Catfight

Nobody knew who started the rumor, but it spread quickly through the town and everyone believed it. Everyone, that is, except Katie Smith. She knew the rumor was nothing more than a vicious lie, but nobody listened to her when she protested. All of her friends reckoned the rumor was true. Even her family refused to listen when she tried to deny it.

"Tell the truth, girl!" her mother said one evening. "You're eighteen years old, so you should be grown-up about these things. Just admit it, Katie. You went to the woods with Scott Parker and pestered him for sex, even though you knew he had just got engaged to Mandy Moore."

"It's a lie, Mom!" Katie retorted, her eyes filling with tears. "Scott asked me for sex, but all I gave him was a kiss."

Her explanation was dismissed by her mother, and by everyone else. At the local college, Katie soon found herself sitting alone during lunchtimes. Nobody wanted to sit with her any more, or even speak to her. Her boyfriend Steven called her a slut and broke off their relationship. All her female friends rallied around Mandy, Scott Parker's fiancee, who accused Katie of trying to steal Scott away from her.

"You think you can have any boy in the class," Mandy yelled. "Just because you're blonde and sexy, you think every guy wants to sleep with you. You're a total slut!"

Katie hoped to ignore Mandy's aggressive yelling, but it got worse day by day. Within a week of the start of the rumor, Katie learned that Mandy wanted revenge. On Friday afternoon, just as classes were finishing at the college, Mandy challenged Katie to a fight in the woods on Saturday night.

"You better accept the challenge," said Mandy, nonchalantly tying her long dark hair in a ponytail. "If you don't accept, then everyone will know you're guilty of being a slut and a liar."

Katie froze in fear. She was not a violent person, nor had she ever been in a fight. Being slim and petite, she always felt quite small and fragile. Boys often admired her figure because her breasts were perky and firm, but otherwise they regarded her as a pretty Barbie-doll. Her long blonde hair and sparkly blue eyes added to her delicate appearance. Mandy, on the other hand, was tall and strong, having captained the college swimming team for the past six months. She came from a poor part of town and had a reputation for being tough.

"Well?" she asked. "Do you accept?"

Despite her fear, Katie had no choice but to nod. Mandy gave a cruel grin and said: "Tomorrow night, then. In the woods, at seven thirty. In the glade where you tried to seduce my boyfriend last week. No knives, no weapons. Just fists and bare feet."

"Okay," Katie replied, her chest tightening in terror. "I'll be there."

Mandy swaggered away to rejoin her friends. Katie saw them laughing and joking, which made her heart sink. On her way home she met Scott Parker, who smirked when he saw her tear-streaked face.

"Hello, you sexy little bitch!" he mocked.

"Please, Scott!" Katie begged. "Please tell Mandy the truth. You know I never asked you for sex. It was you who asked me, remember?"

"Yeah, I know," Scott replied, with a dismissive shrug. "And you refused to let me fuck you. That hurt my feelings, Katie. So now I'm gonna enjoy seeing you get beaten up by my girlfriend."

"Who invited you to watch?" Katie asked. "I thought the fight was just a private thing, with nobody there except Mandy and me."

"Jeez, are you kidding?" said Scott. "The whole class is turning up at the glade. Some guys from other classes are coming along too. They heard about the tits-and-ass show."

"What are you talking about?"

Scott chuckled, relishing the puzzled expression in Katie's blue eyes. "Hey, didn't Mandy tell you? The whole thing is gonna be a real catfight, like an x-rated video. Just picture it: two college girls in nothing but their skimpy knickers, beating the hell out of each other. It was my idea, but Mandy thinks it's great. I guess she forgot to tell you, or maybe she wanted it to be a surprise."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Katie, shaking her head as she walked on. "You're just trying to scare me."

"Oh yeah?" Scott called after her. "You'll see, soon enough."

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Katie barely slept at all on that Friday night. In her dreams she kept seeing Mandy's sneering face, and the sadistic gleam in Scott's leering eyes. On Saturday she rose late and hardly ate any breakfast. She skipped lunch and stayed in her bedroom all afternoon, studying her textbooks for a college essay. But her brain could not concentrate on the books, so she went downstairs to make a ham sandwich. Then she dozed on the sofa, waking suddenly at six forty-five from a sleep she had never intended to take.

"Why the big hurry?" her mother inquired, as Katie dashed out of the house.

"Gotta meet some friends in the woods," came the hasty reply.

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They were all there, the whole class, plus a few other kids from the college. The glade seemed to be crowded with young people, most of them no older than eighteen or nineteen. Katie reckoned the spectators numbered around fifty or sixty, and not one of them was on her side.

Boos and jeers greeted her arrival, as she approached slowly along the forest trail. She felt very small and vulnerable when she stepped into the glade. The crowd drew back to form a wide circle, in the middle of which the two combatants faced each other. Mandy stood with her hands on her hips, glaring menacingly. She wore blue jeans and a white teeshirt, but her feet were already bare. Her black hair hung loose around her shoulders, and her brown eyes narrowed in an angry frown.

"Are you ready, slut?" she snarled. "Ready to receive your punishment?"

"I don't want to fight you, Mandy," Katie replied, her voice sounding clear as a hush fell on the crowd. "But if a fight is the only way to show everyone I'm telling the truth, then so be it."

"Yeah, so be it!" Mandy rasped. "Let's prepare for the catfight."

Tucking her hands under her teeshirt, she hauled the garment over her head and flung it away. A volley of wolf-whistles rose from the guys among the crowd, for Mandy wasn't wearing a bra. Her small, pert breasts jiggled as she kicked the teeshirt across the grass. Next, she unbuckled her belt and unzipped her jeans, bending her athletic body to push the blue denim down her legs. Beneath the jeans she wore white cotton knickers in a high-cut bikini style. The underwear highlighted her long legs and fitted snugly on the firm curves of her bottom, which received a playful slap from a male hand as she bent forward.

After kicking off the jeans she straightened, drawing a deep breath into her lungs. The breath swelled her chest, pushing her bosom outward and bringing more whistles from the crowd. Even the girls among the audience stared in admiration at the tall brunette's finely-sculpted body.

"Your turn, bitch!" Mandy growled, stepping to stand within ten feet of Katie.

"I'll keep my clothes on," the petite blonde replied, her features wincing at the barrage of jeers that greeted her remark.

"No way!" Mandy objected loudly. "The rules demand that we take our clothes off and fight in our underwear."

"Who made the rules?" Katie queried, her heart pounding in panic.

"I made them," Mandy answered. "Now, hurry up and get those clothes off!"

"I refuse," Katie said defiantly.

"Strip the little slut!" a male voice shouted, and the cry was quickly taken up by others. "Yeah, rip her clothes off! Come on, fellas, let's undress the sexy bitch!"

To Katie's horror, a dozen young guys emerged from the crowd to completely surround her. She recognized a few faces as they towered over her. A couple of them were muscular dudes from the college football squad, but the rest were guys from her class. Scott Parker was among them, and he was the first to grab her white silk blouse.

"Oh no! Please don't!" she wailed, as the silky fabric ripped in Scott's powerful grasp.

"Hush, baby girl!" he chuckled, as he tore the blouse open at the front. "Don't be frightened!"

But Katie was utterly terrified. Her blue eyes blinked away the teardrops as she peered up at the leering faces. The guys jostled for position, each of them reaching down to grab a part of her clothing. They pulled and yanked, ripping her blouse to shreds before hauling her jeans violently down her legs. One of the footballers tore the white lace cups out of her bra, revealing her breasts for the crowd's delectation. Admiring gasps rose from male and female spectators alike, for Katie's bosom was sculpted to perfection. For a brief moment her pink nipples were visible to everyone, until a succession of groping hands took turns to squeeze her well-rounded orbs.

"Oh God, no! No!" she squealed, her slender body writhing and squirming in her assailants' merciless clutches. "Please let me go!"

Cruel laughter ran through the audience, some of whom jumped high to catch the torn fragments of Katie's clothing which Scott now tossed into the air. A short-haired girl at the front of the boisterous crowd caught the partly-torn jeans and gave a triumphant shout, before offering the trousers to her boyfriend, who wrinkled his nose as he sniffed the denim crotch.

"Stop!" Mandy yelled suddenly, and the guys surrounding Katie withdrew sheepishly. Raising their fists in macho gestures to the mob, they sauntered back to rejoin the noisy throng. Their stripped, petrified victim stood trembling on the grass, her arms crossed to cover her breasts. Her long blonde hair had got tousled and tangled during the assault, and now she looked even more vulnerable than ever.

"Show us your tits, baby!" somebody shouted, the taunt being greeted by raucous laughter.

"Hey, those Barbie briefs sure look cute on your neat little ass!" another voice bawled, raising more rapacious mirth from the leering mob.

Katie's cheeks burned crimson with shame and embarrassment. The only clothing still on her body was a pair of pink cotton knickers. The guys who stripped her had even pulled up the waistband of the knickers to make them fit tighter on her buttocks. In her fear she had unwittingly released a small dribble of urine, which showed as a visible stain on her crotch.

"Hey, she pissed her pants!" a gruff male voice called out.

"Dirty bitch!" shrieked a female voice, and the whole crowd hurled cruel jeers at Katie.

"Get on with the catfight!" somebody shouted. "Start the action, Mandy Moore!"

"Okay!" Mandy yelled back.

Stepping swiftly forward, she swung her right arm and punched Katie's left cheek. The blow landed with a loud *smack!* which startled the audience into silence. Everyone seemed to be awestruck at the force of the punch, and several mouths gaped in stunned amazement. Katie yelped in shock, staggering backward and almost toppling over. Her hands came up to shield her face, thereby exposing her bosom to the leering spectators, but she gave no heed to it. Her modesty seemed a less important concern than protecting her face.

"Oh Jeezus!" she hissed, feeling a stinging pain from the punch. Her left cheek felt like it had been hit with a hammer, while her brain spun dizzily.

Mandy followed through with a second blow, using her left fist to bash Katie's nose. The strike landed, but the blonde girl managed to dodge the full force of it. The flailing knuckles instead glanced across Katie's right cheek, though they still delivered a painful punch below the eye.

"Shit!" Mandy snarled, her brown eyes smoldering with anger. "Stand still, you dirty whore!"

"Oh God!" Katie cried desperately, backing away as the tall brunette advanced.

"Ain't you gonna fight?" Mandy asked coldly. "If you ain't, then I'll beat you up anyway."

Katie accidentally backed into the crowd, realizing her mistake only when numerous hands started pawing and groping her near-naked body. Strong fingers grabbed her arms and legs, while others crawled over her bare skin to squeeze her breasts. Most of the hands were male, but several had the unmistakable softness of a female touch. From behind she heard guys and girls whispering and sniggering as they reached out to explore her delicious slender curves. Hands tugged her silky golden tresses, or stroked her ass through her tight pink underwear, or curled around her hips to feel her cunt through the damp cotton of her panty-crotch.

"Please!" she whimpered, as tears rolled down her face. "Please don't do this!"

Mandy halted a yard away, grinning as she watched the pretty blonde writhing in the groping grasp of so many lust-crazed hands. From away on the far side of the circle she heard Scott Parker's voice as he called out: "Hey, Mandy! Looks like you get a few free punches right now."

Mandy nodded silently, her gaze lowering to roam over Katie's quivering body. The gaze burned with sexual arousal, despite the fact that Mandy had no real desire to sleep with girls. But the intense eroticism of the brutal spectacle was beginning to turn her on, partly because she knew the catfight was causing huge excitement among the guys. Many of the male spectators, including Scott Parker and the others who had stripped Katie, were already displaying prominent bulges in their trousers. The thought of so many cocks getting stiff at the sight of a brawl between herself and another half-naked girl made Mandy feel like a female gladiator in a Roman arena. The image gave her a thrill which tingled in her cunt and throbbed in her breasts.

"Oh no!" Katie whimpered, as she tried frantically to wriggle free of the grasping hands. Her perky boobs wobbled on her slender chest as she struggled, but the fleshy orbs steadied when a pair of large hands reached around from behind to cup them like ripe gourds.

Mandy grinned, knotting her right hand into a fist as she swung her arm backward. "Hold her tightly," she ordered. "Make sure she doesn't fall down when I hit her."

With a quick movement, she swung a punch which smashed into Katie's face. The petite blonde screamed in terror and pain, her spine arching in panic as she squirmed helplessly. Blood spurted from her nostrils to pour down her mouth and chin, the red trickles dripping onto her chest and spattering her heaving bosom.

The crowd roared with approval, many spectators gleefully applauding the vicious punch. Another blow followed quickly, falling with a sickening *crack!* onto Katie's mouth. From the resultant split in her lower lip a trail of blood oozed and trickled. A third brutal strike crashed into her left jaw, knocking her head sideways. It was mirrored by a fourth to her right jaw which had the same effect.

"Let her go!" a lone voice called out from the seething mob. "Give her a chance to hit back. This isn't a fair fight!"

But the protest was swallowed amid a torrent of dismissive jeers, while somebody else yelled: "Go on, Mandy! Give the skinny bitch some more knuckle! Beat the shit out of her sexy body!"

Katie slumped in the clutching hands, her brain spinning in a daze, her head aching terribly. Livid pink bruises spread across her face, concealing her pretty features in a mask of agony. Beneath both eyes her cheeks swelled, reducing her vision. From inside her mouth she spat a mixture of blood and saliva, and also a tooth. Her broken nose felt as huge as a football, though in reality it was not yet fully swollen.

And still the cruel beating continued, Mandy now turning her attention to the flattened hollow of Katie's quivering belly. The brunette took a few deep breaths, wiping sweat from her forehead as she positioned herself for the next phase. Planting her feet slightly apart, she tugged up the waistband of her underwear and swayed her hips gently. The movement gave the spectators on the far side of the circle a fine view of her pert bottom wiggling slowly in tight white knickers. When she tossed her mane of dark hair over her shoulders she heard appreciative whistles from Scott and the guys from the football team.

"Hey, Mandy!" one of the footballers yelled. "Shake your cute ass one more time, just for the boys in the squad."

Glancing over her shoulder with a beaming smile, she granted the request and received further adulation. A hulking young man stepped forward, grabbing his bulging crotch in a lewd gesture.

"Come on, Mandy!" he said. "Drop those cotton briefs and bring your tight juicy butt over here!"

Mandy shook her head and turned away, though she giggled mischievously and wiggled her bottom a third time. Then she wiped her knuckles along her thighs, smiling when she saw smears of blood on her skin. Looking at Katie, she met the weeping blonde's pitiful gaze and gave a sadistic laugh.

"Poor little slut!" she mocked. "Your face is all messed up. None of the guys at college will want you now, Katie Smith. I guess you might as well kill yourself when you get home." she paused, then added coldly: "Maybe I'll just beat you to death here anyway."

With that, she slammed her fist into her helpless rival's belly. Katie's body folded, and would have toppled to the ground if various hands had not held her upright. Another punch followed quickly, then another, and another. Each blow brought a gurgling gasp from the stricken blonde, whose wounded mouth now dribbled a constant trickle of bloodstained saliva. Katie hung like a rag-doll in her captors' brutal clutches, her bosom heaving as she struggled to breathe. Her bruised and bloody face grimaced in agony, and she sobbed pitifully, but still the punches came in. The front of her body was speckled with crimson spatters, most of which patterned her voluptuous tits. Several spatters trickled downward to stain her pink knickers, while others flecked her slender thighs. And still the merciless beating continued.

Mandy laid a dozen strong punches into Katie's stomach, each one thudding so sickeningly that some of the giggling girls in the crowd put their hands over their ears. The final thud was accompanied by a torrent of derisive howls from the audience, all of whom stared in fascination as Katie emptied her bladder. A cascade of urine bubbled down her inner thighs, while a dark patch spread across the front of her underwear. The battered girl slumped in the arms that held her, her legs wobbling as she slipped into semi-consciousness.

"Filthy bitch!" Mandy screamed, as she watched her victim peeing uncontrollably. "Have you no shame?"

To astonished gasps from the spectators, Mandy stepped back to launch a savage kick at Katie's crotch. Her bare foot struck the trapped blonde's damp panty-gusset with a thudding squelch. Katie squealed in pain, her whole body jerking and shuddering, but the grasping hands kept her upright. Two girls from her college class bent down to grab her knees, pulling her legs wider apart to make her crotch even more exposed and vulnerable.

Mandy thanked the girls, before aiming a second kick. This time, she drove the heel of her right foot against Katie's vagina. A piercing shriek issued from Katie's throat, as a heart-stopping bolt of pain shot upward from her genitals. Beneath the piss-wet cotton of her knickers her cunt ached in agony, its tender flesh horribly crushed and painfully bruised. Her eyes suddenly closed, and her head lolled lifelessly forward.

"She's out cold," said one of the guys standing behind, while his right hand stroked Katie's buttocks through her underwear. "That kick to her cunt knocked her out. I guess that's the end of the fight."

"Yeah, I guess so," Mandy agreed, standing back to admire the results of the beating. "Let her go!"

The hands released Katie, who immediately flopped onto the grass like a puppet. She lay on her back, her arms and legs splayed wide. For a while the spectators stared down at her, until one of the footballers stepped out to kneel beside her. He stroked her tangled blonde hair and touched the bruises on her battered face, before trailing his hand over her blood-spattered breasts.

"Poor babe," he mused. "She was such a pretty little doll. I spent many hours in class, dreaming about her lovely big tits. I never thought I would ever get to touch these succulent melons."

"Me too," said another college dude, who knelt alongside the first. "Oh man! I used to try snatching a peek under her skirt in the summer. I always wanted to know what color knickers she was wearing, but I rarely got to find out. These pink ones are just so sweet and adorable!"

"It's a pity they're soaked in piss and spattered with blood," said Scott Parker, standing nearby with his arm around Mandy. "They ought to be taken off and thrown in the river."

"Sounds like a good idea," said the footballer. "What do you reckon, Mandy?"

The brunette shrugged, leaning on Scott as she stepped into her jeans. "Do whatever you want," she answered. "I don't give a shit what happens to the bitch. I beat her up, which is all I wanted to do. But if you want to take her knickers off, then go ahead."

"Wait until everyone leaves the glade," Scott advised. "People are starting to disperse already, and soon they will all be walking home along the forest trails. Pretty soon, you two guys will have Katie Smith to yourselves."

"Three guys!" said another footballer, crouching beside his buddy.

"Four!" said a fat young guy who tended the college gardens.

Mandy chuckled as she put on her teeshirt. "I wonder if she'll wake up to find you boys pulling her knickers down?"

"That would be so cool!" said Scott. "Jeez, I wish I could see it!"

"Forget it, lover!" said Mandy, grabbing his arm. "You and me are going straight home!"

Scott rolled his eyes and grinned, before Mandy yanked him off towards the edge of the glade. Most of the crowd were already drifting away in the same direction. Most of them agreed that they had seen a fine show, with two fine pairs of tits and plenty of erotic violence. The catfight had been rather one-sided, but it would certainly provide the main conversation topic in the bars around the college campus.

"I think she's regaining consciousness," the fat gardener whispered, putting his chubby hand across Katie's wounded mouth. "Let's get those knickers off!"

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THE END