

When two Girls Clash

A tale of love, lust and loss by Gemma Rox

Part 1...

I Fucking Rock!!!!

At least that's what I tell myself every day, it's hard growing up in a tiny Welsh town where you're the only English girl. I've always been the outsider. I was treated like an outsider, I was stared at like an outsider, I was excluded like an outsider, I was mistrusted like an outsider and then... after years of loneliness when I started acting like an outsider? They hated me like an Outsider.

But that's fine, I've adapted to my role rather well. I moved here when I was still a child - 7 or 8 I think. When you're that young there isn't any way to rebel socially so I used my English heritage as a sword and shield - they would bully me for it so I would stick fiercely to it. My older sisters all changed, after a while their accents were manipulated and coarse taking to using local vocabulary and of course they were excepted into the loving arms of society like good little robots. But me, I kept my voice, I kept my tone not that I don't like the Welsh, it's just that I'm not Welsh and at when your 7 years old, this was the only rebellion I could think of

But I grew older... And other, more penetrative methods became available. I remember hating music with a passion, all the girls would dance in the school yard in unison to the latest noise and I loathed them for it. But then... oh my... then I heard Metallica... a Child of 13 and I discovered a new weapon in my arsenal! It became my saviour, by this point my mother had all but disowned me for my antics even when I needed her most, I was an outsider in my own home... that hurt bad, but Heavy Metal would see me through it!

The other kids had another stick to beat me with of course but my shield grew exponentially, it was an arms race really - every time they found something to hate me with, I'd take that and make it my own strength.

They cast stones, I took them and built a castle
They fired arrows, I took them and built a portcullis
They shot bullets, I'd melt them into armour
... I think I've taken this analogy as far as it'll go...

I learned to wire a plug at 13... I'd come home to find my stereo wire cut so I learnt to fix it and start playing it louder, I smiled as I heard my mother rage "What kind of freak 13 year old knows how to do that!!!". Older still I grew and secondary school fared no better. If anything the social casts were even more ridged and the few people who did like me were afraid to show it in public for fear of reproach by the other social casts. Don't get me wrong, I'm not rebelling against any social casts or saying I'm a communist or any of that shit, I don't have an agenda. I'm the United States of Gemma! And in the United States of Gemma we hate everyone equally!

I found hair dye and alternative cloths appealing mainly because everyone else was repulsed by it. Of course, I had to sneak away and get a train to Cardiff to get this stuff because there was NOWHERE in Pontypridd that would stock any of this shit! My hair would change from week to week my makeup was freaky and applied with abandon and I loved it! So fucking what if these fucks can't accept me! They never tried to accept me! They don't deserve to have me in their lives! I'd tell myself

When I was 16 my breasts were a rather predominant feature of mine (the only good thing to ever come from my mother) and I displayed them in corsets or low cut tee's of various metal bands as a twisted parody of the beauty that everyone aspired to. I was called Zombie Slut, Corpse Whore and countless other slurs but I didn't mind, I was who I was. My breasts also helped me get other things... tattoo's and piercing... nobody suspected I was under 18 and I took full advantage of that! My parents freaked, the school went ape shit and society shunned me yet again! The boys took a keen interest but that only help cement the thought that I was an enemy into all the girls minds. This led to countless fights but that's not what this tale is about...

The tale all this is heading towards takes place at a small collage in Hawthorn I was 19 years old, studying to repeat the qualifications my wistful youth had prevented me from attaining and life was actually pretty decent for once! I had a girlfriend - well I say girlfriend... it's more like frenzied fucking with a fringe of conversation, but that suits me fine! On the downside being bi-sexual was yet another weapon in my enemies arsenal! Everyone still hated me but with quiet contemplation instead of tossing eggs out of speeding cars. I still had my quirky fashion, loud music and sharp wit as my shield but the walking to communication studies I stopped dead in my tracks... I stood jaw dropped at this goddess! Her arms and legs tattooed her face pierced and fiery, her hair dark and mysterious. Dressed in a Tiny Green Mini skirt and black tee she looked divine! Her body was full figured and curvaceous, her smile infectious, she giggled and laughed and everybody loved her!... everybody loved her... that had more impact than I first imagined... this girl was new to our small town, from overhearing her accent I could tell she was English too, she was tattooed, pierced, outrageous, more so than I ever hoped to be! Yet they all loved her where they hated me...

Suddenly I felt her gaze on me and realised I stared too long, she looked me up and down and smiled before turning her attention back towards the crowd of welcoming faces that were greeting the new girl... What the FUCK!!! I thought to myself! She's practically the embodiment of me! And they love her??? This put me in a foul mood, constantly that scene played in my head over and over again. The boys fawning over her the girls laughing and joking with her. The image drove my mood darker until class was finished and I made my way out to the car park. And she's there sat on the bars by the entrance eating an apple. I try not to pay any attention and walk to my Car and she calls over

"Hey... HEY! Honey? Come over here!"

I sigh and shoot her a look but walk over anyway

"what?" I ask plainly

"I'm Terri" she states

"Do you have a cock?" I fire back unimpressed

"WHAT???" she answers confused

"I though Terry was a boys name" I reply

"NO, Terri... they told me you were quite the little spitfire honey!" she giggles. She even finds a way to give a cheery laugh at my insults, when most girls would just want to slap me

"I just wanted to introduce myself, I saw you in the courtyard earlier but I was getting swamped! You know how it is when you're the new girl, huh?" she asks. I could see a look in her eye's, almost nervousness while she gauged my responses hoping to find a common connection we could bond over.

"No, I really wouldn't know." I answer "Pretty much everyone in this town hates me."

“Really... that’s awful.” she rued “Why? Why would they do that? You seem pretty cool to me!” she asks out of concern then tries pitifully to raise my spirits, It was an unfamiliar sensation, somebody actually asking me how I felt, and trying to make me feel better rather than stomp on me some more.

“I guess I’m just different, that’s all... The Tattoo’s, The piercing, the Heavy Metal. I always figured they were scared of what they didn’t understand. I was always treated like an outsider so that’s what I became. I don’t really give a shit anyway”

“Come on... You must care!” she says, pushing the matter further “I’m different, and they seem to like me!” her words cut me... they do like her... why the fuck did they accept her with open arms? I’ve had 12 years of shit and now this? Maybe she wanted to chat and for me to open up so we could become friends but in one sentence, she drove a wedge between us that struck with heavy resonance...

“Not everyone loves you precious” I hiss and turn to walk away then I feel a shove on my back and I my books and bag go sprawling out onto the floor

“What’s your problem?” She rages, hurt and upset at my blatant disregard for her, then after a moment of awkward silence she goes bright red and scrambles to the floor to pick up my books and possessions “I’m sorry! I just flare up every now and then! I’m so, so sorry!!!” she pleads

I snatch my belongings from her and glare at her hard, on her knees trying to make amends but she’s shown me her true colours!

“You’re just like the rest of those arse holes.” I growl then get in my car and leave paying her no more attention. I never saw her sobbing on the floor as I left.

For a week and a day my mind was constantly filled with thoughts of her...

Why she had been accepted where I was shunned?...

Why did she feel the need to come and speak to me?...

Was she looking to make friends or enemies?...

I decided on the later, She was the one who shoved me. Not that I cared my personal space was invaded, I’m used to it. I constantly found myself on the receiving end of punches, kicks, sticks and stones. Her actions just helped cement in my head the fact that just because she has tattoo’s and piercing and that hardcore look, doesn’t mean she’s any different to the fuckwits I grew up with.

As you’re already aware, I lived a solitary life and was a keen reader and writer, I painted a lot and walked through the countryside. Wales is blessed as one of the most naturally beautiful places in Britain and no matter how low I felt, no matter how bruised I was physically or emotionally, she was always there to greet me. Those rolling hillsides, the trees, the streams. I loved her. Because she was all mine. And today I was walking through her beauty to get to my favourite spot, dressed in some heavy black boots and fishnets that snagged and tore on countless ferns and bushes through my trek, and a short tartan mini skirt with a tight low cut white Pennywise Tee I trundled through the undergrowth to my spot, happy at the thought of reaching my nirvana...

Until I saw Terri...

Standing on a rock looking up at the treetops in a clearing she stood in the same outfit I saw her in a week ago, Her green denim short skirt and a black tee. The weather is hot (a rare treat for Wales) and she shimmered with a glaze of sweat from her trek up the mountain, then again it happened. My gaze lingered too long and she spotted me

“Hey! GEMMA! HI!” she beamed as if we were old friends and I trundled over, a smouldering rage festering deep inside me as it seems I’ve even lost my favourite contemplation spot to her.

“Yes?” I sigh answering her call

“How are you honey?” she chirps “You look well!”

“Is that a dig?” I fire back

“What??? No! I... I’m just saying you look well is all...” she stammers, her cheery demeanour crushed by my cynicism

“Well thank you. You look good too” I respond and allow myself a smile as I see her confused face, one minute cheery, the next concerned, then surprised to receive a compliment. Was it a compliment? She struggles to find her footing in this repartee, and I enjoy fucking with her

“uh... ok then... we both look good...” she continues with caution, clearly not wanting her words to be manipulated again. Waiting for a harsh response but not getting one she relaxes and asks “so what brings you out here?”

“So I need permission to be out here now?” I snap back

“No!!! FUCK!!! What’s your problem???” she snaps back, clearly my words are having an effect as I see her ample chest heave with barely suppressed anger. She’s getting worked up. Good! She’s the one imposing herself onto my life, I’m not going to give her an easy ride!

“Don’t lose your fucking temper with me BITCH!” I shout back... now that did surprise me...
Do I fuck with peoples emotions, yeah - all the time!
Do I twist their words? Of course! It makes me chuckle.
But that last sentence was outright hostility... that’s not me...

She breaths deeply and I can see the effort on her face as she tries to control herself

“Now honey... please don’t call me a bitch.” she states trying to plaster over her rage with a thin layer of calm and failing miserably. My worst instincts come out now, sensing a weakness I strike

“Why Bitch? don’t you like being called a Bitch? Maybe Slut? Is that better Bitch? Or cunt? Or Whore?” I giggle back, her reddening face amusing me. I know what’s going to happen because it’s the same thing that always happens. They get intimidated by my words and my posturing and then they’ll attack. She’s no different to the Blonde bimbo’s or the trashy sluts I went to school with. She just tries to hide it under this Rock Chick Persona!

“Stop it!” she growls

“Why Bitch? What’s wrong Bitch?” I glare

“I’m fucking warning you...” she says, her voice broken with anger as she squares off against me, taller by a few inches and heavier by a few pounds she is but that doesn’t concern me.

“Warning me?... well I see!... but I am a little curious now as to what exactly is going to happen if I do call you a...”

“Don’t you FUCKING do it!!!” she cuts me off pointing at me with a shaking hand, her face almost in tears at my verbal torment

“.....Bitch!” I finish and she flies at me! I feel the familiar burn in my scalp as she rips at my dark hair and I decide to take advantage of her hands being so high and counter with a low blow! A

knee right into her crotch! Her eye's not 3 inches away from mine widen with horror as she doubles over, leaving me to smirk. I knew this prissy little rock chick didn't have anything! One clean blow and she's out! Such a wimp!

I Fucking Rock!!!!

At least that's what I told myself until I felt her strong grip on my crotch!

"FUUUUUUCK!!!!!" I scream out as she digs her fingers into an area most sensitive! Then my vision leaves me for a second as she rises up and slams my jaw with a bone crunching uppercut! It rocks my head back and takes me a clean 4 inches off the floor as I fly backwards and land spread eagle on my back, the hard, uneven ground digs into me, the broken ferns stab me and all I can think of is 'great! Now the countryside is hurting me too!' before I gather my wits, she rushes over to me panicked and shocked

"Oh My GOD!!! I'm so SORRY!!! Are you alri..." is all she could manage as she's met by the sole of my heavy boot! Rushing forwards and bending over to tend to me gave me the perfect shot to ram my foot in her face! She flies back stunned and I get up nursing my jaw and spit some blood out, the pain in the lower right side of my mouth lets me know I cracked a tooth... BITCH! I hate dentists! But at least I didn't bite through my tongue... I need to watch out for this one, she's got some fire in her after all...

She gets up slowly, never taking her eye's off of me, she rubs the dried dirt from my boot off her left cheek and we circle each other keeping low like two rival panthers stalking each other...


"I can't believe I thought for a second you could be anything other than the cunt they all told me you were!" she hisses, clearly lamenting ever trying to get to know me as many before her have...

"I can't believe how you can even judge me Bitch! You were in this shit hole of a town a whole 5 minutes before you started shoving me in Collage, knocking my things everywhere! And now what? You're surprised I don't fucking like you? You're just like them! Pissing on me from high up on your fucking pedestal! FUCK YOU!" I scream and lunge at her, I'm met with a hard slap across my left cheek but am relieved the heavy right I threw into her ribs caused her more pain than she caused me! She reels back clutching her ribs as follow up, leading with my left foot I send in a stinging left jab into her eye and her head rocks back! I swing in a heavy right cross looking to end her threat and hit nothing but air! She's dropped low and twisted in a leg sweep, her extended right leg crashing into my shins and sending me down onto my knees hard!

The rough forest floor hurts as tree bark and ferns dig into my skin but not nearly as much as her thunderous kick hurt! She got up quick and fired another right kick, this time driving her foot forward into my lower back!

"AAAAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!" I scream as I'm trusted forward and land face first onto the floor, I gasp a heavy breath as her weight lands on top of me and she punches my back, shoulders and head whilst straddling me! I push off the floor with a mighty heave and get to all fours, her legs around my waist as she sits on top of me unsteady. Interlocking the fingers she then raises her hands up high to bring them smashing down hard on my back but the blow never landed. As she reached up, I shifted my balance and kneeled upright then backwards! Both of us tumbling back with her landing hard and me on top of her!

"OOOMMMFFF!!!" she gasped and I turned around to see her pained face, she must have landed on a rock or something but I wasn't going to wait around to find out! I throw in four devastating one-two combinations into her stomach! Each fist slamming in hard, pinned to the floor, her body unable to retreat from the punishment! She's gasping and winded now, her eye's a mixture of panic and agony as she lays stunned, unable to take in enough breath. I get up and grabbing her hair sit her up in front



far, so hard she just wanted to hurt me, and by the devils unholy wrath she was good at it. My body started to quiver and shake uncontrollably then after a minute of horrendous pain and torture my body goes limp and I black out. My senses finally overwhelmed by the agony.

I awake to the cold, hardened stare of Terri kneeling over me and groan in total misery. My body was a wreck!

“I just wanted to make sure you weren’t dead before I left you hear slut.” she said, the cheery, chirpy girl I first laid eye’s on nowhere to be seen. Just this bruised, messed up ice maiden with twigs in her hair and blood on her lip

“No wait!” I call out and she halt’s her rise, staying kneeled but unimpressed...

“I tried to say I’m sorry before but I don’t think you quite understood me...” I start


“Yeah, I bet your sorry cunt!” she fires throwing my words back at me and I’m painfully aware now of how frustrating it must be to try and talk to me...

“No I mean I’m sorry for not accepting you...” her eye’s break as I see the icy look crack revealing the fragile girl inside “I never realised that I was doing to you what those pricks did to me all those years ago and... well, I’d never wish that on anyone else, so if I made you feel unwelcome... I’m sorry”

Her tears came in a flood as her shoulders bobbed up and down and I smiled a little at the sight of her breasts jiggling with every shoulder jerk... then I realised just how much my jaw hurt when I smiled and quickly stopped perverting on her...

“OH MY GOD!!!” she suddenly jolts up in shock! “So you really were apologising and I just put you in a full nelson and scissors and knocked you out? OH MY GOD I’M SORRY!!!” she cries hugging me in tears. I wanted to call her a fucking dick and explain how her hug, far from the apologetic gesture she meant it to be, is in fact making me want to throw up in pain but I then realise that she needs the hug more than I do. I’m quite emotional at this point... but I can’t cry... I wish I could but I just can’t instead I tell her to stop being so gay and help me up.

The next few weeks were sheer agony as I recovered from 3 broken ribs... but the next 2 years... well for the first time in my life I didn’t spend them alone...



When two Girls Clash

Part 2...

Terri completed me. For the first time in my whole life I had someone I could love and who loved me back. Don't get me wrong I loved my father but the rest of the household held me in bitter disdain and resentment so I chose to become an outcast to spare him the wicked glances. I know that sounds very Disney... the evil mother and my two fiendish older sisters keeping a loving father and daughter apart but that's my life. I lived with it, I grew up with it and now I've put it behind me.

But now Terri was here I had someone I could openly adore. Fuck the consequences and fuck the stares these village inbreeds gave us as we walked hand in hand. She was kind and considerate, funny and witty, mischievous and sprightly. You could call her the exact opposite of me. I'm more introverted in my ways... not that I'm shy or arrogant it's just when you've been hated for 12 years by just about every soul you meet on your life journey you learn to stop looking outside for warmth, company and friendship and turn to yourself. I'm witty in my ways and I have an odd sense of humour that seems to make Terri laugh (and when she does, those Rosie cheeks of hers are adorable!) and I'm sensitive. I think I have a poetic soul but none of this has ever been on display before.

It was new to me. Showing your emotions. I'm not a fucking robot or anything! I've shown plenty of emotions to the dip shits who tormented me daily for the last 12 years. Hate, disgust, contempt, pity, loathing... but never anything that could be used against me. I remember when I was really young... 8 or 9 I think and I shared with a girl in primary school that I cried a little when I watch the Lion King and straight away she used it against me. The kids all bullied me "Cry Baby! Cry Baby!"... well four minutes later she was the one crying and I was up in front of the head master with blood on my right knuckles... I could be a vicious little shit when I needed to be...

But I digress... I've been a closed book all my life. All I've shown was what I wanted the world to see... They saw my tattoo's... my piercing... my freakish clothes... my heavy boots... my studded belts... my dyed hair... and of course they judged me, but I was cool with that. They judged me on my terms. They saw only what I wanted them to see and knew only what I wanted them to know. I can handle all the insults about my appearance and my way of life, truth is I almost cracked and laughed one time when one of the boys called me a Donkey raping shit eater. To this day... out of all the many and varied insults I've received, that's my favourite! God bless small town mentalities!

Life was different now. Terri and I had been together for almost 2 years. I've been kind of accepted into her group of friends (but deep down it still felt awkward sometimes) and although it took her a while and many arguments, I started to open up and tell her more about me. Once I started I couldn't stop! The Dam I'd built to keep all this shit in was torn asunder and I revealed my entire life, my hopes and dreams, regrets and failures. She listened intently offering condolences through the bad times and laughing heartily at the good. We cried together a lot at some of the stuff I shared but at the end of it I felt amazing. It was like re-living the last 12 years but with a friend to comfort me. More than once I shut up and blushed ashamed and offered to listen to her for a while but she laughed and told me no, she was riveted by me and wanted to know everything about the girl she loved. So I told her. Everything.

My life was easier now, I didn't get bullied anymore, my connection to Terri gave people a life line and a reason to talk to me. Terri said that I'm partly to blame for my isolation as friendship is a two way street. I told her to go fuck herself. She laughed. I didn't. But we were great together. And the sex... oh my god! The sex... it was mind blowing!

Now dear reader, you'll know from my last tale that Terri and I didn't get off to what you would call... a good start. Fact is she broke my ribs, cracked a tooth and damn near ripped my shoulders apart but I gave as good as I got, her face was bruised and bloodied, she lost 2 teeth (which I paid for... I fucking hate dentists... £2,500??? Robbing bastards!) and she was sore for a long time afterwards. If I hadn't been so cocky and chose to insult her I would have finished her off and annihilated her... but then my life would be just as miserable now as it was before... strange how getting the shit kicked out of you can make life better...

Anyway... we got off to a brutal start, but it ignited a fire... we became quite competitive in the bedroom too... we wrestled a lot and I absolutely LOVED it! We didn't go brutal like we did in the woods of course but some of the submission moves are pretty harsh... We were trying out holds on each other one time to see who was the toughest and she tried a hold called the torture rack... where she hoisted me up on her shoulders and grabbed my leg with one hand and my chin with the other and bent me... I'm tough but not too tough to admit I burst into tears... the pain was horrendous! She broke the hold and started crying herself (she was a girly girl underneath those tattoos and attitude and hated to see me cry. Almost every time I did she burst out into tears too) that's when we decided using safety words were the best option!

We carried on, I normally lost as by this time she was a sports science student in Glamorgan University and was awesomely buff! I LOVED her body! I've never been into the whole body worship culture but she was hot!!! Not too big, not too skinny, there were curves in all the right places and she packed a voluptuous rack (if it's not too crass of me to say so... if it is.. too late! It's out there!) We'd wrestle for a while to see who'd get the upper hand and when one of us was clearly ahead, the other would assume a submissive role and get dominated in holds and positions. That way we got a good competitive wrestle and we got to use the moves and holds that just aren't that practical in a competitive match.

It was a wild, crazy time for me! I was fulfilling every sexual desire and the things she did to me were intense, she'd get me in a hold and would keep it locked even after I submitted (to be honest, that was part of the role play for her, she could keep the hold on as long as she wanted or until the safety word was used. She loved dominating me) and while I begged and suffered she would run her hand over me and force me to cum over and over again while throwing a continual barrage of filth and trash talk my way. Her favourites were a cross knee back breaker or an abdominal stretch because they both left a hand free to molest me. These soon became my favourites too. I would win occasionally, get the upper hand and really rub it in. I loved it! But I didn't have the body back then. I was feisty but had rarely seen the inside of a gym and the only time I ever ran in my life was when I was being chased. That led me to believe that she let me have those wins, but I didn't mind, I lorded it over her like they were my own.

Sometimes she got pissed off at me because I just refused to submit, despite the torturous pain I was in. She'd scream at me

"JUST FUCKING QUIT YOU DUMB cunt!!!" angry that she couldn't break me and although I was close to tears, I'd scream

"FUCK YOU SLUT!!!" On the odd occasion she'd break the hold and give me a telling off, ranting how my stubbornness could get me seriously injured. I was sure it was just because she was pissed I was tougher than her... yeah, she won the fights but when I got her in a hold, she couldn't last. She just didn't have the heart to take it when I really applied it.

Our sex life was fucking hot... and too this day, probably the best I've ever had... (or at least a close second... but that's another story) but I was taken aback one August Monday... It surprises me after all this time that I remember it was a Monday...

“Honey...” she whispered as we lay in bed, My back was to her as I normally sleep on my right hand side. the sun peaking around the edges of the curtains in my room. “Are you awake?” she continued. Bored and looking around my blank lilac walls... it was a horrible room but it was in Cardiff and I loved that city. They accepted me there. I hated it when I stayed at Terri’s... back in that shit hole of a town...

“No” I answered and she chuckled before tickling me. I jumped startled as her fingers danced and pranced across my ribs, letting out a high pitched squeal as I turned to face that gorgeous smile

“Well I guess I’m awake now!” I laugh as she leans forward and plants a gentle kiss on my lips... I get paranoid about my morning breath and pop in a few tic-tacs from the bedside cabinet and she laughs at me again

“Last night was... intense...” she said, half a statement and half a complete understatement! I had her in a single leg Boston Crab and made her promise to do some filthy things to me while I brought her off... and I took a lot of pleasure from making her fulfil her promise after I made her scream a submission...

“Oh really... I was a little bored...” I teased and she scrunched her face pretending to be angry and punched my right arm before she started laughing again.

“Well since you were so terribly bored... I was thinking about what we talked about the other night...”

Oh shit. I knew this would come up again... when I shared everything with Terri... I shared EVERYTHING with Terri... including my sexual past. She was a bit intimidated at first as I got up to a lot of shit between the age of 17 and 19... Some stuff I’m not proud of, and some I am but they all add up to experience that forms the girl I am today. Terri felt the need to share a crazy experience with me so we could be on par in those stakes... and she argued it would be amazing because that experience would be with me. You’re probably thinking, dear reader, that our sex life is pretty fucking awesome and crazy already! And you’d be right, It was fantastic, but Terri couldn’t live with the things I’d done before... or more accurately, one thing in particular... and I so desperately wanted to live with Terri for the rest of my days...

“This is crazy! I don’t want to share you!” I protested

“You’ve had threesomes before!” she complained, hurt that I won’t comply with her wishes

“I had A threesome! ONE!!!” I state flatly. Voice rising as my tone get’s angrier “and it ruined a relationship!” not mine granted, but I still felt bad...


“We’re stronger than they were! We can get through anything together! I promise I wont ask again... you’ve done so much and I feel so... stale... like I’m not enough...”

I rage and we argue. It’s not the first time we’ve had the argument but it’s the first time she won it... I gave in after what felt like an hour of screaming and crying, then finally hugging and kissing.

“Ok... I’ll do it...”

“REALLY??? You mean it??? Oh my god... where do we start???” she buzzed standing up and turning in a circle on the spot, her mind racing and her body filled with energy but with no direction or focus she just stands there looking like a twat... a naked, adorable twat.

“But you pick the girl... I don’t want anything to do with this apart from the fucking!” I sulk



“Oh your so romantic...” she joked

A week had passed and Terri finally found someone, approached them and they agreed. Her name was Lisa and she was a friend of Terri’s. Not a close friend but a friend none the less. She was cute and a little pit plump. Not at all big but curvaceous and alluring. The night came around fast. And despite your desires I’m not going to share that with you. It was an intimate experience between 3 women and it will stay that way, sorry folks.

It was probably one of the best experiences of my life... and it was most definitely the worst...

At first Terri was so satisfied and content... she’d had an experience with me I’m sure few other people have ever done but the aftermath was crippling... she became distant and irritable. Snapping at the tiniest things until she became just too unbearable to be around. I lashed out one day, about a week after the night and we flew into a horrid argument. She accused me of enjoying Lisa more than her and blamed me for everything. She said that I shouldn’t have had any desire to share her and that it was a betrayal. I tried to swing the argument back, screaming that it was all her fucking idea but she just protested that she only did it so she could be on a par with my sluttish level. And as much as I know that argument is flawed and stupid... it’s right. If I hadn’t done as much in my youth we wouldn’t have been here now. I can’t remember what I said next. Her slap knocked the memory right out of me. I recoiled back, hurt. But not from the slap. You see in the right context, a slap can be an awful experience. It resonates with emotion more than a punch ever could. The emotional wreckage that was my life seemed to be coming back to normal after what has been a brief 2 year hiatus. The difference is I wasn’t the same girl I was 2 years ago. Terri changed me. I couldn’t keep all that pain locked inside anymore. I didn’t have the depth and capacity in me. I just cried and cried and cried.


But what hurt infinitely more... was the girl opposite me. The fun loving, emotionally tuned woman who couldn’t stand to see me cry alone, the woman who would cry every time I got upset sharing my pain just stood there. Watching me with disgust. Not a tear in her hate filled eyes. Her gaze cut me to the core. I felt dirty. I felt like the things I did made me a wretched human being and now I’ve corrupted the most pure woman I’ve ever met with my taint. She told me to get out and I did. Without a protest or a fight or even a murmur... I just grabbed my bag and left, head down, ashamed and in tears. All the way to Trefforest Train station and back to Cardiff. I was broken and alone. And for the first time in my life, I didn’t know how to react to that.

A week had passed and I got no phone calls or visits. No replies to the hundreds of text messages and answer machine messages I sent. I’d really blown it. I decided to go back to Trefforest to speak to her in person. My belly was in knots as I took the cramped 30 minute train journey to hell. And it got worse once I arrived. I walked down the street to the Otley. A pub just down the road from the university. It was a Friday and I knew Terri was a creature of habit. She’d be catching up with her friends about now. I walked in wanting to throw up but kept my nerve. Her friends were there but Terri wasn’t. I guess her habits broke with my heart.

They spotted me and scowled. I wasn’t used to that anymore. 2 years ago I would have laughed and got a drink but right then I felt like shit. I was always weary of her friends, some of them have been picking at me for years, others I didn’t know so well. One girl... Carli... was a grade a cunt. I’ll give you 10 guesses who led the conversation.

“Oh... It’s you...” she smirked turning her head away from me like I’m something a servant just scrapped of her boots “Haven’t you done enough damage slut?”

“Is Terri around?” I ask, my voice trembling as I hold in the shame



“Well obviously not slut” she spat back with venom... I couldn't help notice that was the second time she's called me a slut in less than a minute. Normally her insults are more varied...

“Do... does anyone know where I can find her?” I ask the group trying to draw anybody else but her into this conversation.

“Nobodies going to tell you slut!” Carli fired back “Go back to Cardiff and ruin somebody else's life with your sex games you fucking whore!”

I was stunned... sure Carli had insulted me before, but never had she hurt me. I was defenceless and broken. Terri had told her a deep secret and Carli was bludgeoning my heart with it mercilessly

“She... she told you?” I gasped

“Oh she told us EVERYTHING!” she answered smiling wickedly “How since you got here you looked down on us and judged us and thought you were better than us! How you used to fuck our boyfriends for fun behind our backs and had the audacity to call us whores. She told us EVERYTHING YOU SLUT!” she stood up now and the pub was deathly silent except for my sobs. I ran out of the pub, tears streaming down my face as I fled her screaming and ranting.

I've never been so betrayed in my life. Not to this day have I hurt that much. I ran and I ran past the university and up to oxford street where the small town of Trefforest met the mountains. I slowed down to a walk as I crossed the threshold of nature, my only friend growing up comforting me. I slowly climb the steady incline to my spot. I don't know what's driving me there. Habit I guess. It's where I used to go to get away from the world, and it's also where my world changed for the better when I first fought with Terri.

My heart was crushed and as I passed the huge bolder to approach the clearing... it seems even my favourite spot had betrayed me. There she sat looking forlorn and morose. She was broken from her retrieve by the sudden movement and leapt to her feet when she saw me.

“WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT!” she screamed, pure hate in her eyes... how did the sweet girl I know and love become so bitter? In that moment I fed off her hate and the pain inside me turned to steel.

“I want a fucking answer!” I growled marching towards her. The clearing is about 16 feet in total, a few stones and branches lay about and it's surrounded by some trees on the top of the gradual slope and ferns all around the other three sides. You can see the whole town from up here and the neighbouring valleys which I always used to dream about. I was sat on a rock here many a time daydreaming how if I lived in that valley over there, the people would be nicer and my life would be whole, but now I'm older. And I know life sucks.

I'm wearing my heavy new rock boots that raise me up to about 5'5” and a white vest top with a black frilly skirt and fate as it seems... has a sense of humour... Terri is wearing virtually the exact same outfit she had on almost 2 years ago... a green denim mini skirt with a tight black t-shirt and some trainers... if it wasn't for the trainers and the cut of her t-shirt she'd be a leaner, angrier version of the woman who changed my life back then...

“Answer to what!” she growls back circling me

“WHY YOU FUCKING BETRAYED ME!!!!!!” I scream tears bursting from me as I collapse onto the grass and weeds, sobbing uncontrollably. I wanted to maintain a strong dominant stance just like I used to have but I just can't. Not with her.

“I don’t owe you a fucking thing!” She hisses, seeing me in pieces on the floor does nothing to dent the armour she’s put around herself. You fucking whore. You did this, not me! You should have said no. you could have said no. but you were just to fucking selfish...” I snapped... I did that for her... I was so wrapped up in my own misery I didn’t even stop to think that maybe this isn’t my fault.

“You fucking cunt!!!” I roar getting back to my feet, my eyes are red from crying but they hold a fire in them that makes Terri take a step back... “I did that because you wouldn’t stop begging with me... wouldn’t let go... you ignored every FUCKING thing I said and you pushed and pushed and pushed till I couldn’t TAKE ANY MORE!!!!”

I could see the realisation hit her that this is all her fault. And for a second I saw sorrow.

“Apologise...” I growled. I was full of righteous indignation, her betrayal... how she sold me out to everyone who hated me... “Apologise NOW!”

“FUCK YOU!!!” she shouted back, her temper flaring

“You told everyone who hates me exactly what they need to destroy me... I’ll fucking beat an apology out of you if I have to...”

“You can’t take me... you never could... every time you won was because I let you. Because I felt sorry for you, that’s our entire fucking relationship in one fucking word! PITY!!! You worthless shit!”

Her words cut me to the bone... I was a better person with her... she made me who I am now... was I just a pet project? Someone she could mould into what she wanted? I told her everything about me but I didn’t know that much about her. All these doubts fly into my head and rip me apart. I’m torn emotionally limb from limb... I’m so weak right now I could break and that forces me to do what I do best... When weak, feign strength. My grandfathers motto I’ve carried around with me all these years. I’ve done it so many times now that I even fool myself. I actually do think I’m strong. I kid myself and it galvanises me. I size her up. She’s taller, heavier, stronger... I can fucking take her. I’d like to say I wanted to fight her in a slim hope of repeating our battle 2 years ago... maybe we’ll fall into each others arms and put our troubles behind us... but that’s a fucking lie. I just want to hurt her. I want to hurt her so bad it scares me.

“This isn’t the bedroom bitch... and I’m not wrestling... and all those times you got mad because you couldn’t make me tap... we both know it’s because you were ashamed. A smaller girl like me could make you tap within a minute. I always thought you didn’t have the heart for it... Now I know you just don’t have a fucking heart at all... I’m going to fucking destroy you cunt!” I growl, an evil glare in my eye.

She meets me with a slap as I thought she would, her right hand stings my left cheek but my right fist stings her more. Burying it deep into her ribs. I know they’re sensitive, she could never last against a scissors. I follow with a left to her other side and she winces as a loud “UUGGGNNN...” escapes her lips, her pain fuels me as I see her eye’s close tight and her teeth gritted. No fucking heart I think to myself.

I launch a right uppercut and it connects heavy to her jaw rocking her head back. Her eye’s look glazed already and I plan my attack. Last time we fought here I wanted to beat her, but not really injure her. Sure the fight was bloody and brutal but I held back. Not today. One of us wasn’t walking away from this.

I saw my opportunity as her head bobbed from side to side, her eye’s unfocused and I powered everything I had into smashing her jaw into fragments. I Hadn’t had any boxing training back then but could still punch pretty well. My right fist hurled itself forward and I was stunned to see her dart her head away and use my own momentum to slam a knee deep into my gut just above my pubic

mound! I gasped as the air was smashed out of me, my abs aching and my lungs screaming. I panted, doubled over trying to get breath then pain erupted on my lower back. While I was panting she lifted her hands high above her head and brought them down with such force that it knocked me flat against the grass floor, breathless again from her double axe handle smash.

I felt her hands grip my dark hair as she ripped me up to my feet and stood behind me and launched 6 successive punches into my kidneys! I screamed as tears streamed down my face. She pulled back on my hair trapping me in the spot and forcing me to look up at the clear sky above, pulling back her right hand far she twisted and drove it in deep to my right kidney. The scream I let out could curdle your blood as I dropped to my knees, my legs gave way as the searing white hot flash of pain debilitated me. She stepped back, raised her knee to her chest and extended her leg sharply, her foot cracking the back of my skull and sending me sprawling face down into the grass and dirt.

I lay there in a world of hurt, my back in agony as every breath I took caused an ache inside. I could feel her grip my right leg and tuck it under her left arm... she leaned back hard in a single leg Boston Crab and I screamed again, fresh tears poured from my eyes as I cried and clawed at the turf and grass trying to find a purchase to free myself. She was methodical in my destruction, first taking my breath away then braking my back. She favoured a wrestling hold as it's what she knows from our many times in bed and she knew this one hurt bad. My already punished back was arched 90 degrees and my leg was stretched beyond reason. My abs felt like they were being torn asunder and she stood there, hearing the woman she once loved cry and beg but offered nothing back but curses and spite.

She made a mistake though. She didn't know it yet but she soon would... I've been held in this hold many times and I've often thought of escapes and tricks to get free, but never acted on them as they would have hurt her bad... I'm not inclined to give a shit about her wellbeing any more. If she held me in a full Boston Crab, her power and weight would have been enough to end me, but like I said, she stuck to what she knew and she favoured the single leg version because she was prone to reaching down with her free hand and teasing me. I threw my left leg back hard, my back screamed as I did but not as loud as Terri when the heel of my heavy boot connected with a gut wrenching crunch against her pubic bone! She dropped the hold and fell face down to the floor clutching her devastated pussy and I clawed my way to my knees. I'd taken one hell of a beating but I had heart. I would end this one way or another.

I got to my feet around the same time she raised herself up to all fours and I ran at her slamming my booted right foot into her right ribs and she flew through the air and landed hard tumbling a little until she finally came to rest on her back, screaming and clutching her ribs. I might have broken a rib or two there and there was a part of me crying inside for the pain I just inflicted on the woman I love but then I thought, did she feel the same heart ache while she pounded my kidneys and bent me cruelly in her Boston Crab?

I ran over and straddled her chest, dropping hard knocking the wind from her and forcing another muted scream as I crushed her ribs a little more. Her arms were pinned by her sides and she was hurting. I held her head down by her hair with my right hand and started to pound away at her possibly broken right ribs with my left. Every punch was met with a scream at first, loud and agonising as the pain struck out from her ribs to the rest of her body like a lightning bolt. My punches came down faster and faster

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15 times I smashed her ribs and with every punch her once loud and agonising scream became quieter and quieter until it was a breathless whimper smothered by tears and a lack of oxygen. I looked down at the broken girl and I cried so hard it hurt. The woman I loved. The only person I ever loved was laying beneath me, her breath ragged and laboured and her eye's glazed over. I started to get up and she gazed at me through those hazy, beaten eyes. I wish I could tell what was going on inside her mind, but it was impossible to read. Her hair was knotted and filled with grass and twigs, her face dirty and streaked where her tears washed the dirt away.


I was stood over her, my legs apart and I panted and groaned, my back and kidneys were throbbing and I knew that wasn't good... I always thought Terri had the body, the physique, the mind... but she lacked the heart to be a real fighter... I always thought that until her trainer smashed me in my cunt

I dropped to my knees and buckled over, back on top of her as my mouth was wide open in a speechless scream. I looked up to see her herd race towards me, no time to avoid it I tilted my head to spare my nose and the thick bone of her forehead annihilated my cheekbone and I crashed onto my side, lifeless.

I was unconscious but luckily Terri was in no fit state to do any damage to me just right now. She laid next to me. With back to her, laying unconscious on my right hand side as she lies on her back. Over the last two years we've probably laid together like this over 500 times. She just breathed in and out. Tranquil but with a tear in her eye. Her mind was racing and her ribs were hurting. I'll never know what she was thinking in those 5 long minutes but her face changed. back to the hurt, angry warrior who was hell bent on destroying me. Her years training and studying sports science paid off as her recovery was faster than my own.

She got up and launched a kick into my back, brutally waking me from my enforced rest with a shriek. She reached down and grabbed my hair pulling me to my feet and slammed a right fist deep into my belly. It wasn't the toned, defined belly I have today. Back then it was softer, weaker, vulnerable. A lot of things in me have hardened since that day... I gasped and almost fell. My legs trembling. She sees that and lifts me up holding my 110lbs body with ease across her chest then sprints forward up the gradual slope as fast as her tired legs could carry her ramming my back into the solid oak tree at the top of the clearing! I screamed again. My voice was hoarse and broken now from all the screams and tears. Every scream and word came out in a husky breath. I was expecting to be dropped across her knee in a back breaker or slammed onto the hard floor but instead she leaned down and placed me gently against the tree and I stood leaning against it gasping and hurting.

Her moment of leniency didn't last long as she threw fist after fist into my belly, pulverising what little muscle I had. The first 3 punches left me breathless and defenceless but she rained more and more down on me. A right hook to my ribs, a left jab just above my navel, a right uppercut deep into my belly button, a stinging left uppercut into the exact same spot. Over and over she buried her fist deep into me and every time I started to fall she would bring me back up with a vicious knee deep into me, just above my pubic mound. I tried to stay strong, to stay defiant but she had utterly destroyed every part of me. She launched one final blow, filled with venom and spite. A fist straight out of Hades damned kingdom launched into me and obliterated me. It dug itself deep inside me as I doubled over viciously. She stepped back but I didn't get up. I couldn't breath. I was terrified. Am I dying? Then a thrust came from within me as I threw up onto the floor. There was a lot of blood mixed in with vomit as I dropped to my knees finally able to breath. I gasped and shook, my wrecked body convulsing through shock. I wasn't just emotionally broken, the woman I love had seriously damaged me, my insides were pulverised.




Terri looked at me, startled at first at the destruction she'd caused but it wasn't enough. She needed to hear me scream. She needed my submission, my total defeat. Her mind raced back to a time where she got it unreservedly and she gripped my hair, standing me up again but this time behind me. She bent down and wrapped her right arm around my left leg and reached up with her left hand and gripped my chin. Then standing straight she hoisted me across her shoulders in a torture rack. Pulling down mercilessly I screamed my surrender instantly. My horse, broken voice shrieked like a banshee as I begged her to stop over and over again. Where my body found them I don't know but fresh tears cascaded down my face as she wrenched my broken body harder and harder. I knew nothing but pain. Not a single thought, not one emotion filled me. Just pain as she bent me in the most agonising hold I have ever felt.

I don't know why, but I uttered a word. A silly little word we had in our sex games... banana. That word might not mean much to you but to us it was our safety word. It meant that despite my toughness and my bravado, I couldn't take any more, I just couldn't stand it. I was done. Finished. Broken. I don't know if it was that word that changed her path, she seemed set on ruining me, but she dropped me and I fell to the floor with a crash instantly. Maybe the memory of us play fighting and of the sorrow she felt the first and only time she tried that hold on me ignited something inside her. A little remorse. A little guilt. I don't know. But she broke down next to me and sobbed her apology to me over and over again. I wish I could have replied, telling her that it's alright. I really did forgive her. I didn't care about the pain I was in any more or the betrayal of my trust, I just wanted her to hold me. I never had the chance to tell her that as I passed out from the pain. She sat next to me holding me. Standing watch as my broken body rested.

I awoke a few days later in a hospital bed. How I got there, I don't know. Where the hospital was, I don't know. All I know was the doctors told me I would be ok but couldn't move right now. I had some severe internal lacerations and a broken cheek bone. They explained how I'm lucky to be alive and if I went untreated any longer they couldn't have done a thing to save me. A few days later I got a letter.

It was Terri. She wrote telling me that I'd never see her again. She went on to say how she'd ruined everything and almost killed me. She couldn't face me or what she'd done. She quit university and moved back home. She'd severed all ties to Trefforest and vanished. Now my destruction was complete. Because I passed out, I never had the chance to forgive her, to let her know that I didn't give a shit about anything or anyone except her. To tell her that the only thing in this world that could make me feel right again was the way she'd sneak up behind me and wrap her arms around my waist, hugging me as she nuzzled my neck.

And so my story ends... for now. A tale of how a sensual, unforgettable experience of a threesome turned out to be the worst experience of my life.



When two Girls Clash

Part 3...

So now I'm 25... Life is pretty good. I never thought it would be again. I thought my life was over. When the doctors told me of my narrow escape 4 years ago I wished for the longest time they failed. Death would have been so much easier to take. I didn't try to kill myself or anything but back then... If the doctors told me they couldn't save me and I was going to die? I would have thanked them. That's dark I know... it's also incredibly selfish to have no appreciation for something as wonderful as life. But that's how I felt. And I'd be lying to you if I said I felt any different.

I'd lost the only person in the world I loved and it hurt. It hurt far more than my broken body. It hurt far more than my lacerated kidney, broken ribs, blunt abdominal trauma, torn hamstring and fractured cheekbone ever could. I actually got sympathy from some people and I was amazed to be honest. In the 2 years I was with Terri, people had started to accept me but I thought that was just to keep her happy. I honestly thought that the second she was gone they would all turn on me in a heart beat, but that never happened.

I had to move back home for a while because I couldn't look after myself and I dreaded it. As I hobbled down the streets to go to the shop or get some air I felt the familiar eyes of the locals watching me again. Just like they did for 12 years... staring in wonder and fear, but this time they had pity... they had sympathy. Everyone knew what happened and some people even sided with me. Not that I wanted that. I threatened to kill one girl all because she said "I can't believe what that crazy slut did to you!" I snapped and lashed out. Not physically of course, I was a wreck. But the cold hard girl I used to be reared her ugly head and my acid tongue lashed out and stung the poor woman.

Throughout it all, I still held Terri on a pedestal. How could I not? She made me who I was. Where I was sullen, stubborn and reclusive she was joyful, engaging and the life of the party and through her I became a better person. She ripped down the walls I'd built around myself and opened me up to a world of new experiences, to passion, love, romance, joy... she was enthralling. But once the walls were down it left me open to other things... pain, humiliation, suffering, loss...

For a while I became the girl I used to be. I retreated and defended. Where people would come up to me and ask me how I was doing I'd laugh their concerns off with a bullish attitude, feigning strength and solidity and I'd pay them no notice when they questioned my resilience. But despite my bravado, every night I cried myself to sleep in my lonely room. I came to the realisation that I can't go back. Terri changed me and I should embrace that change. Be a better woman. I mourned her loss like that of a loved one who passed and after my grief, I moved on.

Time heals all wounds they say... well... I don't know who 'they' are, but they certainly talk a lot of shit. To this day I feel that loss. But I guess it's not as bad as it used to be... Time did heal my body right. I became stronger than ever. I started working out, I loved running, I went to the gym at least 3 times a week and I even started a boxing class. I was never the slightest bit interested in physical fitness before but I've convinced myself that I started doing it in memory of Terri. I convinced myself because it made me feel good. It gave me confidence and empowered me just like she used to.

On the same sunny day in August I go back to Trefforest and up the mountain. It's not the same as it used to be, the University has gotten bigger now and the houses in the village are either full of students or old people who refuse to leave their town. The town has prospered financially more than it ever did, there are more businesses and opportunities but it lost some of its heart. The Primary school

has closed down because families don't chose to move to Trefforest anymore. Because of that, nobody ever goes up the mountain. It was always the kids or the families walking the dog that marched up there but now the trail is overgrown. My stubbornness means I manage to get up every year on the same day without fail nether the less.

I remember the first year well. My stomach was twisting and turning so much I felt sick. I clung onto the childish notion that maybe Terri had the same idea. Maybe I'd find her there in my clearing. Of course she wasn't and I sat down and cried for the entire day. Year two of my twisted anniversary and the same thing happens. I'd given up on my childish ideas by then of course, I knew I'd never see her again but I made my pilgrimage all the same. And again in year three there was walking... there was sitting and there was crying.

On the forth year The weather was awful. The clouds were darker than I'd ever seen them and without the suns bathing light, the tree's all looked ominous and threatening. You could still see your way around fine but the shadows were much darker and the world was grey - like an old movie. The rain beat down so hard it almost stung as I fought my way through the overgrowth. My white blouse was soaked through revealing the outline of the bra underneath and my knee length skirt and heavy boots were caked in mud and filth. But I climbed up the steady incline anyway, knowing what awaited me there was a wet afternoon of tears and regrets but my stubbornness wouldn't let me give up. No matter how much Terri changed me, she could never get rid of my stubbornness. At least it was still warm. I was soaked to the bone but it was a summer storm and the heat meant I was sweating profusely too. I powered up the hill and reached the top. Now was just the long walk along the narrow peak then the cut back down the hill a little to my secluded spot.

The ferns all rustled in the wind and they sounded like they were shrieking at me. The trees shook and the sky cracked. A large roar of thunder overhead filled the sky and drowned out the callous, shrill cries of the ferns and the wilderness. This was going to be a storm of epic proportions. I LOVE storms! As if on queue the sky was awash with a crackling energy as the first lightning bolt struck the ground. I counted the seconds like I used to as a child

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BOOM! The thunder rumbled menacingly. The storm was 6 miles away. I chuckled to myself. I had no idea if that was true or not but when you hear something as a kid, you just reckon it to be fact! The weather couldn't get more foul but I enjoyed it. I'd always taken comfort in the rolling hillsides more than I ever did with people and it felt like mother nature was sharing my pain as I completed my journey.

I walked passed the large bolder as I have done countless times in the past and stepped into the clearing just as another heavy rumble cracked overhead. I was smiling to myself, thinking back all those years how I used to almost sprint to the clearing hoping she'd be there. I wasn't that naive anymore and trundled over in a happy walk. Caked in wet mud and filth, soaked through to the bone but still warm with the summers heat the weather had actually lifted my spirits some and as I looked up and saw the girl standing in front of me I continued to smile.

The girl... my smile faded... I saw her but my mind didn't register her at first, or maybe couldn't register her... As reality sunk in my smile turned into a quivering mess as all the memories and emotions of the last 6 years tore through me. My stomach lurched and tightened like someone had thrust their fists right through my flesh and gripped it with both hands squeezing with all their might... I jumped with a sudden gasp as another bolt of lighting illuminated the grey afternoon sky and her rain soaked face shone in the sudden flash.

I ran. I covered the 15 foot distance as fast as my legs could carry me and our bodies smashed together as the Thunder cracked above our heads. The sky sounded like it was being torn asunder as we ran our hands all over each others bodies, our lips mashed together roughly and quickly, as if we were trying to catch up on four years worth of lost passion. I took in every detail, my hands ran through her dark, rain soaked hair as I took in her scent, My hands then explored the curves of her body, working down her hips and around her back. I pulled her in close to me, our bodies pressing against each other. My breasts pressed against hers as our legs intertwine and I feel her thigh push up and rub my crotch and I groan as her tongue wrestles mine. The Thunder roars again, and I feel two palms gently push against my shoulders and I stumble back and take in a sharp breath now my lips are free from her own. We stare at each other for 10 long, silent seconds. Just the noise of the heavy rain and warring clouds above surrounds us until I finally open my mouth

“You came back!” I cry, my heart bursting with joy as I smile like a love struck fool

“You... you look good Gemma” she reply’s nervous and awkward. I don’t know if it was a conscious decision or random chance but she’d dressed almost exactly the same as she was all those years ago... in her green denim mini skirt with a black vest top. She looked stunning, the rain making her top cling to her body so tightly but I could see her eye’s were red and puffy... coming here wasn’t an easy thing for her to do... I don’t know what it is she wants to say but those eyes of hers don’t fill me with hope... I try to make her smile. I’m so desperate to see that smile again...

“You look every bit the angel I remember sweetie! My god... I’m so happy you’re here!” I beam with a huge smile. She smile back. But it doesn’t carry the same warmth or joy I remembered. The muted tone in the air is punctuated with yet another deafening base line from the heavens as the thunder rolls on relentlessly. I’m suddenly painfully aware of how I must look, rain soaked and dishevelled from my long trek. Covered in mud and filth. I start adjusting my clothes and try in vein to fix my sodden hair.

“There you go again, always trying to make me happy” she chuckles and for the first time I feel the warmth of her smile on me. I release a heavy sigh as I realise I’d held my breath waiting for her response. My mind is tortured, is she here with good news or bad... I want to ask her so many questions but I couldn’t... what if she has bad news... Childishly I skit around any conversation hoping this moment would never end... but of course, it will...

“Gemma... I...”

“I can’t believe how good you look!” I gush trying to make her smile again

“...I need to...”

“Did you finish your sports science degree? You’ve never been so toned!” cutting her off mid way

“Gemma... I just have to...”

“I always liked you in that skirt, it shows off your legs and those sexy calves....”

“GEMMA!!!” she screamed with anger in her voice and my smile dropped as I stared at the ground like a child who’s being castigated. I can’t hold off the truth any longer so I face it. I look up and stare into those dark, troubled eyes and ask

“How did you know I’d be here?” She paused for a while, her temper was up now and I don’t know why she’s so mad... she thinks about ignoring my question and finishing what she came up here to do but in the end decides to answer me.

“.....Carli told me. The girls all said you come up here the same day every year. Why? Why do you do that?” she asks and I’m almost reluctant to tell her...

“Mourning” I answer quietly. She stares at me long and hard, I know she wants more of an explanation than that, so I give her more. “This is the day I lost the only thing that was good in my worthless, shitty life. So I mourn it’s loss... I mourn losing you.”

As I stare at her I can see the words wreck their terrible damage. Her face turns and twists as if I’d rammed a hard uppercut into her gut. She tries to hold in the tears and chokes on her heart

“I’m so sorry.” She gasps, still choking on her emotions as she can’t keep them buried any more and bursts into tears. I remember the first time I saw her burst into tears as I lay bloody and beaten on the floor. Now I’m standing, in the best shape of my life and I’m in much more pain than I ever was then...

“Oh honey... you don’t ever need to apologise to me!” I comfort as I step into her and hug her, she buries her face into my shoulder and squeezes me so tight. Feeling her body against mine again was sheer bliss. I could feel her body shake as she sobbed onto me and I held her tight. The storm showed no signs of slowing down as the wind ravaged the countryside and whipped the trees and ferns into submission. Our soaked hair was blown all around our faces and each other.

After 5 minutes she breaks away from me again, her sobbing has subsided now and she stares at me with a softness in her gaze.

“I am sorry. I shouldn’t have left the way I did...” she finally speaks and I quickly interrupt her

“You shouldn’t have left at all!” I snapped, my anger showing through a little too much. I see her take a step back and I immediately regret it. I soften my voice but I still need an answer...

“Why did you leave me? I thought we were stronger than that” I ask, almost choking on my painful words

“I almost killed you! I thought you’d never want to see me again... I was honestly scared that the first thing you’d do when you saw me today was kick my arse...” she answered, she seemed amazed that I even needed to ask and I guess if anyone else beat me like that and left me hospitalised, I wouldn’t want to seem them again. But for Terri to think that I wouldn’t want to ever see her again... that really hurts. I stare at her, jaw open as the rain pounds down heavier.

“... Babes... I’d take a beating like that once a week if it meant I got to be with you for the rest of my life... How could you ever think that I’d never want to see you again... I’m nothing without you...” again my words hurt her... It was plain to see from her face... I didn’t mean them too but the realisation that she spent the last 4 years in exile, longing to be with me but choosing to punish herself and stay away. Now being told that she was wrong and I’ve wanted her embrace every day was brutal. I’ve learnt the hard way that life is brutal... but sometimes... it’s an absolute cxnt.

“You’re hear now!” I cry out hopefully over another blast of thunder. I smile again as the possibilities race through my head, of recapturing the long lost love of my life “We can put all that behind us!”

“Oh Gemma.....”

I wait with baited breath for her words

“you need to shut the fuck up and listen for once in your life...” Her tone takes on a harsh edge and her words offer me no comfort, but I comply and hear her out.

“I am sorry that I left you... but most of all I’m sorry I ever met you...”

My legs turn to jelly as this time I’m on the receiving end of some painful truths. I almost drop to my knees and my eye’s start to well up as I choke and hold in the tears.

“My life has been HELL!!! I dropped out of university through fear of ever running into you again... I moved cities and ended up in a shitty dead end job just to make sure we never saw each other... I can’t speak my mind or open up anymore I’m so fucking damaged and because of that the only partners I’ve had have all been abusive, oppressing arse holes... for 4 long years I hid from you... and now I need to face my daemons... I need to put you down Gemma...”

I was stunned into silence... is this really happening? It took me almost 4 years to get over this woman and now she’s back, she wants to destroy me?

“Are you FUCKING CRAZY???” I scream “It took me years to get over you and the fucking wreckage you left behind when you ran away!!! I never asked you to go!!! You just abandoned me!!! And now you come here and blame ME for everything that’s gone wrong in your life? FUCK YOU TERRI!!!!” FUCK YOU!!!!”

I stand there breathing heavy as the storm rages... perception is a funny thing... moments before, the storm lifted my spirits as I watched mother nature in all her glory... now it feels like the heavens are at war, like they’ve taken sides and scream and shout as they watch our battle unfold. I can’t believe she blames me...

“My life’s been no fucking picnic the last 4 years BITCH! But then again, I didn’t have a choice... you say you’ve been to hell? Well so have I... the only difference is YOU put me here and there was no fucking way for me to get out... you could have came back anytime you wanted... we could have embraced and moved on with our lives together the second you returned but for 4 years your fucking cowardice shone through and you hid. YOU made your life hell you fucking cunt! YOU made both our lives hell!”

She steps towards me and her breasts press against mine as she stares into my face with a look of pure rage


“I’ve been hurting myself for 4 long fucking years bitch... and if you think I came here to start getting punished by you as well? You’re in for some disappointment... I am going to beat you tonight just like I always have...”

“Are you going to run away again after you do? That’s what your best at isn’t it? Being a fucking coward?” I growl back pressing my body hard against hers. She doesn’t answer, she just raises her arms and shoves my shoulders so I fly back.

I don’t fight it, instead my left fist lashes out like a whip as I stumble backwards, clipping her nose and rocking her head back slightly. I can see a small drop of blood run down from her right nostril and I know it’s on...

We circle each other on this familiar spot but this time my stomach is ripping itself apart with conflicting emotions... Last time I lost the fight and I lost the love of my life... this time I don’t plan on losing, but even if I win, can I get her back... do I want her back? Yes... that was a stupid question. I’d do anything to have her back in my life.

She jumps at me with grace and speed grabbing my left wrist with both hands I throw out a hard right hook towards her face but she ducks it releasing my left wrist and slams a fist into my exposed right had side. “UUuuggghhh... Uugggnnn...ooommmpphhh...” she launches 3 more heavy blows there and I twist quickly clipping her jaw with a left hook. It didn’t have the force I needed to floor her but



she starts back pedalling to safety. My punch clearly shook her. I can see it in her eye's and it crushes me...

I burst into tears and sob uncontrollably and Terri stares confused...

"I don't want this! Why are you doing this?" I cry out over the thunder and she hesitates for the briefest of seconds... maybe there is some of the woman I left still in there "I'm not fighting you!" I state lowering my arms in the heavy rain

She approaches me with her arms up still, unsure what to do

"Don't be fucking stupid! I'm not going to stop you know!" she shouts out, angry at my lack of compliance... her anger boils over and she smashes a heavy right into my belly and I step back gasping but keep my arms lowered. She backed off after the punch expecting a retaliation but when none came she got even angrier

"JUST FUCKING FIGHT YOU PUSSY!!!" she screamed running forward and gripping my hair painfully. She held my hair and wrenched my head from side to side whilst throwing in vicious knees to my unprotected belly. I gasped and I coughed as her punishment rained down. One brutal knee sank deep into my navel and I doubled over coughing and crying before she pulled me up straight by my hair with her left hand and cracked a solid right against my left cheek bone. I would have staggered back but she still held my hair tight. Still my arms were lowered. I would not attack her... and this drove her hate and fury to fever pitch... she convinced herself that this would be the turning point in her terrible life and from her point of view, I was preventing it.


My jaw dropped and my mouth opened wide in a silent scream as the white hot pain flashed through my body followed by a huge throbbing agony. She'd pulled my hair up with both hands staring right into my eyes, inches away from me and SLAMMED her right knee deep into my cunt. Brutalizing my pussy and forcing me to choke and gasp on the pain. I felt my hair get released and she backed off... still within striking distance but far enough to survey the damage.

I was hurting bad. My lip was split from one of her punches and my left cheek was swelling up. My ribs were aching, my abs were tender and the pain in my crotch made me want to throw up. But nothing compared to the hurt inside...

"Listen... if I win here, I'm leaving you a beaten, bruised and broken wreck on this mountain and I'll walk away forgetting you ever existed... I don't care what you think... I don't care that you wont defend yourself... I'll pound you until your unrecognisable from the mud and dirt on the floor... So if you really love me... If you want me back in your life like you say you do... you better not lose..."

Her words were awful! How could she put me in this position... to stand any chance of keeping the girl I love I have to beat her into submission? My body trembled with anger... she wants to fight? I'll give her the worst fight she's ever known...

She comes at me again but I dance to her left circling her, keeping her wrong footed... I see her slip on the mud and she windmills her arms to stay upright and I strike out like a viper. Seeing the opening in slow motion I launch a heavy right fist forward, it smashes into the right side of her mouth and rocks her back violently. Her lip is busted open wide and she flies backwards splashing down mud and grass. She lays there a second dazed, her arms and legs spread wide as the Storm washes down on her. The blood running from her lip diluted by heavy rain water as it pours down. She didn't get much time to rest as I threw a vicious kick to her cunt. As the toes of my heavy boot smashed her delicate womanhood, her entire body shot up of it's own accord, reeling from the terrible blow. Her hands flew to her pain and she screamed a blood curdling cry. Her eye's weren't focussed, she was in shock and she didn't see me step to her right and fire out a brutal right footed kick to her chest. Her breasts were crushed against her ribs and chest plate by the impact and she was flung back hard against the



uneven, rain soaked floor again, gasping and coughing as my kick robbed her of oxygen as well as savaged her breasts.

I circle her and start to throw kicks into her ribs, she's curled up on the mud and grass, covered in filth and her face is scrunched up trying to contain the pain she's in. that's nothing compared to what I'll put her through... I straddle her chest pin her arms to her side and stare down at her. I can see the fear in her eyes as I a bolt of lightning silhouettes me. I start raining down heavy fists against her chest and breasts. I don't punch her face, I want her conscious and in pain. My blows wreak a terrible toll on her body as she thrashes and struggles to free herself. Her breasts and ribs get pounded over and over and over again as tears stream down her face. I was so focused on hurting her I never felt her hand get free until she dug her nails viciously into my pussy.

“FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCKKK!!!!!!!!!!” I scream out and the heavens roared with me. Another blast of thunder rumbles as the sky shares my pain. I roll off to her right hand side, my hands trying to pry her left hand away as she brings her right hand across and thumps it into my solar plexus I gasp as I struggle to breath. My lungs and diaphragm temporarily paralysed by her blow and she mounts me while I'm still gasping and frightened. A right hook crashes against my jaw followed by a left into my cheek. Over and over again she beats her fist into my face, my nose is bleeding, my lip is split wider and my face is starting to puff up as she beats me senseless. I can't believe I'm losing the fight... with every harsh blow, the woman I love slips further from my grasp as I teeter on the edge of consciousness. She pounds me so hard and for so long, she starts to tire out and instead grabs my hair and lifts my head high only to ram it down into the mud. The ground is far too wet and soft to hurt but my hair and scalp are on fire. She gets off me pulling me up till I'm standing, although I'm barely upright, my legs are so shaky. She cracks my jaw yet again with a right hook, the punch landing with a solid thud and rocks me so hard I spin around, staggering and now facing away from her.

She rams a deep uppercut into what she thinks is my right kidney and I scream. She's heard me scream before but this was different... this scream had all the pain and terror behind it of a thousand lost souls. As her punch smashed into me my body is pushed forward, my arms reach out to the side clawing at the air and my head is thrust back as I scream at the sky. After I scream she punches me again and again in the same spot she pounded me 4 years ago. I beg her to stop

“Please!!! Not there... AAAGGGHHH!!!... oh god please stop!!!”

“What's wrong BITCH! You're back hurting you cunt?” she growls menacingly then punches me again.

She rips my top up, wanting to see my back as her fist slams into it and readies another hate fuelled punch and then chokes... she staggers back as she sees the deep and horrible scar stretching across the right side of my back and ribs...

“what the... what the fuck is that???” she gasps fearful of my answer... but she already knows... she was a sports science student for 2 years, she knows the human body better than most. I turn to face her, tears mingle with rain and blood on my bruised face and I rub my tender back and my old wound carefully... I can't look at her, I turn slightly to my right, so my left hand side is facing her and my tender right had side is safe...

“that is where my kidney use to be... the one you annihilated 4 years ago... around the same time you deserted me when I needed you the most... you see... it wasn't just my heart you broke...” I saw the impact my words had on her... the painful truth ripping her apart. Tears burst from her as she breaks down completely... I won the fight, that's for sure... she's a wreck. She cries so hard her tears fight to drown out the heavy rainfall.

The mud slips a little...

But not enough for me to lose purchase...

I push off the ball of my right foot up to my toes as I shift my weight across to my left foot...

My torso soon follows as my hips and then my shoulder rotate towards her...

My right arm flies true, slicing a path across the rain as it travels with all the speed and power I have ever thrown...

As my fist smashes the left side of her stunned jaw, the shock and impact causes it to open as I power through...

Her jaw cracks, and is forced to her right under duress from my fist...

Her head soon follows and my punch continues its path, spraying spittle and blood in a curving arc outwards from her mouth...

As my fist leaves her face and finishes its journey, her head is still snapping sideways, the force of the blow obliterating her...

As her head twists its soon followed by her long dark hair which whips out away from her...

As her hair lashes out, tiny beads of rain are flicked from it and travel in a clean arcing sweep like the blade of a sword, distending from her...

She crashes face down into the mud and filth, out cold and broken. Her heart smashed in to pieces by the realisation of her own actions and her jaw possibly broken by my vengeance and fury. I stand over her, shaking my right hand as it throbs and watch her laying face down for a few moments. I kneel beside her and twist her onto her back and with the help of the pouring rain, wash the black mud off her face. She looks so serene and peaceful and my mind can't help but wonder back to all those times I watched her sleep in my bed and I cry. Not in my entire life have I ever cried so much over one girl... or over anything in fact. Through the last 4 years I've cried and cried more than I have my entire life and every tear has been for her... yet despite the pain and misery I feel... I still want her. I still need her. Because all this pain and suffering I have inside me is worth it to feel just a moment of joy in her arms.

I lay there next to her, hugging her for a while until she starts to wake... my heart is in my mouth as she turns to face me... her eye's are groggy and she smiles at me.. It's eerie... like her concussed brain hasn't even registered that we ever split up and acts like we've just woken up in bed on a Sunday afternoon and then the pain hits her... soon followed by the recollection... her mind clears and she stares at me... she goes to say something but she cries out, her jaw aching badly.

"It's alright... you don't need to say anything right now... just please... please don't leave me again..." I finish and start to cry.

"Ooohhwwwee... I guess you won... ooohhhh fuck.... My jaw... jeez..."

I lay next to her in silence fearing her next words...

"...look Gemma... I... I'm not..."

My heart stops beating as time freezes. The sky starts to clear and the rain finally relents. Daylight is visible for the first time and I still hold my breath waiting for her words...

"I'm not going anywhere honey..."

Le Fin

x G x