

Angela and Katie approached each other from opposite sides of the mat. Angela wore a purple bikini and Katie wore a white bikini. Angela at 5'7" stood a little taller than Katie at 5'4", but both weighed about 130 lbs. They had faced each other before, both experiencing hard-earned victory and humiliating defeat. But this time would be different. This time, there would be no doubt who the better woman was.

The two laid down and joined hands, not for arm wrestling but for thumb wrestling. "One, two, three, four, I declare a thumb war," they said, and the thumb battle ensued. Katie held Angela's thumb down for a three-count. She felt the pressure of Angela's thumb beneath hers, trying to escape - - a microcosm of real wrestling. The next round, Angela managed to squeeze Katie's thumb down for two counts but Katie somehow escaped and trapped Angela to win the contest.

"You have no chance," she said to Angela, who shook her head and glared at her.

"You can't win with just your thumb," Angela said. "I'll show you how to really pin a woman."

The next competition was a pin escape contest. Each woman could pin her opponent two times, and whoever held the pins for the longest combined time would win this contest.

"I'm going to need these," Angela said as she took off her bra and her breasts bounced free. She had prominent nipples. Katie undid her top and loosed her full breasts and lay down. Angela stood over her and stared down. "I'm going to flatten you," she said. "I'll have my chance," Katie replied. Angela set herself down on Katie and their breasts met for the first time. She secured her opponent's arms and then grapevined her legs slowly. Because of her height advantage, Angela was able to slither up Katie's body and breast smother her face while still maintaining the grapevine. She became excited knowing her nipples were pushing into Katie's cheeks. "One, two, three, go." Angela held her fast for

several seconds and raked her breasts across Katie's face. It was a devastating grapevine and breast smother. Once Katie freed her legs, she was able to kick out of the pin.

Next, Angela sat down on Katie's chest, her strong fleshy buttocks flattening Katie's breasts. She grabbed Katie's wrists and wrapped her arms under her legs, and moved up Katie's neck until her crotch was right above her face. Katie instinctively moved her head to the side. "No way," Angela said, "you can't move." She pushed her head back to center and sat down. Her covered pussy was directly on her mouth. Katie let out a moan. "One, two, three, go." Katie used her legs to propel upward but didn't dislodge Angela or her crotch. Angela's breasts swayed over Katie's pussy-smothered face. Katie squirmed and wiggled and finally managed to escape.

Now it was Katie's turn. She lay across Angela's chest in a crossbody pin and jammed her hip under Angela's chin. She had hold of Angela's arm between her legs and held Angela's other arm to the mat. When the pin began, she quickly moved downward to push her breasts into Angela's face. This caught Angela by surprise, and it worked perfectly as Angela was stymied for several seconds. But shortly after she rolled Katie off her.

For the next pin, Katie decided to pit her body directly against Angela's. Angela lay back on the mat and Katie laid right on top of her. Katie's bigger breasts squashed Angela's, though she felt Angela's nipples poking back, and she grapevined Angela's legs. "One, two, three, go." Angela flexed her legs but Katie's hold was strong. Their muscles showed prominently in their legs. Katie had Angela held fast, and pressed her chest as strongly as she could into Angela's. Angela groaned and breathed heavily, feeling pressure on every part of her body and Katie's hair falling onto her face. Katie stared down at her opponent. Her gaze seemed to say, "You will never escape." But Angela did manage to free her arms and escape the pin.

The winner of the pin escape contest by only a few seconds was Angela.

Now they entered the final challenge. Katie removed her thong and revealed a beautiful, delicate but powerful partly-shaven pussy. Her pubic hair was soft and downy. Angela tossed her thong aside to expose a shaven pussy with a substantial clit. They brushed their nipples together and pushed their breasts together lightly, moving side to side and around each other's nipples. They kissed and explored several trib positions, including the closed scissors, which allowed for intense downward and direct pressure, and quickly their pussies were wet and red. They watched their clits fighting each other, which strengthened their will to win and excited them. They fought in the missionary position, which allowed the breasts to come into play, swinging over faces, over other breasts, pressing into other breasts, and their full genitals to sweep over the other's. They also moved into the cowgirl position, allowing for mutual stimulation of the entire body and several different variations controlled by the woman on top. Finally, they even stuck their hard nipples into each other's pussies, tender breast flesh meeting moist, soft pussy and hard clit. Angela loved having Katie drag the ends of her hair along her body, and it felt like a thousand feathers.

Who lasted the longest?

Who resisted the lips that explored the body's crevices? Who withstood the searching fingers that found their destination?

The outcome of their earlier contests motivated them to perform all the stronger.

It was a great battle with both girls sweating from all parts of their bodies, using as much wrestling technique as sexual. They rubbed their pussies across backs, up thighs, rubbed them into buttocks, pressed them into breasts, and offered them to hungry mouths. They squeezed and slapped and pinched and tickled with their hands, bringing forth moans of surprised ecstasy. For these delicious minutes they were the only two people in the world; nothing else existed. Their life was a sensual, competitive one: they did not exist without the other. Neither knew it was possible to feel such

natural heightened emotions. Indeed, neither had felt such a vulnerable tranquility, almost like a perfect happiness tempered with an ephemeral destiny. It was truly an epiphanic experience with every sense aroused to its fullest aptitude. Their heartbeats, though protected deep inside their bodies, beat for each other and tried to break free of their lungs and chests to mingle with the physical bliss that spread itself out with every hot breath. Who lasted the longest?

It was up to the women to decide this definitive contest, women who in this instant have reached the pinnacle of female competition, and who are participating in the creation of beauty. Their world is outside words. Their world is the corporeal, the immediate reality of the body.

The winner finally forced her victim onto her back and took her proud throne atop the victim's face, who was smothered by the womanhood of the better woman, and forced to do whatever was commanded of her.

\*\*\*\_\*\*\*