



BARED BREASTS & BARBED WIRE

Story by Janet Ellis - Art by S. Dervish

The workers in the Canadian mining town had become quite bored with their lives. After all, there was nothing to do in the small town. The only excitement came when the mail made its run. They were beginning to quarrel among themselves, and the quality of their work was going way down.

The foreman of the town's main mining operation decided that he would arrange some entertainment. At first he was going to have a male wrestling show come in, but then a clerk from one of the few stores in town had gotten into a brutal fight with a waitress, and he remembered how the guys had talked about it for days. It had been a savage fight, both girls earning a trip to the medical clinic.

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ended the round with another brutal blow to Leona's face.

Leona slumped in her corner as the doctor tried to stop the gushing of blood from her many wounds.

By the end of the eighth round, both girls had taken unbelievable abuse. Both faces were badly bruised, both noses gushed blood, both set of soft sensuous lips were split. Both girl's had scratches, cuts, and gashes on their bodies. But if the fight was being scored, Janice would definitely be ahead.

There were only two rounds left. The men cheered the girls on. They were impressed at that amount of punishment that the girls could not only give, but absorb.

When the ninth round began, Janice quickly took the upper hand. She pounded her lethal fists several times into Leona's crotch. Leona screamed in agony as she sank to her knees. Janice drew the Indian woman to her feet, then backed Leona up against the ropes, shoving her hard, knowing that the barbs would cut deeply into her back, then Janice

banged fists into the ribs and stomach. The cruel barbed wire did its work on the Indian fighter's back.

Janice then went to work on the girl's face. She held Leona's head with one hand, then snapped a wicked punch into her opponent's face with the other. She pounded blows as quickly and as powerfully as she could. Her precision rivaled that of a surgeon. Janice enjoyed seeing the Indian's face bruised and battered.

"This is fun, you bitch. I'm going to rip you up now."

"The fight isn't over yet, you slut!" Leona said through clinched teeth and blood.

Leona tried to knock Janice back with some blows to the stomach, but they had little effect on Janice. Janice was operating on her spare energy, anger, and hatred for her foe.

Janice pulled Leona away from the ropes and spun her around in the middle of the ring. Janice pounded Leona's face very hard, and the girl fell straight to the mat. The referee moved in and pushed Janice back in a corner.

