

The Queen Across the Hall



The white-hot anticipation each had felt -- each had languished in, for hours, days, and even weeks, suddenly turned from tumult to temerity, as Beatrix moved to answer the expected knock at her door.

It was time.

She had arrived.

The white queen to her black. The yin to her yang. The woman she knew to be her rival at the very first moment 707their eyes met.

A rival who was younger than she who moved to meet her by more than a few years. The former blonde, and the latter an onyx with light, silky curls. And yet, despite those differences, they could be mistaken to be the same person, were one to see their bodies alone.

Each with just the perfect amount of curves and breasts that not only filled their cups, but overflowed them.

Their complexions each light and unblemished, though Beatrix was a few shades darker due to her efforts spent tanning.

Lighter or darker -- more mature or more youthful, the moment had come for them both. To test themselves and each other, just as each had done in the past, though against others and elsewhere. They having a history of such battles.

For Beatrix there was Emily and for Hope there was Hannah and the wife of her former profesor. And though those struggles and the feuds that caused them had ended years ago, they always wanted.

Always sought.

A chance to experience such excitement again.

A chance to have what they had when last they and their rivals locked eyes and forms -- thighs and prides. To experience the high of competition, and if they could withstand the onslaught, the exaltation and exhilaration of victory.

It is that they each sought, as Beatrix, in her black panties and bra with matching thighs highs and garter set, reached out and opened the door to her newest wage of fate.

And when she did, Hope walked in without fail or frailty. Her body covered, from jaw to calves, in a long white faux fur coat. One that the curly-haired blonde pulled open, and then with a shrug of her shoulders, let fall to the wood-panel floor behind her, just as she turned to face she who had allowed her entry.

Upon that turn, she found Beatrix' eyes trained upon her. With the golden-haired Hope's body kept under wraps by a set of lingerie

matching her black-haired rival's exactly, save for its color. Hope's white and Beatrix' black.

Attire, even without heels (as each was barefoot), that made them feel sexy and powerful -- unafraid and unmatched, even as they stepped towards one another. Even with their moment of clash so close at hand.

"Well..." Hope, a woman who had matured greatly since her last sexual contest, began as she brought her hands up to a soft rest on Beatrix' shoulders. "...at least one of us looks good in this lingerie." The confidence in the statement and in the blonde's teasing smirk sending a clear and unmistakable message: she was the better woman.

"A few pounds can make or break an outfit, dear. But perhaps when we're done here, I'll have worked them off of you." Came the black-haired vixen's catty reply. One that she offered as she lifted her own hands to Hope's hips -- they taking their place with a delicate touch.

It was then, with the other in hand, each of the women, with a sudden tug, pulled their bodies together in a jolting clap of fabric and flesh.

“My body vs. yours? You don’t stand a chance....” The words were resolute, but their tone drifting. For just before she spoke them, Hope drew in a deep breath through her nose, one that allowed her to take in and enjoy Beatrix’ beautiful perfume.

“Is that why I feel your nipples hardening against mine already?” When read, Beatrix’s words sounded bold and unaffected, but she too found herself caught. By smell and sight -- feel and fire.

They two women standing in the entryway of Beatrix’ pricey New York apartment clinging to each other.

Their eyes not caught in some hot, hateful glare but instead moving this way and that, as each studied every inch of the other.

A study that continued as both blonde and black-haired beauties’ heads weaved slowly from one side to the other.

Their moving lips calling to each other desperately, as closer and closer as they leaned.

“Kiss me, you bitch....” Hope commanded, as such was only a eyelash’s width distant from occurring.

“Mmm, I knew you’d beg....” Beatrix fired back, just a shave of a second before she pressed her lips to Hope’s and locked her into a deep, passionate kiss.

One in which they two rivals lost themselves. One they had each pined for and dreamed of since the moment they first met in the hall between their opposing apartment doors. A moment that left them speechless and unable to withdraw their gazes. Each seeing in the other, not in time but an instant, a mirror of themselves.

A challenge that must be conquered.

A perfect opponent for the beautiful game.

A game of wills and wiles -- passion and power. One that each had stumbled into before, but thereafter sought. Thereafter hunted. Each achieving only near misses and close calls, until they found each other -- until that moment, in which they were together enthralled.

Their mouths molten. Their tongues thrusting. In the warmth and wetness, coiling and curling, all as their mirrored busts and matching bodies pressed and pressured. They together leaning, even as their hands began to roam. From shoulders down from hope and from hips up for Beatrix.

Move though those hands did softly, slowly, as forearms brushed, they seized hard and then in a flash of action pushed at each other. Not just playfully, but hard. Each sending the other back, and in so doing, breaking the kiss they had found themselves locked in.

“I. Wasn’t. Begging...” Hope pointed out in a flare of temper, the needling of Beatrix’ last comment ebbing not in the slightest during their incredible kiss.

“You will...” It came more as a gunshot than a response. A bullet fired from the lips of Beatrix as she quickly marched over to Hope and with her left hand, grabbed a fistful of the blonde’s hair. A grip she used to pull the white-wearing seductress’ head back and to the left.

“Ow-mmnnnpphhh” Hope began, as the roots of her perfectly styled and curled hair burned from her rival’s pull. But before she could even sound out the announcement of pain, Beatrix’ lips were upon hers again. The tongue of the black-haired beauty splitting lips and engaging the blonde’s tongue once more.

Return the kiss though Hope did, she too reached up and grabbed for her rival’s hair. Then, when she had it, she tugged hard, yanking Beatrix’ head back and their lips apart once again.

“Is this how you want it?!” Hope asked in a snarl, as she fired her free hand down and into her rival’s black panties. The blonde pausing just before stabbing her fingers into Beatrix’ already lust-moistened sex.

The sudden stop, as Hope saw it, was the onyx-haired beauty’s last chance to keep their battle soft and sensual -- rather than rough and combative.

Chance though it was, each clung to their grips of hair. Each keeping the other bent over like a lowercase r, Hope to her right and Beatrix to her left.

That is until, without warning or reply, Beatrix let go of Hope’s locks. Then, after Hope had done the same in return, both women set themselves to straighten and readjust. Or at least that is what the blonde expected.

For as she lowered her gaze to her own body, and retracted her hand from her rival’s panties, that same rival charged. That same rival grabbed. That same rival pushed. She, with her own palms pressed to Hope’s shoulders, shoving the blonde mirror down to the wood-panel floor beneath them.

“Bitch!” Hope cried out as she tried to stand once again. But as she began to sit up, Beatrix stepped forward and then dropped into a straddle of the blonde’s outstretched left leg.

Not the shin of it or the calf, but the thigh-high-framed high thigh. The black-haired vixen scooting forward only an inch or two before she had brought her panty-covered sex to rest against her rival’s.

To all that had just occurred, Hope could have rebelled, and tried using force to will her way out from beneath her rival. But instead she just settled back onto her elbows and locked eyes with her rival. Each conveying confidence, not falsely or feigned but real, and blistering.

“Don’t think that you being on top means anything.” Hope hissed, as she thrust her hips forward, she driving her still-covered sex into Beatrix’.

“Mmmnnn don’t think that YOU mean anything, dear.” At the word “you”, Beatrix thrust herself back. Even after Hope’s peremptory attack made her eyes close and lips part in pleasure.

A parting and pleasure that came again and again. Not just from Beatrix, but from Hope as well. Neither woman able to keep themselves from feeling or enjoying their silk-covered womanhoods meeting between their crossed thighs.

The inner and most delicate curves of which brushed softly with every coming, and every going. The deep gray eyes of Hope and the hazel hued pair of Beatrix seemingly welded together, even in their L-shaped scissor. Each of the two sexually powerful women trying to, with their eyes alone, defeat their rival.

Convincing the other, through glimmer and gaze, that they are the true queen of their shared hall. And though the looks they shared, there on that apartment floor, would have withered and wrecked a lesser woman, they together and adverse remained firm.

The confidence of the woman with whom they dueled fueling them.

The look in her eyes challenging them.

And the presumptuous smirk on her face driving them mad.
The light of their rival burning so brightly, that each felt it might eclipse their own.

It had to be stopped. Smothered out. And like a flickering flame atop a candle extinguished.

Not someday. Not soon. But immediately.

A need each felt so keenly, that in a single moment of frustration they reached for each other.

Grabbing the other's bra straps and then with those grips pulling together. Beatrix down from her single knee and Hope up from her back. Both meeting with sealed foreheads, bent nose-tips, and lips so close they shared every breath.

"You're going to cum for me...." Beatrix promised in a hiss.

"You're going to beg me to stop fucking you...." Hope threatened in a confidence-bent whisper.

Shared words of certainty that mixed in the electricity-tinged air between them. Their passion wet eyes fused together in an unblinking and shifting dance of dare and derision. That is until finally, in a flash of unmet desire they kissed.