

My Dream, My Fight, My Victory

Blog Post #8

みんな...聞いてください。This is everything to me.

I can still feel the sting of sweat in my eyes, the ache in my knuckles, the dull throb of bruises forming beneath my skin. **But this pain? It's beautiful. It's proof that I fought. That I survived. That I won.**

This is what I was born for. **Not just the cameras, not just the lights, not just the attention.** The fight itself. The battle. The moment where there is only me, my opponent, and the will to win. Every drop of sweat, every breath, every step in the cage—I want it all. **My soul is on fire for this.**

The Cage in Hong Kong – A Stage for War

The Old Tai O Police Station wasn't just an unusual place to fight—it was the perfect place. Cold, hard, unforgiving. Just like the fight itself.

Just like this world. If I want to prove I belong, I have to show **no weakness**. I have to take everything they throw at me and **keep moving forward**.

My opponent, Viktoria Apanasenko from Ukraine, was a mystery to me before this fight. But when I saw her across from me in the cage, I knew. **She wanted this win just as much as I did.** But I couldn't let her have it. **Not when I've sacrificed so much to be here.**

I stepped into that cage in my white bra and panties, unashamed, unafraid. I wanted every person watching to see me—**all of me**. My body, my strength, my will. I heard



whispers, saw the looks—some thought I was just a gravure model playing fighter. **I would prove them wrong.**

Round 1 – The Fire in My Heart

The bell rang, and in that instant, nothing else mattered. I was **alive**. Viktoria was careful, testing the waters, but I didn't wait. I **attacked**. A sharp kick to her ribs—she winced. **I knew then, I would break her.**

Rounds 2 & 3 – The Grind, The Pain, The Hunger

She fought back, I'll give her that. But it wasn't enough. **Not against me**. I found every opening, landed every strike with precision. My fists slammed into her body, my knees found their mark. **I felt her struggle. I felt her spirit wavering.**

And I loved it. Not because I wanted to hurt her—but because I wanted to **win**. This is my dream, and I will not let anyone stand in my way.



Rounds 4 & 5 – The Moment of Truth

By the fourth round, Viktoria's face was bloodied, her movements slower, weaker. **But she still stood.** That's when I knew—this fight was mine to take.

I took her down. Mounted her. **I threw punch after punch, hearing my own breath, feeling my own heartbeat pounding in my ears.** Viktoria tried to get up, tried to escape.

I ended it.

A brutal **soccer kick to the head**. The moment my foot connected, I felt it deep in my soul. **Victory**. The referee stepped in, the fight was over—and I had won.

I dropped to my knees. I wasn't just exhausted. **I was overwhelmed**. This is what I want. This is what I need. Every pore of my body aches to be in that cage. **To fight. To win.**

More Than Just a Win—It's My Purpose

Some people still say, *"Kei is just a model. She doesn't belong in MMA."*

黙れ ! **Shut up!** I belong here. My fists, my kicks, my scars—they **prove it**.

This win means everything to me. It's not about just proving people wrong. **It's about proving something to myself**. That I can do this. That I will do this. That no matter how many times I fall, I will rise again.

But this is only the beginning. **Next stop: Africa**. Another tournament, another chance to prove myself. I'll step into that cage in my pink lingerie—small, sexy, barely there. But don't let the look fool you. **I am coming to fight**. My first opponent? Amanda Seyfried. Another blonde.



She'll learn what Viktoria learned—**Kei Fubuki is not just a fighter. Kei Fubuki is a warrior.**

次の戦いへ ! **On to the next fight!** 🥊🔥💖