

An Arranged Catfight

An Erotic Catfighting tale by Gemma Rox

“So... do you want her to win or to lose?”

Jay was stunned... here he was sat in front of this tattooed vixen, sultry and seductive as she got ready to fight his wife... he had a good reason to be stunned. Most couples have fantasies and most are kept secret through fear of reproach. Some couples are brave or trusting enough to talk about them, they'd laugh and joke and make empty promises to fulfil them that never came to pass. Not many ever get the chance to actually act on them, especially a fantasy so dark!

“I... uh... I'm not sure I understand...” he stammered

She smiled at him. It was an unexpected question to be sure, but then again, this whole situation had an air of the surreal about it. Her smile was warming and gentle, not something you'd expect from a half dressed tattooed rock chick, but then appearances can be deceiving. Her smile betrayed a gentle nature underneath the hard edged look she strived to portray.

“Well... would you like me to let her win? Or would you like me to kick her arse?” she giggled in a posh English accent that contrasted against her rebellious appearance

“But I thought you were... uh... I mean... isn't it a fight?” Jay asked tentatively.

“Of course! But it's also a fantasy... a dark desire... so what is it you desire?..... Come on! You've thought about it! When you've had some time alone, the wife's out of the house and you're feeling horny, what is it you fantasise about?” She purred, and Jay looked uneasy

“Well... uh... I guess I always imagined her losing” he said ashamed

“It's alright! You don't need to be embarrassed! I'm guessing she's dominant in the relationship? She chooses the restaurants? She picks the holidays? She writes the shopping list every week?” she chuckles girlishly as Jay goes red. He wasn't expecting her to be so observant! To be honest he never even thought about it himself, but now it was mentioned, it's obvious! Even the living room they're chatting in was designed by her.

“It's alright, it's normal for you to fantasise about her losing control... I bet that she has the same fantasy...” Gemma's words seem to have a calming effect. Her ability to read the situation and her assured aura instilling confidence

“So here's what I'll do... I'm going to take her apart... she's going to scream and moan... she's going to hurt and beg... and then I'm going to fuck her. Problem is... what if she made a different sound? Have you thought about that? What if I made her groan and shake like you've never seen? Can your ego take that? The knowledge that I made her feel things you can't?” she asks, the conversation getting serious for a moment

“Oh, I’m sure I can live with it!” Jay answers, a wry smile on his face as his brain finally comes to terms with the fact that this is really going to happen “But what makes you think you’ll win? She’s very fit...” he asks, and he isn’t wrong...

Crystal was in tremendous shape. 23 years old and 5’7” she probably weighed about 140lbs and none of it fat. Her brown wavy hair and olive skin gave her a sultry, Mediterranean look and her figure was an impressive sight to behold. Most women would be intimidated by her body and indeed her personality, she was a successful woman earning a great wage and living in style, she knew what she wanted and worked her arse off to get it. She had to be tough to survive the business world and she didn’t just survive, she thrived! Throwing herself wholeheartedly into anything she tried. When she agreed to do this she didn’t just find a girl and fight, she searched online for the right opponent, one that would appeal to both her and Jay, she even gutted the spare room and bought mats to make it a safe room to do this in. No she wasn’t a girl of half measures, she set a goal and hit it... and right now her goal was beating Gemma.

Gemma smiled at his response, that same warming smile that had a strange, reassuring effect. For all the determination and hard work Crystal displayed, Gemma was almost the exact opposite. She never really set herself goals, happy to bounce through life enjoying the ride. Never did she have to work so hard that her personal life suffered, if it did she’d just pack it in and find something else to do that was more accommodating to her ‘live for the day’ mantra. But for all the trappings and prizes Crystal attained throughout her life, Gemma would argue that her life, although modest in comparison was all the richer for it. She wore the relaxed, serene look of a girl just enjoying the experience but behind that playful exterior lies the keen mind of a woman who’s been in this situation many times before...

“there’s always a chance I’ll lose honey, but that doesn’t happen often. Your wife is hot as hell, and has a mean body! Hell I’d say she outweighs me by 30lbs but she’s never done this before... and I don’t know why but besides knocking back whiskey, this is the thing I’m best at in this whole crazy world! So when I say it’s my choice who wins and who loses, you can believe me sweetie” she finished and Jay did believe her. Her confidence and her raw animalistic presence was intoxicating

“So if I said I wanted her to win, you’d just let her beat you? I mean... you’d take the bruises, the pain and all?” he asked a little sceptical

“Of course! What you two need to realise is that this is YOUR fantasy. I’m just privileged to be a part of it! At the end of the day you two have to live with the aftermath, I get to walk out that door and on to the next adrenaline rush. I’m just a bit part in your life story... now about that story... knowing that you two will have to deal with what happens here tonight, that this is all about your fantasy... do you really want me to beat her?” she asks and the pause was long. They sat there in silence for a while as Jay took it all in until he finally answered with a cheeky smile...

“Only if she wants to go through with this... and I mean without any doubts or regrets... then beat her... if you can”

Crystal was in her bedroom already in her red thong and dressing gown. Being the detail freak that she is, she even bought a matching gown for the night. Focusing on the little details helped her. It focused her mind and gave her something to work on. Throughout this whole experience she had been obsessed with every minute detail

Spare room stripped... Check

Mats bought and laid... Check

Matching outfit bought... Check

Water and energy drinks bought and chilled... Check

Refreshments and fresh fruit... Check

Guest room made up for Gemma... Check

Breakfast, tea, coffee and fruit juice for the next day... Check

First aid kit stocked... Check

Excuses ready encase an ambulance is needed... Check

And the detail she went through picking her opponent... trawling the internet, sites and contact pages... it went on for weeks, so much so that Jay thought this would never happen. Not that he'd hold it against her if it did fall through, he was just touched she even entertained his little fetish but after a few weeks, he lost hope. They almost decided upon a little Cajun girl, cute as a button and awfully feisty but they decided she was just took much of a wimp and they wanted some competition. Then she started chatting to Gemma and it all just took shape. She was a little surprised at how much she was looking forward to it! Talking to Gemma online they bonded and laughed and she found herself getting wet more than a few times after Gemma regaled her with tails of her previous exploits

But now the day was here, despite all her planning and effort, she found herself woefully unprepared. She was lost in her own thoughts when a knock on the door startled her

"yes?" she answered meekly

"Hey honey" Gemma smiled as she came in and closed the door "how are you feeling?" she asked, a concerned look on her face as she watched this powerful, driven woman look lost in her own home

"Oh me? I'm fine! You should be more worried about yourself!" Crystal joked but Gemma just sat down on the dressing table stool and stared into her eyes... she saw right through her and read her every doubt before laying them out for the world to see

"Really? You're fine? Because your hands are shaking like you just spent 10 hours jack hammering your driveway and for a tall dark Mediterranean girl, you're looking awfully pale right now... It's ok to have doubts you know? It's not a sign of weakness. If you didn't have doubts I'd be really worried... you two are a married couple after all and you've been brave enough to invite me to your wonderful home and share in this most intimate experience with you both. That alone is a terrifying proposition for you isn't it... that feeling of not being In control? Having another woman her, a rival you could say, looking to dethrone you physically and emotionally? That doesn't concern you?" she asks and Crystal looks absolutely horrified... her entire life she's been a temple, a closed book and she's needed that wall to protect herself both professionally and personally but in one quick sentence, Gemma has seen all that she wanted to hide

"I... I... uh... I don't know what to say..." She stammers, stunned that she underestimated her opponent so completely

"It's ok babes, it's normal! What you're feeling now, the insecurity, the nerves, all that is normal! I bet up until now you haven't even thought about it have you? Never actually spent any time coming to terms with the reality that I'd be here. But you need to know that you don't need to go through with this if you don't want to!"

"Oh No!!! I have to! Jay's heart is set on it!" she blurts out hurriedly

That gave away a lot. That quick sentence let Gemma know that despite her powerful job and controlling nature, everything she did in life was for her husband and that made Gemma feel a little easier

"do you know what Jay told me?" Gemma asks

"...no, what did he say?" she asked back, the mention of her husband focusing her thoughts

"he said that we're only going through with this if you wanted to... no doubts... no regrets... if you weren't on board 100% then this wasn't happening, and believe me, it takes a lot of love for a man to give up on a fantasy when it's dangled right in front of his face!"

This strengthened Crystals resolve. Her face, her posture, her demeanour was unrecognisable from the quivering ball of nerves that was there a second ago. She was filled with pride over her husbands selfless nature. That pride gave her strength and she smiled an honest smile for the first time tonight.

“I’m going to go through with this!” she stated confidently

“Good!” Gemma beamed “I was really hoping to kick the shit out of you...” a mischievous smile playing on her face

“You really think you can take me little girl?” Crystal answered back, rising to Gemma’s bait with a glint in her eye

“oh honey... I’m looking to destroy you out there! That’s the second thing I wanted to talk to you about... This IS a fantasy... and not everyone gets to live out a fantasy so I think we should put on one hell of a show! Now you need to know that when we’re out there, I’m going to be mean... I’m going to call you a bitch, a slut, a cunt, a dirty cock sucking whore! And most of all, I’m going to hurt you... you’ll be begging me to stop by the time I’m finished and when I am finished with you, I’m going to fuck the shit out of you... can you live with that? Can you deal with the fact that in front of your husband out there I’m going to annihilate you completely?” she asked, Crystal a little stunned and incredibly turned on by the sudden turn around in Gemma’s personality.

“oh I can deal with it. And trust me, I’m going to deal with you like the little slut you are!” she answers back playfully and confidently

Gemma’s remarks helped to Steele her resolve! Her daemons weren’t in her head anymore, she had a physical foe she could focus on and she was determined to defeat her! Good... Gemma thought! I like a challenge... but maybe she’s bitten off more than she could chew here...

Gemma left for the ring room and asked Jay to go check on Crystal just to make sure they were both 100% up for this. She stripped down to her black lace thong and started to stretch out and warm up, the familiar routines and traditions helping to settle her mind. As confident as she was, it was still a fight after all and her opponent, although was inexperienced, had a body to die for and lived in a competitive world... this was going to be tough and she knew it. She was only a small girl, standing at 5’3” and weighing 110lbs, she joked that she wasn’t that strong and most of her weight were on her tits and arse but her self deprecating humour hid the truth, she looked after herself and knew how to handle herself.

Jay and Crystal entered the room and were both a little in awe of the topless woman in front of them. Crystal was in full competitive mode now and dropped her gown, revealing her own impressive figure as Gemma got up off the mat.

“So are we all clear of the rules? It’s a catfight with no punching or kicking. EVERYTHING else is fair game, right?” she asked and Crystal nodded “so we’ll fight until one woman can’t take any more and just encase of a tie, You’ll keep score Jay..... Jay?” she asked snapping the man from his stupor, you can’t really blame him, his wife is there topless and hungry to get physical with this topless stranger

“...OH!... uh... yeah. Yes I mean. I’ll keep score” he eventually blurted out and Crystal chuckled before taking her thong off

“I don’t think we should stand on ceremony here do you?” she asked Gemma, and in fairness it was a very clever move. She was a business woman through and through. She wanted to keep Gemma guessing and wrong foot her, the sudden shift, although slight (as the thong didn’t really hide much anyway) still managed to take some of the thunder from her opponent.

“Wow, you really are a filthy slut aren’t you?” Gemma chuckled back and slowly turned around keeping her legs straight she bent over her hands running down her thighs, pulling the black lace down with them until she was touching her toes and giving the married couple one hell of a view. So much for stealing her thunder Crystal thought...

“One last thing. A safety word.”

“What?” Crystal asked confused

“A safety word! Just because I’m going to make you submit like a little bitch doesn’t mean I’m going to let you go! Half the fun is having you locked, begging for release! But we need a safety word for when things get too painful or should one of us hurt ourselves. I recommend banana.” Gemma replied

“Ok... Banana it is then!” Crystal chirped back

“Remember that word cunt, you’re going to need it!” Growled Gemma, the playful, fun loving girl replaced in a heartbeat by this cold, malicious fighter as the two women circled each other...

The tension rose in a heartbeat, two naked warriors stalked each other in the matted room with the dumbstruck husband sat in the corner then suddenly, without a word they leapt at each other!

AAAAAGGGGHHHH!!!!” Crystal cried as both women sank their fingers into each others hair, pulling and yanking harshly, the unfamiliar sensation caused Crystal to scream out but she soon channelled her attention away from the pain and focused on her opponent. Gemma met her foe with a few grunts, not wanting to show any sign of weakness. Crystal released her left and sent a stinging slap across Gemma’s right cheek, the sound echoing in the small room as both women struggled for control.

The slap took Gemma by surprise as she stepped back stunned and Crystal was quick to follow up by wrapping her right leg behind the tattooed girls legs and tripping her onto the mats

“OOOMMMPPPPFFFFF!!!!!!” she cried out as Crystal made sure that her full 140lbs came crashing down on top! Gemma’s eye’s widened as she gasped and struggled... Crystal was fit... and she was strong too. It wasn’t just the water and the energy drinks and the full English breakfast she prepared, she had been training hard too and it paid off. Her body was divine, curvaceous yet slender, toned yet feminine and she was strong... maybe too strong for the rock chick to handle...

She quickly moved up Gemma’s chest and straddled her pinning her arms to her side as she struggled in vein to free herself. Pleased that she had the smaller girl pinned, Crystal put her hands on her hips and looked down triumphantly

“Are you ready to give slut?” she asked playfully

“You stuck up fucking cunt! You’re not woman enough to make me give!” Gemma screamed back

It sounded like a brash, foolish statement but what Gemma said was carefully selected and spoken with conviction, she knew that it would lead to her suffering some extreme pain in the next few minutes but she wanted that. She wanted Crystal to have that feeling of total control and aggression so when she takes it away, it has all the more impact. She readied herself for a beating buy when it arrived it came like a thunderstorm!

An almighty slap rang out as a heavy right hand knocked her senseless to be followed up with a vicious grip on Gemma’s hair, Crystal lifted her head and rammed it into the matted floor again and again, imposing her superiority on her victim. Gemma was relieved that her opponent had been rich

enough and thoughtful enough to get mats at this point although despite softening the many blows, they certainly didn't stop the pain coming through!

After a minute of hard slaps and painful hair pulling Crystal, breathing heavily and sweating looked down at Gemma and growled

“Are you ready to scream you fucking slut?” and with that she sank her fingers deep into the pinned girls tattooed breasts!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!! FUUUUUUUUUUCK!!!!!!!!!!” Gemma screamed as Crystal twisted and dug in her fingers, causing immense pain to Gemma!

“DO YOU GIVE YOU FUCKING cunt???” Crystal raged and Gemma was forced to scream

“YES!!!! YES I GIVE!!!! OOOHHHHH FUUUUUUCK I GIVE!!!!”

“NOT GOOD ENOUGH!” Crystal replied “SCREAM MY NAME WHORE! SCREAM OUT MY FUCKING NAME!” Crystal ordered and Gemma realised at that point she might have a real fight on her hands!

“CRYSTAL!!!! OH FUCK!!! CRYYYYYSSSTTTAAAAAAAALLLLLL!!!!!!!!!!” She screamed in defeat and as quickly as the grip was applied, it was released. Crystal bent over and kissed Gemma's forehead

“1-0 to me cunt” she whispered as she got off her. She felt like a goddess! She put this fiery rock chick on her arse and slapped her senseless. Not only forcing her to scream out her submission but making her scream out her name! she strolled across the mats proud, even prouder when she saw the worshiping look in her husband's eyes. Walking to the corner of the room she picked up a chilled bottle of water and called out to Gemma “Do you need a drink loser?” and then she jumped a mile as Gemma whispered in her ear “Yes please!”

Spinning on the spot with shock she couldn't believe her eyes! Within a heartbeat, Gemma was up and right next to her, apart from a glaze of sweat, she was showing no ill effects from the tussle at all! She snatched a bottle and had a quick sip before goading her opponent

“do you want a quick 5 minute break? You seem out of shape...”

Crystal's jaw dropped and her heart sank a little, she threw everything at this girl and she just stood there mocking her! Her breasts were sore, you could still see the marks where her fingers were ripping into them! Her cheeks were bright red from all the heavy slaps she took and her hair was a mess, tangled and dishevelled but talking to her, you wouldn't think she was hurting at all!

Choosing pride over common sense, Crystal throws her water bottle down and marches to the centre of the mats, regretting it almost immediately as she watches her opponent take a deep, long drink of water and release a seductive “oooohhhhhhh..... That hit the spot!” as if to tease she also split a little of the liquid down her toned body and giggled as the icy cold sensation made her nipples stand out!

Gemma slowly put the bottle down and studied her foe... she was panting and sweating heavily already and from the sweep and the way she quickly followed it up with a pin she knows that she has some skill but pride can be a huge weakness... and Gemma planned on exploiting it

She reached out her right hand across her body to shake Crystal's hand to congratulate her for the first fall... the inexperienced wife instinctively reached out to shake it, all the meetings and board room negotiations programmed her that way. If a hand is offered you take it! And as soon as she gripped it

Gemma swung a heavy left over her lowered arm that smacked Crystals cheek so hard it made Jay gasp! Spinning around still holding Crystals right hand she turned to position herself behind her, ramming Crystals arm painfully up her back while her own free left arm reached around and applied a lock across Crystals neck!

“AAAGGGGHHH!!! YOU BITCH!!!!” Crystal cried as her arm and shoulder burned with pain, the sensation proving almost overwhelming as Gemma outmanoeuvres her

“Oh sweetie... this is just the start bitch! I hope you enjoyed that little taste of victory I gave you because you’re in for a world of pain now SLUT!” Gemma hissed and punctuated her remark my jolting Crystals arm harder, forcing another scream from her lips. She started pulling her left arm tighter across her victims neck and Crystal gasped in shock! She thought she had a reprieve when Gemma released her arm and she quickly raised it to pull away the choking forearm of her foe. But Crystal didn’t realise that Gemma knew exactly what she was doing and with her free hand she gripped Crystals hair hard and yanked violently! Snapping her head back hard and rolling so they both fell to the mats, while Crystal struggled with Gemma’s choke hold, she didn’t know to react to the legs that were slowly snaking their way around her waist. She was new to this, she couldn’t know what was about to happen...

Jay knew... this was his fantasy after all and he’d seen enough clips and pictures online to know that this was a text book scissor hold and readied himself for the screams that were about to erupt from his wife. He felt sorry for her to a degree, he was about to witness this stranger take her apart like she promised. Naked and in front of him, his wife was about to be humiliated and scream in total agony. Her failure evident for him to see. He would have felt sorry if he wasn’t so turned on...

“What was it you said earlier? Are you ready to scream slut?” Gemma purred in Crystals ears then locking her ankles, she squeezed down on Crystals ribs, and Crystal quickly complied...

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” the scream roared out, She’d never felt anything like this before and preyed to god she never would again as Gemma released her grip on her neck, knowing that she didn’t need it right now. She leaned back and her palms, and looked the picture of serenity, in her pose she could have easily been lounging on a beach or laughing with friends at a picnic... were it not for the screaming business woman trapped between her thighs that is...

“Do you want to give up like a good little wife?” Gemma teased and Crystal fired back a venomous “FUCK YOU cunt!!!” but her eye’s betrayed her. Jay could see the hopelessness in those eye’s as she pushed and struggled to release those crushing legs to no avail. Her face was a mask of pain, her body drenched in sweat as she struggled to breath and fight the pain. But more disturbing to her was the feeling... the tingle inside... deep within her womanhood she could feel familiar urges and sensations... she was actually enjoying this and that terrified her.

“I was hoping you’d say that you cock sucking little WHORE!” Gemma growled and grabbed Crystals hair and pulled her head back HARD!

“SCREAM YOU FUCKING SLUT!” and again, against her will the wife screamed once more, her head back so she could no longer see her husband, just the light fixture above them her mind became her worst enemy... what was Jay thinking? Was he upset? Did he think less of her? With her legs spread he could see everything... would he notice how wet I was... All these questions and more added to the torture she was victim to until she finally screamed “I GIVE!!!”

“Oh no you fucking don’t you little bitch!” Gemma growled then whispered something in her ear that made her eye’s widen even more!

“NO FUCKING WAY!!!” Crystal screamed But Gemma just tightened her punishing hold and screamed back at her “SAY IT YOU FUCKING cunt!”

With a shamed face, her ribs screaming, her lungs burning, her head getting lighter with every pained gasp, her hair being wrenched back she finally relents and cries out

“I’m a filthy cock sucking whore!”

And Gemma just laughs cruelly and says “SCREAM IT!!!”

“AAAAGGGGHHH!!!!... I’M A FILTHY COCK SUCKING WHORE!!!” and after a few moments laughter, Gemma finally releases the hold. Crystal doesn’t even get up, she just lays there panting, taking in as much oxygen as her hurting body will allow. Gemma was happy to let the beaten woman rest on her, the sensation was quite nice, feeling her body move against her breasts after her every breath

Jay just sat there, jaw open and amazed, he’d never seen his wife dominated like that! He was also thankful that in her detail orientated obsession Crystal bought a stool for the room as standing up now may prove embarrassing...

As quick as a flash Gemma announced “nap times over bitch!” and gripped the still panting Crystal in a Full nelson while she was laying on top of her.

“FUUUUUUUUCK!!!!” she screamed as this new torment was inflicted. She had the body, and she had the attitude but never in her whole life has she felt pain like this. Not that she was expecting anything light, just the opposite, she slapped Gemma damn hard the first fall and did her best to hurt her but she failed. Gemma was up in a flash and Crystal was spent. Now she’s just a play thing for Gemma and that terrifies her.

Gemma knew exactly what she was doing. She wanted to hurt her arms and shoulders. Slowly break her down piece by piece until there’s no resistance left. If Crystal was more experienced she would have quit and rallied for the next fall but with Gemma’s constant trash talk and the humiliation of being stretched out and exposed in front of her husband, she just had to fight.

For a 2 whole minutes she suffered pain and verbal abuse

“come on bitch, admit it! You’re beaten by a better woman...”

“I know you can feel my breasts poking your back and it’s making you wet isn’t it slut?”

“So why does Jay stay with such a weak slut? You must be REAL good at sucking cock!”

“you spent all this money on mats and gear and you didn’t take the time to learn how to fight? You dumb cunt!”

Every nasty comment, every verbal jab stung more than the full nelson lock she was in. and it drove her crazy how horny she was getting from it! She was soaked through now, her pussy moist and ready, nobody had ever talked to her like that before, she’s gone her whole life being a ball breaker, a fiery business woman but never a bitch. Today Gemma made her a bitch and she loved it. It came to the stage where she got so wound up until finally she couldn’t take anymore...

“I GIVE!!!! I FUCKING GIVE!!! LET ME FUCKING GO!!!!” she screamed and Gemma complied. It took a few painful seconds for Crystal to lower her arms, her shoulders and her arms burning while she pants on the floor. Gemma rolls her off until she comes to a stop on her back in the middle of the room and leans down and kisses her forehead and whispers “2-1 honey” into her ear.

Gemma walked over to the corner she grabs a cold bottle of water and let’s Jay know she’s going to need a massage tonight. Of course Jay just sits there in stunned silence. In shock at the filth coming out of this girls mouth and how suddenly she turns back into a lovely woman again.

Taking a bottle over to her foe she slowly kneeled and nursed her. Crystal was shocked, how can she be so nice all of a sudden!

“how are you feeling honey, do you want to go on? Nobody will think any less if you don’t, you were in that hold a long time after all” she purred while slowly rubbing Crystals shoulders

“... uh... no... um... I mean yes... I’m good to carry on” she answered eventually and Gemma smiled

“That’s good sweetie, you’ve got a lot of heart, Jay’s a lucky man... but I have to be mean again now... nothing personal” she giggles as she stands up and empties the entire contents of a bottle of Ice cold water onto her victim!

“OOOOOOHHHHHHH FUCK!!!!!!” Crystal screams out of shock! The cold snapping her round just in time for Gemma’s slap to connect hard across her cheek! She falls back down to the mat stunned until Gemma reaches down and grabs her long wavy dark hair and rips her to her feet. Bouncing on her toes she takes a boxers stance but instead of firing out punches, she sends out stinging slaps at a lightning pace! To the face, to the breasts, to her stomach and ribs, her hands penetrate Crystals weakened guard with ease as she dances round her tired foe. The time she was in that full nelson did exactly what Gemma wanted, she couldn’t keep her guard up, try as she might.

It’s clear Crystal is getting frustrated now, each slap humiliating not because she was beat but because of the power. Gemma is throwing light slaps just so she’d know that if she felt the need to... she could knock her out anytime she wanted! Not that they didn’t hurt mind you, the slaps to her breasts in particular were agonising! And her arms and torso is speckled with patches of red where she has connected but the frustration, the teasing gets to much and Crystal just explodes! Lashing out she drives a huge fist deep into Gemma’s stomach! Just to the left of her navel the blow sinks in deep and punishes the brunette!

As Gamma gasps for air and doubles over, shock hit’s Crystal and she rushes to check on her

“OH MY GOD!!! I’M SO SORRY!!! Are you alright! Oh shit! I’m really, REALLY sorry!!!” she pleaded, not knowing what came over her. Gemma just got up smiled to let her opponent know that it’s alright then rubbed the lingering ache in her abdomen.

“It’s ok sweetie, it’s easy to get carried away! Now the question is... do you want to carry on and we’ll forget about it? Or are you brave enough to take a shot back to even the scores...” she asked and fear flashed in Crystals eyes before that same Steele determination washed over her and she raised her arms, placing her hands on her head and tensed waiting for the blow.

She did not have to wait long... even before Crystal answered, Gemma had shuffled her feet so her left foot led and her right foot bore her weight. She knew Crystal wouldn’t back down and felt a little mean suckering her down this path but Jay wanted her beaten. This will certainly do the trick...

Twisting her hips then her entire body she shifts her full bodyweight forward onto her left leg and uses that momentum to ram a thunderous right hook into Crystals stomach! The punch landed about 2 inches blow her navel and buried itself deep within her. Crystal had never known such pain as her eye’s almost popped out of her head as she crashed down to the mat clutching her agonised stomach but Gemma offered her no respite, She leapt forward and pinned her foe to the ground sitting on her chest facing her victims feet. Crystal was still gasping and spluttering to much to form any defence and it was easy for Gemma to slide herself down, her thighs gripping the younger woman’s head in a humiliating head scissors! Inches away from Gemma’s crotch, Crystal lay there helpless. Her muscles tired, her body breathless, her ribs aching and her belly... it was throbbing in sheer agony as Gemma went to work. She leaned forward, in a 69 position but kept her opponents tired legs at bay with her

hands, not that she even thought Crystal knew what a head scissors was, it didn't hurt to be cautious. There she started to lick Crystals clit and playfully tease her labia and Crystal gasped in shock!

“Oh my god... you're so fucking wet... you're loving this aren't you Slut?” she teased before she stuck 2 fingers into her pussy and forced another cry of shock from her. Gemma knew this was close to the end now, she didn't have anything left to give so she wanted a big finish. Looking over at Jay she asked

“Has she ever licked a pussy before?” to which he shook his head in disbelief

“Well we better change that!” she giggled and shifted her position, gripping her hair and tugging the overwhelmed Crystal deep into her pussy she dropped her right leg so her calf was pressing into the back of crystals head in a figure 4 head scissors, making sure Crystal couldn't escape and was sufficiently humiliated

“Can you taste that honey? I want you to lick it!”

Crystals response was of course muffled and faded but Gemma couldn't feel her tongue so she tightened her head scissors

“LICK IT WHORE!!!” she growled and Crystal obeyed. Lapping deep strokes over Gemma's pussy, she lost herself completely as Gemma reciprocated, teasing her opponents clit with her tongue and fingered her pussy. Gemma writhed in pleasure and the sounds coming from Crystal were rapturous, taken in a whirlwind of raw emotion and sensual pleasure, she gave up herself completely. The speed which Crystal came was tremendous, Gemma had already primed her body and mind, torturing her and teasing her yet enticing her and exiting her to the point where as soon as Gemma touched her, she would burst. And burst she did, her whole body convulsing violently as the unfamiliar sensation's the humiliation, the utter defeat and lose of control just washed over her and all at the hands of another women.

As the convulsions stopped, Gemma loosened her lock, reverting back to a normal head scissors but didn't release her completely. She wanted one more scream and She tightened her thighs, crushing the poor woman's head mercilessly!

“GIVE!!” she screamed!

“OOOOHHH FUCK I GIVE!!!!”

“SAY IT AGAIN!!!!”

“I GIVE I GIVE!!!!!!!”


“I CAN'T HEAR YOU? WHO'S THE BETTER WOMAN???”

“OOHHH SHIT! YOU ARE!!! I FUCKING GIVE PLEASE!!!!!!” and with that Gemma finally released her. Crystal lay panting on her back, spent and abused, broken and defeated and most of all, totally blissful.

“I think this fights over, don't you honey?” Gemma asked walking to the table to get another bottle of water.

Crystal just lay there panting and groaning for about 20 seconds until she finally got the energy to say

“yes...*pants*... yes it's over...” she seemed almost tranquil, whether it was the orgasm or any one of the rampaging sensations going through her, she couldn't be sure. But she was at total peace!



“Then tell me what I want to hear! Tell me what Jay already knows...” Gemma growled

“You’re the better woman” Crystal purred without a seconds hesitation, Jay was stunned and even Gemma was taken aback at the ease in which she gave up her throne! But then smiled as she picked up a banana from Crystals immaculately stacked fruit bowl... she really had thought of everything

A few minutes passed and Jay massaged his hurting wife, Gemma just sat and chuckled, eating a banana and sipping an energy drink then Crystal finally had the energy to sit up and staring at Gemma with puzzled eyes she asks

“How did you do it? How did you take that beating in the first fall and get straight up? I mean... I threw EVERYTHING at you! I lost count of the slaps and how many times I slammed your head in the floor then a second later, you’re on your feet and smiling! How did you do that?”

Gemma smiled before answering “I’m a loser!” Her smile broadened even wider when she saw the confusion on Crystal and Jay’s face!

“I’ve lost count of the number of beatings I’ve taken, both physically and emotionally but every time I get back up. Sure you can put me down... but it takes more than you got to keep me down. Never fuck with a loser honey... it’s a no win situation” she giggled

“Crystal smiled and replied “I’m so glad I chose you”

Gemma just laughed and answered back “You really don't get it honey... you didn't chose me! I chose you...”

