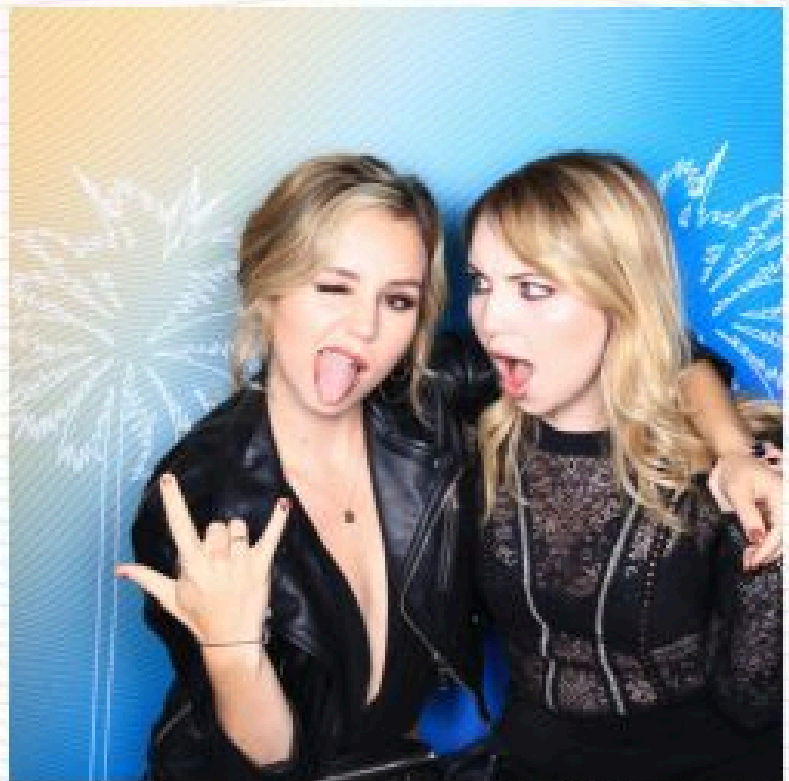


Best Friends Forever



www.thebosco.com

Sammi Hanratty and Brec Bassinger had been best friends for years, and had been part of the Wannabee group, that was until Jules Leblanc and her annoying best friend had joined and quickly tried to take over, in fact Sammi had been traded to the Barbies and Brec had quickly fallen out with her ex-bestie, especially when the two stables were at war.



“That was a nice bikini Sammi I saw you wearing at The Baby Oil Brawl!” Brec snickered. It was a bikini with the Creampuff logo that she had been forced to wear when the Wannabee had forced the Barbies to wear. “Just the type of Bikini you should be wearing, something for a creampuff.”

Sammi had been so annoyed and especially with getting taunted by someone who she had classed as a best friend and someone who she admired, so she had tried to get her own back but had been caught trying to bleach Brec clothing.

“We need to settle this.” Brec hissed when she caught Sammi in the act. “I know how!” Brec smiled and passed a note to Sammi, “No interference from either stable.”

A few days later and in a small room, which had been set up, Brec and Sammi were standing opposite each other, they had on robes, and above the bed were two sets of lingerie, one that said CreamPuff Barbies and the other that said Wannaloser on them, the two women smirked at each.

“Nice idea Sammi.” Brec smirked. “I can’t wait for you to wear the Creampuff Barbie lingerie in public, it’ll be so humiliating for you.” Brec takes off her robe to reveal her purple lace lingerie.

“I came up with the idea, because I want to see you in tears, whilst you wear the Wannaloser lingerie in public and especially in a fight.” Sammi taunts back, as she slowly takes off her robe, to reveal her sexy black lace lingerie.



Brec, not to be outdone, removes her robe and stands in front of Sammi wearing a sexy purple lace bra and panties.

"I can tell you like what you see, Sammi." Sammi just glares at her former best friend.

"It looks good, for now. We'll see how it looks in a few minutes."

The two women stand and glare at each other before they start to fight. The atmosphere crackled with anticipation as two figures faced off, their eyes locked in a fierce gaze. The scent of adrenaline hung heavy in the air, mixing with the faint aroma of perfume and sweat. Both women stood poised and ready, clad only in lingerie, their bodies glistening with a sheen of anticipation.

With a sudden surge of energy, the first strike was thrown—a lightning-fast jabby Brec followed by a roundhouse kick that sliced through the air with deadly precision. The impact reverberated through the room, a testament to the ferocity of their clash.



But the Sammi was not to be outdone. With a swift duck and a graceful pivot, she evaded the attack and countered with a series of quick jabs and hooks. The sound of flesh meeting flesh echoed in the room, punctuated by the occasional grunt of exertion.

As the battle intensified, their movements became a blur of motion, each woman fighting tooth and nail for dominance. They exchanged blows with relentless determination, their bodies moving in perfect synchrony as they danced around each other in a deadly ballet of combat.

But amidst the chaos, there were moments of intimacy—moments when their hands found purchase on each other's bodies, fingers digging into soft flesh as they grappled for control. The room seemed to pulse with the raw energy of their struggle, the air electric with tension.

Suddenly, with a swift flick of the wrist, Brec delivered a stinging spank that reverberated through the room like a thunderclap. The sound was met with a sharp intake of breath from her opponent, followed by a defiant growl of determination.

Undeterred, the Sammi retaliated with a swift wedgie, her fingers hooking into the delicate fabric of her opponent's panties and yanking upwards with all her might. A gasp of discomfort escaped Brec's lips, but she refused to yield, fighting back with renewed ferocity.

As the battle raged on, the intensity only grew, each woman pushing herself to the brink in a desperate bid for victory. Their movements were fuelled by adrenaline and determination, their bodies a symphony of strength and grace as they fought tooth and nail for dominance.

The room was a whirlwind of activity, the raw energy of the fight saturating the air. Brec and Sammi moved with an intensity that blurred the line between ferocity and elegance. Each strike and counterstrike was executed with precision, their rivalry adding fuel to every punch and kick.

Brec's purple lace lingerie clung to her form, the delicate fabric accentuating her toned physique. Her long hair whipped around her as she fought, a testament to her speed and agility. Her eyes blazed with determination, every fiber of her being focused on defeating her rival. She launched another series of attacks, her fists and feet moving in a deadly rhythm, but Sammi was ready.

Sammi, in her black lace lingerie, radiated a fierce confidence. Her movements were smooth and controlled, every dodge and counter a display of her skill. Her lingerie, with its intricate design, contrasted starkly against her skin, highlighting her strength and grace. She met Brec's onslaught head-on, her own strikes landing with brutal efficiency.

The room crackled with the sound of their struggle, each impact a testament to their mutual hatred and desire to win. They grappled fiercely, their bodies entwined in a violent dance. Sammi's fingers dug into Brec's flesh as she pushed back, their faces inches apart, their breaths hot and heavy with exertion and anger.

In a sudden, calculated move, Sammi landed a powerful knee to Brec's midsection, momentarily knocking the wind out of her. Seizing the opportunity, Sammi spun around and delivered a swift roundhouse kick that sent Brec stumbling backwards. The impact was jarring, and Brec's resolve began to waver.

Undeterred, Brec lunged forward with a growl, but Sammi was ready. She ducked under Brec's outstretched arm and delivered a punishing uppercut that snapped Brec's head back. The force of the blow sent Brec crashing to the floor, her body sprawled out in a momentary daze.

Sammi stood over her, panting heavily but triumphant. The room seemed to still as she looked down at her fallen rival, a mixture of satisfaction and disdain in her eyes. With a deliberate motion, she reached down and grabbed the waistband of Brec's panties, yanking them upwards in a final, humiliating wedgie.

Brec let out a gasp of pain and frustration, her hands clawing at the floor as she struggled to rise. But Sammi wasn't finished. She leaned down and whispered in Brec's ear, her voice dripping with venom. "This is what happens when you mess with the best."

With a final shove, Sammi released Brec, who collapsed back onto the floor, her body trembling with exhaustion and defeat. Sammi straightened up, her black lace lingerie slightly disheveled but intact, a stark contrast to Brec's disheveled state. The purple lace of Brec's lingerie was stretched and torn, a visual representation of her defeat.

“Looks like you’re wearing the Wannabee loser panties.” Sammi taunts, pointing to the panties above the bed. “Ready for the humiliation of a lifetime…”

“Please… I’m sorry… you're stronger than me… don’t do this…” Brec sobs.”

“You’ve always been a weakling, Brec. And I’ll prove it again if you ever try anything like this again!

Sammi picks up the Lingerie and matching pink hat from the headboard and throws them at Brec.

“Put these on and post some selfies.” If you refuse, the next beatdown will be your last!”



“And Kylie wanted you to wear this as a reminder of what happens when you mess with a Barbie.”

