned me to the bed, taunting, eyes blazing. "Yes lover, but I really need to know who makes you feel the best of all? Who has the strongest pussy? These are important things for a girl to know." I was not enjoying this trainee lawyer's direct line in questioning one iota. "Oh...you know I don't think its fair to compare you both.... I mean we should keep this separate...."

"Oh really Dan, just once in your life get off the fence. Who matters to you the most, me or her?"

Shamefaced, I turned away – I just couldn't answer. Maria rolled off the bed and started dressing, a strange expression on her face I didn't much like. But although we said no more about it as I left to get the bus home she was

about to take things into her own hands as I soon found out.

Fast forward to the present. I've just returned home from Maria's following the conversation just described. It's late, but Carrie is waiting up for me and pulls me straight into the bedroom before I even have a chance to clean up. She sidles up to me and starts sniffing my neck suspiciously.

"You know if I wasn't mistaken I'd say you have been in action tonight already honey," she purrs, eyes arched upwards ironically. Oh God, disaster - at this danger signal my mind starts racing. Think fast!

"I don't know what you mean - I haven't had time to shower today, but..." Holding me rather too hard for my liking my girlfriend takes another sniff like she's some kind of wine taster. "No, its unmistakable, eau de another woman, Southern European, probably Spanish at a guess."

You can never fool Carrie for long when she has the drop on you so I decide the only course of action is to level with her.

"Er - you got me bang to rights but tell me, how did you guess?"

"Well, its not that difficult really - this Spanish-sounding woman phones while you are out, and cutting straight to the chase says she's highly curious to find out if my man prefers her to me but as he won't tell her to her face she finds it necessary to make an appointment to discuss this matter further."

"Oh, that would be Maria then," I try to sound casual but my heart is beating furiously in my chest. "So, er - how did you respond?"

"What did I say to her?" Carrie is still talking in remarkably level tones and I am amazed - or possibly unnerved - by her apparent composure. "Well, of course, I told her that although she may have led my poor sucker of a boyfriend astray I have my own position to

consider. So if she thinks she's really so goddam superior in the pussy stakes she'd better come round and settle this thing face to face rather than discussing it over the phone. So she says that's perfect, and she will indeed be paying me a social call directly!"

"Oh, and when might that be?" I enquire planning for my own safety to be out of town when it happens.

"Oh, that was forty minutes ago, so I expect she'll be here in another five."

"Oh," is all I can say.

Just then the doorbell rings and with a meaningful stare my girl friend tells me to get inside the wardrobe, stay there and not to interrupt under ANY circumstances while she teaches the bitch a lesson she won't forget in a hurry.

By the time I am hidden safely inside I can hear both girls discussing their business in the hallway in rational, measured tones that would not seem out of place in a company boardroom meeting. I feel worried but also excited as I realise that my ultimate fantasy is close to being realised in a clash of these two strong, competitive female egos.

The time for discussion is over as both girls enter the room, Maria wasting no time in kicking off her shoes and quickly removing her T-shirt, jeans and panties, showing off her sexy tanned body and beautiful firm breasts to great effect. Carrie also peels off her dress an stepping out of her panties to reveal herself in all her naked glory. I have to pinch myself to ensure I am not dreaming as the spectacle I have fantasised about feverishly for many nights is made flesh before my very eyes.

It's clear that there are to be no further preliminaries as both girls square up on the carpet. I expect they will circle for an opening so I'm in for a surprise when they close immediately, grabbing each other's hair and commencing a tugging

match in the centre of the room. This quickly becomes eye-watering stuff and after a few wrenches both are bent double with their heads lower than their waists, their feet slapping on the carpet as they manoeuvre for position. As they cry out in pain Carrie suddenly takes the initiative, catching Maria in a side headlock and forcing her down on her knees while keeping one hand firmly embedded in the brunette's locks. The blonde's advantage is only momentary as Maria reacts forcefully, pulling Carrie's head right back by its roots so that they both fall backwards in a heap on the floor. An untidy battle for control commences and it's at this point that I realise how closely matched they really are as each hot blooded vixen strains mightily without success to pin her rival.

Cursing fluently, they progress sideways across the carpet in a tangle of limbs, only coming to rest when Maria is backed up against the wall. Seeing an opening, Carrie works strenuously to pin her opponent's hands while her pale thigh snakes across the tanned waist to hold her in position. Although the brunette defends every inch of the way, being trapped in the corner puts her at a disadvantage and Carrie manages to swing into a sitting position on top of her struggling opponent. From the way my girlfriend starts levering herself forward, I can see she is trying for a 'schoolgirl pin', no doubt a manoeuvre perfected at boarding school.

Despite Maria's energetic efforts, Carrie's shapely butt is soon squashing down on her rival's gorgeous mammaries. Meanwhile my girlfriend's pussy slides even closer to my lover's mouth and nose making Maria's eyes bulge and her nostrils quiver. If this wasn't humiliating enough, Carrie also starts taunting. "Well I hope you're going to enjoy getting better acquainted. This pussy is where Dan belongs - and always will come back to - not your skanky one..."

Fine trash talk, but she would have been better off concentrating on the task in hand because Maria is cooking something and Carrie fails to notice the supple brown legs snaking up behind her back until it's too late. With the element

of surprise Maria manages to lock her ankles under the blonde's chin and pull her backwards with devastating speed on to the carpet. One moment the blonde is looking unassailable, the next she is flat on her back with her vengeful opponent sitting on her winded belly, in a reverse straddle.

Throwing her head back and unleashing her throaty laugh, Maria is not about to pass up the chance to humiliate her foe in turn.

"So, puta, remind me what we were just discussing? Ah yes, perhaps you would like to get to know my pussy on better terms since, anatomically speaking, you can't get your face in your own!"

So saying, Maria starts to slide her body butt first towards Carrie's face. From my angle of vision I can't see my girlfriend's worried expression, but I have a great view of Maria's broad ass as it slides over large, creamy breasts and starts to bear down on the straining head beyond. To this day I still don't quite understand how Carrie managed to evade that pussy smother but somehow in the heat of the moment she snares Maria's head between her thighs and pulls her down in a head scissors. Maria has no option but to snap a reciprocal hold on Carrie and I am treated to the sight of both girls writhing on the floor as they use their strong thighs in an attempt to crush each other into submission while tugging each other's hair out by the roots. Judging by the gasps and whimpers emerging from both it's agonising stuff but their movements soon grow sluggish and a stalemate develops. Eventually they separate by mutual consent and rise to their feet to restart the contest again.

This time as they close Carrie leaps high in mid-air, successfully scissoring Maria around the waist and taking her down to the carpet with a crunch that makes both women cry out. Clearly winded by the fall, the dark haired girl grunts and tries to writhe free as sinuous thighs tighten around her midriff but the blonde keeps the initiative and soon manages to headlock her adversary, pinning her on her back. In response Maria gets her

fingers under Carrie's chin and tries to break the hold by forcing the blonde's head back. Both women gasp as they take the strain, legs spread-eagled, but Maria's counter fails and I can see that slowly but surely my girl friend is using the hold to lever my lover's face into the sweaty chasm between her breasts.

Aware of the danger, Maria's eyes widen as she kicks out with her legs in a frantic effort to break free. But each time the brunette frees her face the blonde patiently repositions her luscious mammaries and the process of attrition starts all over again with both girls tiring visibly. Finally the trap is sprung, Carrie snarling in triumph as her tit flesh covers Maria's breathing passages while the panic-stricken brunette writhes beneath her. A wicked glint in her eyes my girl friend rides my lover remorselessly until the plaintive, smothered moans from beneath signal the first submission of the contest. Carrie reluctantly releases the hold and rocks back on her haunches looking radiant as well as relieved as she rises to her feet.

Allowing herself a few moments to regain her composure, Maria also gets to her feet, her heavy breasts swaying as she rounds on Carrie, her flushed face showing her humiliation not only at losing the first fall but also the manner of losing it. As I gaze in awe at my combative sexual partners I can see clear signs that they are becoming increasingly turned on by the intimate physicality of the unfolding contest. Carrie's large creamy breasts are swollen and her pink teats have stiffened in the heat of battle. Maria's brown nipples also jut out accusatorially and her tanned mammaries seem even more turgid and heavy than before. As they take their stand again, breathing heavily, their naked, athletic bodies shining with perspiration, I am struck by a timeless, obscure vision of warlike goddesses of a different golden age of Earth preparing to rejoin battle.

My girlfriend may have the psychological edge after winning the first fall but she restarts a little too cautiously, allowing Maria to seize the initiative as she leaps forward, her speed and momentum

easily breaching Carrie's defensive stance. The brunette's right arm snakes around her opponent's neck at the same instant as one of her long legs inserts itself between the blonde's thighs. A quick wrench and a twist takes Carrie down to the carpet with Maria on top. For some moments neither girl secures a hold but Maria attacks relentlessly and I can see that she is gradually wearing Carrie down with a succession of scissor holds. Driving home her advantage, the dark haired girl establishes control with a well-applied full nelson, getting behind her opponent and forcing her into a painful bridge, tits pointing high in the air as Maria applies another crushingly effective waist scissors from behind. Carrie grimaces as she tries to break the hold but with her greater leverage Maria wins the contest of upper body strength and gradually turns her opponent over, crushing her face down into the carpet.

Securing her position with her butt cheeks squashed down on the small of Carrie's back, Maria reaches forward and working her fingers under my girlfriend's chin hauls back, grunting with satisfaction as she starts pulling the blonde's head off the carpet. With Maria's full weight pressing down on her arched spine Carrie fights back, her scrabbling fingers trying desperately to break the hold. Maria's face is set in a satisfied grimace as she pulls harder until Carrie's large breasts are hoisted off the carpet, swaying vulnerably in the air while she tries frantically to escape the hold. Seconds later with a shrill cry Carrie submits and, after prolonging the agonising hold for a few seconds longer than necessary, Maria releases and lets her opponent fall face down. It is a brutally decisive move and from the way Carrie sobs into the carpet I wonder if she will be able to continue.

Maria however is not about to allow her rival any respite as she grips Carrie's leg and twists her on to her back so that she can stare down haughtily into my girl friend's tear-streaked face.

"Perhaps now when you've stopped snivelling we can answer the question I came here for. Or maybe you want to submit to me right now before I expose

you for the weak little pussy you are?!”

“No way, bitch! – I’ll finish you off – you’ll see! ” Carrie shouts back angrily, clearly incensed at the insult.

The blonde’s heated response is cut short as Maria raises the trapped leg high in the air and brings her crotch down hard on Carrie’s exposed sex. Both gasp at the sudden forceful contact and a tussle begins as Maria tries to pin Carrie’s pussy on the carpet with her own while my girl tries equally hard to writhe out from under her. Finally as if by an invisible signal the two women pull apart and pause facing each other breathing heavily with legs apart, their engorged labia revealing the extent of their nascent sexual rivalry and their growing lust for each other.

For a fleeting moment I think I detect a look of mutual understanding passing between them and, casting my mind back to earlier conversations, I suddenly understand what is coming next. Carrie was educated at an all girl’s school and confided to me in the past that while the girls had often settled their differences in straight fights, in the context of exploring their nascent sexual urges, they had often digressed into more intimate fondling and occasionally competitive pussy on pussy action. Although she considers herself more ‘straight’ than ‘bi’ she is still proud of her prowess, having won more of these schoolgirl contests than she had lost. From her confident demeanour as they interlock legs and recommence hostilities, I begin to suspect that Maria is also an honours graduate of the school of tribadism.

The smack of flesh on flesh begins slowly, growing ever faster and louder as Carrie and Maria hump away at each other without much tenderness and without holding anything back. As the pace quickens, Carrie goes on the offensive, knotting her fingers in Maria’s dark locks and pulling her rival into a sitting position, drawing their faces together as they lock up in an extremely rough and long drawn out French kiss. I have never seen anything as erotic as the two sexy Amazons force their stiff-

nipped breasts together in a sweaty clinch while continuing to undulate their hips, forcing their pussies to battle for control down below. Breathlessly they fall back and take their weight on their elbows as the fight continues with both girls alternating their positions as each seeks to secure the dominant hold over her opponent. Judging by the intimate gasps and moans I can tell that both are nearing orgasm but will it be Carrie or Maria who will force her rival to come first?!

Suddenly my girlfriend raises her crotch on top of my lover’s slamming her pussy against Maria’s so that both women fling their heads back and groan through gritted teeth, while their breasts sway wildly with each thrust. It seems as if Maria is getting the worst of the encounter as her lovely ass cheeks splay out the floor with each impact but after taking a lot of punishment she manages to time her counter and rolls Carrie over so that she is back on top suddenly and driving her own pussy back down equally hard on my girlfriend’s.

As the tension becomes unbearable Carrie seems finally to weaken under her rival’s frenzied attack, crying out plaintively as her head goes back, eyelids fluttering and I can sense she is about to lose control as an orgasm starts welling up from deep inside. Seizing her chance Maria quickly overpowers Carrie, smothering my girl friend’s mouth with her own while grasping her wrists and battling her down decisively on to the carpet.

Carrie tries desperately to bridge out of the hold even as the spasms start to overtake her but in doing so opens her thighs even wider apart, giving Maria exactly the opening she needs to grind away at her, pussy on pussy, until a second powerful orgasm comes hard on the heels of the first. I’m somewhat taken aback to hear Carrie cry out more loudly than when I make her come but then she’s clearly sexually spent as well as immensely angry and frustrated at losing so comprehensively to her love rival and a stream of expletives comes shooting out of her pretty but distorted mouth.

Maria's ecstatic expression shows she is incredibly turned on by her victory and my humiliated girl friend has to submit as my lover straddles her. Disastrously for Carrie, Maria secures final victory by reverse face-sitting her, with her crotch on my girlfriend's nose and mouth, Carrie's legs flipped over to her head, ankles beside her ears with Maria's knees pinning her arms to immobilise her completely. Its clear Maria wants to make sure Carrie's humiliation is complete as, fully in control now, my lover makes my girlfriend pleasure her repeatedly. Finally letting go she squats on her haunches so I can see the full extent of her victory. As I peer out from my unseen vantage point I can see Carrie's face completely lathered by her rival's pussy juices, her eyes still blazing in anger while her

breasts heave deeply from her ordeal. I don't know what I will say to her when I finally escape from my hiding place but figure I'm best staying put for now. As she quickly throws her clothes on preparing to leave, Maria fires a provocative parting shot at Carrie who is still lying despondently on the floor: "As far as I'm concerned you can keep your boyfriend for now, honey. Now that we know my pussy is stronger than yours I can come back and claim him any time I feel like it!"

Judging by the malevolent scowl on my girlfriend's face I have a feeling that Carrie won't let that be the last word on the subject.

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