

ADULTS Only 18+ years of Age

=**"Mob Cunts at WAR!"**=

A free CatFightCity.com Illustrated Catfight Story.

Part of the Bitches Catfight Series

Preface;

ANY similarity between these characters alive or dead is purely unintentional, and not by design. All stories are fantasy in nature and do not depict any actual situations, or relationships, current or historical. These stories are meant for **Adults only**, of legal age in your place of residence or viewing. If you are offended by violence or sexual content? STOP NOW!

The Bitches Catfight series, are motion stories, served up in at least two or more Chapters. Vicious and nasty! PLUS super sexy! The related Animated Clips are available from either CatFightMovies.com, CatFighters.com, Galaxibabes.com or KinkyKlown.com

So here it is! ENJOY!

Story Number One, of the Never ending Bitches Catfight Series!

"Mob Cunts at WAR!"



Chapter 1

Round one!

Sally and Jeannie had both been working for the big Boss of the New Jersey Russian Mob for nearly three years. Jeannie

Mallowitz was a Cousin of one of the Lieutenants for the Gang, Billy Mac who was very effective with a Mac Ten. He helped grease the Mob's part of the Biz, that extorted monies from various Federal and State Programs. Sally Palonavich was the Queen B of the Office works, having worked about six months longer for the Crime Syndicate than Jeannie. She knew most of the ins and outs of the Office, having worked for the Gang an additional two years earlier as a small Safe Cracker and pick pocket.



Her fav deal she told Jeannie, was to employ two hot strippers to get dolled up in short dresses, etc. etc., and get into a screaming tangled catfight at some local event with big wallets and jewelry waiting for her sticky fingers. Both guys and gals alike would be mesmerized by the tangled rolling squealing ball

of flesh and ripped clothes!



Two big Thugs would help keep the bouncers at bay, forcing them to enjoy the rolling show on the floor, while Sally and one or two other sexy ladies would work the pockets, while caressing cocks and asses with the other hand, as the action worked their magic, on the Male and even Female spectator's, sexual juices!



In addition to the catfight pick pocket game, small safes in homes were great for ripping off, hot well healed dates, that Sally would pick up.



Married Men were her fav target, and if they got wise to her break in and theft of the goodies, she always had a secret camera she kept to record the action, and threaten to tell the Old Lady of the House, if need be. She was also a master of sliding blame onto someone else, and tonight Jeannie was her target!

One of the jobs split between the girls, was to provide access for the made men, to come in and pick up deal money as required. A modest float of one hundred thousand, was all that was normally kept!



Jeannie had the Office door access code, and both girls had one half of the safe combo.



Only problem was, that, unknown to Jeannie, Sally knew that Jeannie kept the weekly rotating office door code on her company lap top, within a folder of her E mail account. She also knew Jean's passcode to the lap top. Jeannie kept that under her desk lamp. In addition, Sally had access to the security cameras off her own computer.

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Tonight however was a big night for a Safe Cracker with half the six-digit combo.

Tonight, she found out from her Beau, Lt Romeo Romonavich, that the safe was stuffed with over 6 million large bills for a Sunday drop. Too much too much. The Building was well guarded, like a Fort Knox, more A K 47's than a Company of Russian Soldiers. But the Garbage Chute to a waiting Limo in the basement garage, with Romeo Romanavich in it, would provide the perfect exit for the 6 million.



In addition, it was Jean's turn to make a modest community drop with her cousin, Bill. The two of them were then going on vacation in Switzerland for a month, with their better halves, leaving Saturday Afternoon. A perfect pair and time to blame the heist on.

First things first. Sally removed the recording cable connecting the outer office area, just before Jean got back from one of her many Coffee breaks.



JUST a few minutes later after 6, Sally strolled up to Jean's desk. She always dressed like the Old late 40's Slut that she was. Her skirt way too short, even for younger women half her age. At 46 she managed to maintain a slim well-built 124 pound five five curvy body, with dimensions of

36D 25 and 38 inch hips. She was a pretty worthy fighter too! She had done a little Kick Boxing, and had a Brown Belt in Judo.

Jeannie, in a similar Cut Vested Biz Suit, looked just as tarty,

with her skirt neatly reaching up her firm ass, as she clicked away on her

computer, trying to finish the weekly cash disbursements report, and get away by 6:30 pm. it was nearly 6:15 but she had at least



30 or 40 more minutes of work to do. Jean was a real late 30's HeartBreaker of 38 firm years, at 115 Lbs 5 3 with measurements of 34 C 25 35. She had some combat training from the Army, and a Brown Belt in Ju-jitsu.

She had also worked a couple of rounds two years back, as a fill in, when one stripper didn't show up, for the Pick Pocket Catfight show. She really enjoyed herself, and even did a three way with the stripper! sandwiching up with her boyfriend at the time!

Jean noticed Sal stroll up, recognizing her cheap Italian perfume, that smelled like Vodka soaked in Strawberries with a hint of Lilac.



"Hey Jean I can finish that for you" chirped Sal.



"Would you? I really need to get going fast, like an hour Ago. My cousin Bill keeps on saying hurry up and get down here, I gave him the drop at 5:30 and told him I'd be back in about 30 minutes. He just called again and said if I don't get down there now, I'll have to take the Subway home. Dressed like this?" cried Jeanny

"Go on get going I got this Sweetie"

"Thanks Sally"

"Have a good time with the Swiss, I hear that some kinda new

Chocolate there makes you real Horny, YUM-YUM Fuck-Fuck!"

Jean giggled then tapped out the door.

As Jean disappeared, Sally went to work "Thanks Sucker" she whispered to herself.

Sal now had access to the Door's Key Code with the HOT safe inside. Right behind her was 6 million smackers and a neutralized Camera and Alarm system. Sal of course signed out of Jean's account after getting the door code and closed up Jean's computer.

No sooner Sal opened the door, she went to work on the safe. She had treated Jean and herself to some nice long stiletto nails, last week during a long lunch break. All the better to feel out a safe tumbler. Click-click snap-snap then click-snap and another snap, then she entered the three final numbers she had.



Just as she finished unloading the safe into a brief case, when, she smelled a very fresh and angry channel fragrance filling the room!

"Wouldn't you have found that easier bitch, if you had asked for my three numbers?"

An angry Jean sporting a silenced Mac 10 glared murderously at Sally!



"So what's your plan Sally, were you going to fuck me? Good thing I forgot to pick up my cousin's mac here, out of the lock up. Heard your whispering giggle and thought I'd join in on the joke"!"

NOW! Turn around BITCH, there's some string in the desk, we'll get to the bottom of this, which shouldn't be far considering the cheap slut skirt you're in!"

Sally looked amazingly happy, content even, a kind of relief.

" OK Jean, I've been looking forward to this for a while, it's a relief even"!



Jean smirked, and raised the silencer level with Sally's ample bosom.



"Perfect!" growled Sally

Sal's right leg, snapped up and over, snapping the gun effortlessly out of Jean's right hand.



As it flew backwards into the outer adjoining office!

"If you're going to shoot, SHOOT Bitch, don't talk" sneered Sally



A stunned Jean locked eyes with Sal, knowing too well of the deadly catfight about to evolve in the Office. Neither one could let the other leave here.



Jean decided to close the gap, with a screaming charge, preventing Sal to get another vicious kick in, Sally charged into the center of the room as well, partly with the idea of perhaps bowling over and past the slightly lighter woman, to get at the Mac 10 first.

Jean knew she had to fight close in. Tangle up real tight and try to choke out her foe.



Sally's glasses came flying off, as the two met in a frantic desperate clawing lock up, with Sally getting on top of their combined tangled mass, as they flew onto the desk rolled across it, then, tumbled back off in a limb locked ball AND, onto the floor in a tangled rolling mass!



Again Sal got into the top position of their evolving cat ball cat fight. Chest to Chest crotch to crotch, their cunts pressed up through the thin and limited fabric of their net pantyhose. They began a very tight squirming grappling horizontal boogie.



Sal kept her legs spread out yet snaked up with her rivals, to help keep her in the dominant top spot, she then gripped Jean's hair and scalp, digging her needle talons into Jean's skull flesh, and began pounding the back of her head into the hard wood floor, looking to put Jean into lala land, then grab the gun and make up her own story for the Mob to listen to.



Sally's saliva and stink breath assaulted Jean's nose and lips, she also began to feel the obvious auto erogenous arousal dripping from Sally's cunt into hers, as they squirmed and snaked all over the floor, with Sally on top and Jean below, clawing and ripping at Sally's hair, trying desperately to roll her off.



Both women snapped at the other's face, with Sally desperately trying to get the head pounding to end, she finally managed to pull Jean's face close enough to her own and clamp on a vice like jaw lock onto her own rival's jaw.



The tangled catball was now complete in its conjoined form. Jaw locked with an internal tongue battle trying to force the mouths either apart or tangle and pull tighter, and saliva rolled down the other woman's contorted fierce face.



There frantic catball eventually rotated their conjoined form out the door into the outer office.

While spitting tongue fighting and Growling into the others' mouth, Jean was able to roll Sally off, as they began rotating across the floor again for top spot. Their nipples slid together as their vests spread open from the rubbing and clawing-grabbing action of the feline combat.

Meanwhile Jean's cousin became increasingly impatient.

"what the fuck is keeping her" Billy muttered to himself," the Mac is in the same place it always is"



Chapter 2 "Clawing CatBall Conjoinment" rip and strip

Spoiler/preview



[catball rolls into outer office] Jean accidentally kicks gun into main office, under big desk, fight continues, till girls tumble out 2nd story window, that slams closed as they tumble out and bounce off of a pile of filthy mattresses, into a rolling wet brutal catfight in the alley. In a locked up fenced in area. Very private. Billy shows up looking for his cousin, but no one is there. Meantime Sally's boyfriend gets cold feet and fucks off when he sees Billy go back to the Office.