

Candice & Erin: Pink versus Black



Candice Swanepoel

**Winner 2020
Lightweight Lingerie Tournament**

Rd1: Defeated Poonam Pandey (Hair Pull)
Rd2: Defeated Jennifer O'Dell (Punches)
Rd3: Defeated Emily Ratajkowski (Punches)
Rd4: Defeated Chelsie Aryn (Punches)



Erin Heatherton

**Winner 2020
Welterweight Swimsuit Tournament**

Rd1: Defeated Jenny Frost (High Kick)
Rd2: Defeated Nicollette Sheridan (Hair Pull)
Rd3: Defeated Irina Shayk (Armbar Submission)
Rd4: Defeated Emily VanCamp (Forehead Stomp)

"There's no question about it. Guys want to watch girls cage fight in lingerie." Candice walked across the polished hardwood floor of the Los Angeles apartment she shared with Erin,

Erin sat crossed legged on a chair and laughed, "And what about the girls? What do they like to watch?"

Candice shook her head, her blonde hair swishing from side to side. "You know what I mean. Guys and girls. They all love to watch us parade around in our underwear and then kick the crap out of one another."

"Go on. Say it." Erin folded her arms and cocked her head to one side.

"Say what?"

"That I should be tournament fighting in lingerie, not a bikini."



Candice walked over to Erin and handed her a glass of red wine. "Well. Look at you. You look amazing dressed like that. Black lace suits you, babe."

Erin took the glass and looked down at herself and the beautiful lingerie she had on. The American was certainly making the most of the private time she had with Candice, she sipped her wine and gazed at her partner. "I'm happy to admit that we...that you, especially, look amazing in the right lingerie. But--"

"Oh. Here we go." Candice laughed and took a step back, putting one hand on her hip.

"But--" Erin continued, "Don't try and tell me that you didn't enjoy watching me fight it out in my bikini. Heck, Candice. My outfit was tiny enough that you could almost call it lingerie. Besides, it's obvious that swimwear is more durable. It's not going to give way when you fight. So there's less chance of losing from some annoying Stripping Submission."

Candice put her glass of wine down on the kitchen counter and then hooked both her thumbs under the shoulder straps of her pink bra. "Watch this." She tugged hard with her thumbs and the straps pulled away from her body, but the bra stayed where it should.

"That proves nothing. You're not even trying." Erin scoffed and took another sip of her wine. "In a real fight no ones going to be that gentle."

"It helps if all your opponents are shit." Candice winked at Erin.

Erin nodded and put her glass to one side, "That's true, hun. Neither of us faced any stiff competition in Iceland or Sweden."

"So, how do I prove to you that lingerie can stand up to the most rigorous of cage fights?"

Erin smiled and cracked her knuckles. "We're both here in our finest bra and panty combos. We hardly broke a sweat in our tournaments. How about I take you on? Right here, right now?"

"You really want a piece of this?" Candice gestured at her body as she took a step away from the kitchen counter and into the center of the room.

Erin unfolded her legs and stood up. She pulled a hair tie from her long blonde hair, her ponytail falling free and her hair hanging loose over her eyes. "What are the rules?"

"First to lose her bra is the loser?" Candice suggested as she looked her lover up and down.

Erin laughed, "That's too easy. Let's make this interesting."

"OK. What then?"

"First to lose her bra *and* her panties is the loser."

Candice grinned at her partner, "You're one sick puppy, Miss Heatherton."

Erin winked at her, "Yea. And it turns you on."

Her grin widened even more, "Hell yea, it does."

The two women circled around in their living room. Candice shook her arms, relaxing her muscles. Erin linked her fingers together and cracked her knuckles. Their eyes on each other, two sexy women in their lingerie...

Candice took a step towards her partner and lowered her stance. Erin grinned and stepped to one side, the two women maintaining eye contact.

Candice picked up a cushion with her right hand and quickly tossed at Erin, with a flick of her left arm Erin deflected the cushion, but the distraction was enough for Candice to close the gap between them and make a grab for Erin.

The two women came together, with Candice trying to take control. She tried to slip her arm around Erin's neck, attempting a side headlock. With a shrug and a shove, Erin pushed her away.

"You'll have to try harder than that, babe." Erin teased as she moved away from Candice.

"Erin, stop running away from me." Candice raised her fists and advanced on Erin.

Erin took up a fighting stance as Candice approached. When she was in range of her long legs, Erin faked a kick with one leg and instead stepped into Candice and threw a right hand cross.



Candice flicked her head away at the last second and the fist flew past her. With Erin committed, Candice turned into the attack and again made a grab for Erin. This time she managed to grab a handful of long blonde hair with her left hand, she pulled hard and yanked Erin's head back.

Taking advantage, Candice pulled Erin towards her and at the same time threw a punch into Erin's gut. Her fist hitting rock hard abs, but with enough force to push some of the air out of Erin's lungs.



"Oooooooo..." Erin gasped and braced for a follow up strike.

Candice pulled harder on Erin's hair, tilting her head back and opening her up for another gut punch, this one landing harder than the first.

"Oooooooo...uhhh.." again Erin took the hit.

Candice released her grip on Erin's hair and reached for the shoulder strap of her black lace bra. Erin gasped for air, but Candice once again thumped her in the gut. This time it really hurt as Candice put even more strength behind it.

Erin slumped forward, her hair falling down over her face, Candice pulled on the bra strap with her left hand. Her right hand going to Erin's other shoulder to straighten her up.

Coughing and grunting Erin wasn't going to go down without a fight. As Candice straightened

her up, she thrust her arms up between the two of them. Knocking Candice's hand free of her bra strap. Then Erin put both her hands on Candice's shoulders and dug her nails in.

Face to face, the two women stared into each other's eyes. Candice gritted her teeth as Erin dug her fingernails in. In pain, Candice thrust her head forward and headbutted her lover.

Erin yelped and stumbled backwards. She backed into the sofa and toppled back and over it, her hands flying to her aching forehead as she tumbled backwards over the sofa, her legs up in the air.

Candice stepped forward and made a grab for one of Erin's long flailing legs. She gripped Erin's ankle and pulled her up, but Erin swung her other leg in a wide arc. Despite the awkward position, she planted her foot directly to the side of Candice's head.

The foot hit with a loud whack, Candice released her grip and swore as Erin struggled to pick herself up off the sofa, her legs still flailing around.

Gathering herself together, Candice ignored the pain on the side of her face and reached out, making a grab for both of Erin's legs. Like lightning she managed to get a grip on both of Erin's ankles.

"Fuck!" Erin kicked her legs out, but Candice hung on tight. With all her strength she spun her body to one side, pulling Erin by the ankles off the sofa and throwing her across the room. Candice let go and Erin tumbled across the wooden floor, skidding into the stools at the kitchen counter and knocking them over.

"This was fun, Erin." Candice stepped towards the counter, "But time to get you naked."

"Fuck." Erin swore again as she struggled to push a stool off herself.

Candice took another step towards her and Erin lashed out with a kick. Candice read the attack perfectly and grabbed hold of Erin's swinging leg. She pinned it under her arm and hauled her girlfriend across the floor, Erin's head cracking against one of the fallen stools.

"Let me finish what I started with that pretty black bra." Still holding Erin's leg under her arm, Candice reached down and took a grip on the lingerie and gave a stiff pull.

The clasps at the back of the bra gave way and popped free. Candice felt the bra loosen and grinned. She kept pulling, but Erin lashed out with her fists. Landing punches to either side of Candice's head.

The third punch landed flush with Candice's jaw and she grunted in pain, letting go of Erin's leg and staggering backwards. As she stepped back, Erin pushed the stools away and struggled to her knees.



Her black lace bra fell away and dropped to the floor. Topless and on her knees she took a moment to recover and dragged her fingers through her tangled hair, "Well, shit. I guess round one goes to you."

"I guess so." Candice rubbed her chin. "I guess this proves that I'm a better fighter than you. And it proves that pink lingerie is better than black."

"Bullshit." Erin got off her knees and stood ready to fight, her skin damp with sweat. "Pink, black, white, red, yellow...it doesn't matter. It's all just underwear and you ripping my top so easily just proves my point, Bikinis are better fight attire than lingerie."

Candice shook her head, "Whatever. All I'm thinking about right now is how sexy you look and how much better you'll look when I remove those panties."

Erin pushed out her chest, "I'm not falling from your tricks again, Swanepoel. Come get some."

Smiling, Candice adjusted the straps of her pink bra and approached her lover. Erin took a step backwards and Candice moved forward, but she watched as Candice's eyes flicked downwards to look at her bare chest. The second of distraction was enough for Erin, she stepped towards Candice and shot out a long leg.



Her foot slapped loudly against Candice's right thigh. The sound of flesh on flesh bouncing off the apartment walls. Candice yelped in pain as Erin faked a kick with her other leg, only to use the same leg again and this time kick lower to Candice's right calf.

Caught off guard, Candice's right leg went out from under her. She managed to block the follow up strike from Erin, but couldn't stop the fourth attack. A right cross that caught her flush on the side of the head.

Erin pushed her advantage and thrust her right leg out in a straight, front kick that crashed into Candice between her breasts. Candice staggered and fell backwards, the small of her back colliding with the edge of their dining table. The table shook and glassware fell over.

Erin swung again and her left hand landed an open palm on Candice's cheek with a loud smack. Her back against the table, Candice tried to retaliate and reached out for Erin to clinch with her. But Erin read her girlfriend's move and threw a low punch to Candice's belly.

Candice knew she was in trouble as Erin drilled her belly a second time. The tables were turning and now Erin began to take advantage. She grappled against the table with Candice, the two women's bodies pressed hard against each other.

Erin kept up her strikes to Candice's belly, and a desperate Candice once again went for a headbutt. Erin read it and pulled her head back. As she rocked away from Candice, Erin thumped her in the gut again and then used both her hands to grab at Candice's pink panties.

Hooking her fingers under the waistband of her partner's panties, Erin hauled herself back and away from Candice. She moved back quickly and with such force that the underwear dug into Candice's skin for a moment and then gave way. Ripping clean away from Candice and leaving her naked from the waist down.

Panting for breath, Erin looked at the torn knickers in her hands. "That wasn't too difficult." She tossed the panties to one side.

Candice leaned back against the table and breathed hard. "You'll pay for that, Erin."

Erin ran her hands over her bare breasts, teasing Candice. "Oh, I'm sure I will. But, damn girl you look hot like that."

Candice pushed herself away from the table and stood her ground. She rubbed her belly, "Did you have to punch me so hard?"

"Yes! You tried to headbutt me, twice. And you threw me across the floor."

"Only because I wanted to win."

Erin took a step closer to Candice, "We both want to win, hun. That's why we're so damn good at cage fighting."

Candice stood defiant in front of the table, she put her hands on her hips and cocked her head to one side, "We might be good, but we're also not done yet." And with that she launched herself at Erin. With her head down she plowed into her girlfriend, driving her shoulder into Erin's belly and wrapping her arms around Erin's waist.

The force of the collision pushed Erin backwards and drove the wind out of her. Gasping for air, Erin reacted with instinct, thumping her fists in a hammer blow onto Candice's back.



Candice grunted as the strikes landed on her back, but she drove forward and lifted Erin upwards. Grabbing a tight hold of Erin's legs, she twisted her body back and felt Erin's feet leave the wooden floor. With her momentum going forward and Erin's bodyweight working against her, Candice felt her girlfriend tilt and she pressed forward, wanting to flip Erin up over her shoulders and onto the floor behind her.

Having all the air pushed out of her lungs and the strikes to Candice's back having little effect, Erin felt herself being upended. Everything was turning upside down as her feet left the ground. She grasped with her hands and her fingers found purchase with Candice's pink bra straps.

Candice finished her move and Erin flipped upside down over her shoulders as she crashed to the floor behind her. But she felt the tug and tension of her bra being pulled hard from the back. The cups pulled tight against her breasts. The straps digging into her flesh. And the ripping and popping of stitching.

Erin grunted in pain as she hit the floor shoulders first, she rolled to one side and rose to one knee. Panting and trying to catch her breath, her body coated in sweat, and in her hands the remains of Candice's bra.



Candice turned and looked down at her partner. Then she looked down at her own naked body and the sweat running down between her breasts.

Holding Candice's bra up, Erin gulped down mouthfuls of air as she recovered her breath, "G...got...you."

"Yeah. I guess you did." Candice shook her head in disbelief and then stepped towards Erin. She reached out with one hand.

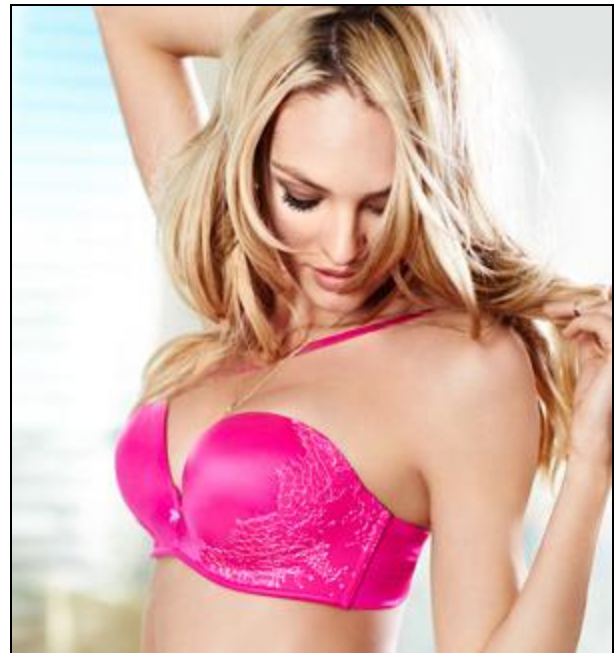
Erin dropped the ripped bra and pushed strands of damp hair off her forehead, she accepted the outstretched hand and Candice hauled her to her feet and close to her.

The two women embraced. Arms around each other, their eyes locked, closely followed by their mouths. A passionate kiss followed as they held each other close.

Candice broke the embrace, "I guess this means you've won?"

"I guess so. Did we decide on a prize for the winner?"

"I don't actually think we did. What were we even fighting about?"



Erin shrugged her shoulders, "I don't know. Something about clothes." She reached out her hand and took Candice's in her own. "I know what I want for my winners prize."

"A new bra?"

Erin laughed and squeezed Candice's hand. "No. My prize is going to be you helping me out of these panties and then..."

The rest of her sentence was cut off as Candice scooped her up and with a grunt and carried her towards the bedroom. "You know..." Candice said as she negotiated her way past the fallen stools, "Once I get you naked then this fight would be a draw."

"But darling, I've already won." Erin giggled.

"Have you really?" Candice asked as she kicked open the bedroom door and carried her lover towards their bed. With another grunt she tossed Erin onto the unmade bed.

Erin giggled again as she pulled down her panties, "Maybe we're both gonna be winners."

Candice kicked the bedroom door closed, "We already are, hun"

