

Amped: Lorde up. Marina down.

Titles change hands in Columbia and again Amped must take equal doses of pleasure and pain.



Time for “Guess the Amped Girl”. They can see you!
Round fourteen is a follow up to eyes, it's **Hidden Eyes**. Who's behind those sunglasses?

Answers at the end of this article.

Ella: Strategic Chess Match

Ella Yelich-O'Connor snatches the heavyweight belt from Hailee Steinfeld.

[Camera focuses on Ella, her face flushed but resolute. She takes a deep breath, sweat dripping down her chin. Her gaze is steady and unwavering.]



"La Calera, Colombia, the energy here has been incredible. Thank you for your support. Tonight, you witnessed a true battle. **Hailee** is a phenomenal fighter, and I have nothing but respect for her tenacity in the octagon."

[Ella pauses, acknowledging the difficulty of the fight.]

"This victory wasn't easy. It was a strategic chess match, requiring every ounce of my training and discipline. Every second counted. In the end, my plan came together. That's what professional fighting is about – meticulous preparation and executing with precision."

[She lifts the heavyweight championship belt, its gleam catching the light.]

"This belt represents countless hours of dedication, sacrifice, and unwavering focus. It's a testament to the tireless efforts of the entire Amped stable. We knew this wouldn't be a walk in the park, and we were right."

[A hint of steely determination enters her eyes.]

"Now, let's address Miami. Congratulations to **Kylie Jenner** on her winning streak. I acknowledge her skills, but styles make fights. I have a plan, and I'll be approaching this title defence with the same focus and diligence that brought me here tonight. This belt doesn't come with shortcuts. It demands consistent effort, and I'm prepared to put in the work to keep it."

[Ella looks directly into the camera, a glint of quiet confidence in her eyes.]

"Expect a dominant performance in Miami. I'm not here to entertain, I'm here to win. There's no room for complacency. This title, this journey – it's everything I've worked for. Now, it's time to celebrate this victory with Ellie and the rest of Amped. But make no mistake, the focus remains on Miami. The work continues. Thank you, Colombia."

[Ella nods curtly, a small, professional smile playing on her lips. As the camera pans out, she joins her Amped teammates in a celebratory embrace, the weight of the championship belt a symbol of her unwavering focus.]



Marina: Respect

Marina Diamandis drops the middleweight title to Kendall Jenner.

[Camera cuts to a battered but unbowed Marina. Blood streaks down her cheek, but a defiant fire burns in her eyes. She grabs the mic and practically growls into it]

"Guapi, Colombia! That was a fight, wasn't it? Five rounds of pure hell, and **Kendall**, give it up, you earned that win. Respect."

[She nods towards Kendall, who's just out of frame, a hint of grudging respect in her voice. Then, the fire returns]

"But let me be clear: This ain't over. They might call her champion now, but Miami? That's my redemption ground! You saw what I did to her streak last time. This time, it'll be a knockout, lights out, new champ again! The odds are stacked? Screw the odds! I stared down a Jenner in there tonight, and that's exactly what Kendall is. But Jenner's can get tired, too. They make mistakes. And in Miami, I'll exploit every single one."

[Marina throws her head back and lets out a scream of Welsh expletives, the crowd erupting in response (despite not understanding a word). Sweat mixes with the blood on her face, painting a warrior's mask]

"This loss? It's just a speed bump. A chance to learn, to come back hungrier, meaner! Miami's gonna witness something special. They'll see the heart of a true champion. They'll see me reclaim what's rightfully mine. Kendall, you took the belt, but you can't steal my fire. In Miami, it burns brighter than ever. This bitch's coming back for her belt!"



[The camera lingers on Marina's face, the raw emotion electrifying. She takes a deep, shaky breath, the adrenaline slowly giving way to a steely resolve]

"Sure, I lost tonight. But champions get knocked down. Look at Tyson, Ali, hell, even the goddamn legend herself, Amanda Nunes. They all tasted defeat. But they got back up, stronger, wiser. And that's exactly what I'm gonna do. Miami will be my crucible. It'll be where I rise from the ashes, where I silence the doubters and prove that I belong at the top of this damn division."



[A wry smile plays on her lips, tinged with the memory of past victories]

"Remember what happened last time we met, Kendall? Remember the look on your face when the ref called it? That fear. Yeah, I'm gonna bring that same energy to Miami. Only this time, it won't go five rounds. It'll end with me standing tall, that belt back around my waist. Colombia witnessed a warrior tonight. Miami will witness a legend."

[Marina slams the mic down, the raw emotion electrifying. The camera pans out as she throws her arms around Ellie Goulding, the look in her eyes a promise: Miami will see vengeance.]

Ellie: Sidelined

Ellie Goulding continues to recover as she prepares to again face Megan Fox.

[Camera catches Ellie, her gaze fixed intently on the lens. Her expression is composed, but a flicker of frustration dances in her eyes. She adjusts the sling supporting her bandaged ribs, a constant reminder of the fight stolen from her.]



"Colombia. It's Ellie here. A broken rib, courtesy of **Megan**, kept me from joining my sisters tonight. But trust me, the fire in my belly burns just as bright, maybe even brighter, watching all the Amped women battle."

[A smile tugs at the corner of her lips as she shifts her gaze to the big screen, highlighting Ella celebrating her heavyweight championship victory.]

"Ella, heavyweight champion! Now that's a sight to behold! Congratulations to all of Amped tonight. Wins, losses, every single one of you left it all out there. That's the Team Spirit we built, the unwavering support that defines us."

[Ellie's voice hardens slightly as she clenches her fist.]

"Marina, a valiant defence. You gave everything you had, and that's what matters. Bebe, Charli, phenomenal performances. You both showcased your skills and emerged victorious. Sky, Dua, you left your hearts in the UCC cage. Learn from this, come back stronger. We rise together, we fall together, and we always get back up."

[Her gaze returns to the camera, a steely resolve settling in her eyes.]

"Now, onto Miami. Megan. The welterweight title. You stole it from me once, but lightning won't strike twice.

This time, I'm coming in even more focused, even more prepared. You took a piece of me in the last fight, but this time, I'm taking back everything that belongs to me. The belt, the title, the respect I deserve."

[Ellie's voice drops to a low, dangerous rumble.]

"Consider this a formal declaration of war, Megan. Miami will be the battleground, and the welterweight title will be the prize. But this isn't just about the belt; it's about redemption. It's about proving that champions are forged in fire, and the fire that burns within me is hotter than ever. Miami, mark my words. Ellie Goulding's back, and she's coming for what's rightfully hers."



[Ellie offers a curt nod, the leader, the strategist, the fighter who refuses to let a setback define her.]

Sky: Fucking Boring

Sky Ferreira stumbles again, a bitter loss against Kristen Stewart.

[Camera finds Sky slumped against the cage, a pout forming on her exquisitely made-up face. Her blonde hair is a mess, mascara clinging to her lashes like a war souvenir. She grabs the mic and throws her head back dramatically]



"Ugh, darlings, is it just me, or was the lighting in this cage particularly unflattering tonight? Seriously, did someone forget to dim the harshness? Because let's be honest, **Kristen** over there," *[Sky throws a playful, yet pointed glance at Kristen, who's trying to hide a smirk]* "looked positively radiant bathed in those floodlights. Maybe that's her secret weapon?"

[Sky winks at the camera, a mischievous glint in her eyes]

"But listen, let's not dwell on hypotheticals. The judges spoke, and apparently, dominance is in this season. Fucking boring, I say! Where's the drama? The knockout that leaves everyone gasping for air? Hello? This wasn't a fight, it was a glorified sparring session!"

[Sky throws her hands up in mock exasperation]

"Maybe I should've upped the theatrics a notch. A flying side-kick? A cartwheel into a spinning backfist? Flashing my tits to the screaming crowd? You know, give the audience a real show! But alas, it seems strategy trumps entertainment these days."

[She shrugs dramatically, then leans closer to the mic, a sly smile playing on her lips]



"Don't get me wrong, Kristen deserves her props. She played the game the judges wanted to see. But let's be real, folks, where's the fun in that? This isn't ballet, it's MMA! It's about pushing boundaries, about captivating the crowd with the unexpected. Maybe next time, Kristen will take a page out of my playbook and add a little pizzazz to her performance."

[Sky winks again, a playful defiance in her eyes]

"Consider this a temporary setback, a chance to reinvent myself. Who knows, maybe the next time we meet, I'll unleash a flurry of flying knees and leave everyone speechless. Until then, darlings, keep your eyes peeled. Sky's not done yet. This little setback just adds some spice to the story, wouldn't you agree? Now, where's the after-party? A girl needs a margarita the size of her head."

[Sky throws the mic down with a theatrical flourish, blowing a kiss to the camera before disappearing into the arms of her Amped teammates.]

Bebe: Fireworks!

Bebe Rexha locks in the submission move on Alexandra Daddario.

[Camera zooms in on Bebe, barely winded despite the gruelling fight. A playful glint lights up her eyes as she leans into the mic, a stray lock of blonde hair falling across her cheek.]



"La Calera, Colombia! ¡Mi amor! You guys rocked tonight! Did someone order an early fireworks show? Because that's basically what you just witnessed! Boom! Pow!"

[She throws a playful punch in the air, the crowd roaring in response.]

"Okay, okay, let's talk about **Alexandra**. Sweetheart, where are you? Hiding under the octagon after that little tap-out tango we just had? Don't worry, I won't hold it against you. My kicks have a way of making even the toughest knees go weak!"

[Bebe winks suggestively, the crowd erupting in laughter.]

"Seriously though, Alexandra put up a good fight. For a while there. But let's face it, when Bebe hits the dance floor, the only move you wanna know is how to tap out gracefully. Am I right, ladies?"

[She throws a playful question to the female members of the audience, eliciting cheers and whistles.]

"Now, Miami, you lucky bastards are next! Heard there's a certain **Bianca Kmiec** waiting to throw down. Honey, I'm coming in hot! My ground game is tighter than my fat ass," she pats her fight shorts suggestively, "and my kicks are faster than a Colombian salsa beat. You think you're ready for a taste of Bebe's special brand of pain and pleasure? Because that's exactly what you're gonna get!"

[Bebe throws her head back and laughs, a captivating mix of confidence and playful teasing.]

"Don't worry, Bianca, I promise to make it quick. Unless you beg for mercy, of course. Then maybe we can extend this little dance routine for a few extra rounds. Just sayin'. Colombia, you've been like a wet dream! Miami, get ready for the main event! Because Bebe's here to paint the town red, and maybe a little purple from all the bruises I'm about to hand out. Stay tuned, you lucky bastards! The party's just getting started!"

[Bebe blows a kiss to the camera, her playful demeanour masking a steely determination beneath the surface. The camera pans out as she struts towards her Amped colleagues, ready to celebrate her victory and set her sights on the upcoming challenge in Miami.]



Louisa: I Went Out Swinging

Louisa Rose Allen drops the ball against Gemma Lee Farrell.

[Camera cuts to Louisa, sporting a split lip and a large bruise forming on her cheek. Despite the beating she took, she's grinning, blood trickling down her chin.]



"Santa Marta, Colombia! Woo hoo! You guys were loud! Like, really loud! Did **Gemma** bring all her fans or something? Seemed like the whole place was cheering for her! Maybe next time I should borrow a bikini from Vita Sidorkina, that seems to be the winning formula these days!"

[Louisa throws her arms up in mock surrender. She winks at the camera, the goofiness momentarily replaced by a hint of seriousness.]

"Okay, okay, Gemma fought a great fight. She landed all the good stuff tonight, and my aim was apparently about as useful as Alexandra Paul's bra. Seriously, where were my ninja kicks when I needed them? Did they get lost on the plane? Maybe jet lag?"

[Louisa shrugs dramatically, then pouts.]

"The ref called it in the fourth, which, you know, fair enough. My face kinda looks like a Picasso painting at this point. But hey, at least I went out swinging! Like a windmill on a windy day! Am I right?"

[Another grin, punctuated by a small wince as she touches her throbbing lip.]

"Next up, Miami! Heard there's a fight with **Ciara Price** on the cards. Listen, Ciara, don't worry, I'll come prepared this time. I'm bringing extra glitter bombs, a whole arsenal of punches, and maybe even a giant dildo to hit you over the head! Just kidding... mostly."

[Louisa throws her head back and laughs, her genuinely carefree spirit shining through the disappointment.]

"Look, losses happen. Even to the most fabulous fighter in the world, which, of course, is me! But hey, that's the beauty of this sport, right? You win some, you lose some, and you always come back stronger, and way, way sexier! Miami, get ready for the Louisa show! It's gonna be a wild ride, filled with laughter, tits, ass, and maybe even a victory dance... or at least a valiant attempt at one! Now, where's the nearest ice cream stand? A girl needs some serious post-fight sugar!"

[Louisa winks again, then skips off towards the medical team, leaving the camera crew bewildered but strangely charmed by her infectious goofiness.]



Dua: This Ain't the End

Dua Lipa is outclassed again, this time by Blake Lively.

[Camera catches Dua slumped against the cage, blood dripping from a deep cut above her eye. She's battered, bruised, but her eyes still hold a spark of defiance. She grabs the mic and squares her shoulders.]

"Guapi, Colombia, you came to see a fight, and that's what you got. Maybe not the win I wanted, but hey, nobody ever said this was easy."

[She takes a shaky breath, wincing at the sting of her injuries.]

"Look, **Blake** is a force to be reckoned with. She came in hungry, and for a minute there, I swear I saw Ryan Reynolds in the cage with her. But let me be clear: this ain't the end of Dua. This is a pit stop, a chance to learn, to come back stronger, angrier."

[Her voice rises, the defiance hardening into a steely resolve.]

"Those vultures circling, Kylie keeps begging me to join her stable? She can keep her fancy offers and empty promises. I don't quit just because I lose a fight. I learn, I adapt, and I come back hungrier than ever. Miami will be my comeback story."

[She throws a challenging glance at the camera, daring anyone to doubt her.]

"**Shaila Gatta**? You're next on the chopping block, sweetheart. They say the odds are stacked against me. Fine. I thrive on defying expectations. This loss stings, but it won't break me. It'll just fuel the fire. Miami will see a Dua reborn. A fighter with a chip on her shoulder and a warrior's spirit. I'm coming for you, Shaila, and the rest of you doubters better take notice. I may be



wounded, but I'm far from finished. Miami will be rocked, and when it is, the whole damn MMA world will hear it."

[Dua slams the mic down, the raw emotion electrifying. The camera lingers on her face, a warrior's determination overcoming the physical pain. She takes a deep breath, then lets out a primal scream, a promise echoing in the arena: Dua will be back.]



Beatrice: Secret Punch Recipe

Beatrice Laus takes home an important win against Chyler Leigh.

[Camera zooms in on Beatrice, a huge grin splitting her face despite the fresh sweat and a faint trace of blood on her cheek. She bounces on the balls of her feet, the mic clutched in her hand like a prized toy.]



"Guapi, Colombia! Did somebody order a KO with a side of awesome? Because that's exactly what you just witnessed! Boom! Pow! Right on the chinny-chin-chin!"

[She throws a playful punch in the air, the crowd erupting in cheers.]

"**Chyler**, honey, where are you? Sleeping? Don't worry, I won't hold it against you. My punches have a way of putting even the toughest hoes to sleep! Am I right, everyone?"

[Beatrice throws a question to the audience, punctuated by her signature grin.]

"Seriously though, Chyler put up a good fight... for, like, a minute. Then BAM! My super-duper secret punch recipe landed, and lights out! Chyler sleeping with the fishes! Except, you know, fishes don't wear hospital scrubs like Chyler! Maybe next time, huh? Show some more skin with your fight attire, less napping in the second round!"

[Beatrice throws her head back and laughs, a whirlwind of carefree energy.]

"Next stop, Miami! Heard there's a rematch with **Alison Waite** brewing. Alison, sweetie, remember that last fight? Yeah, the one where you made me tap out like a scaredy-cat? Well, guess what? This scaredy-cat has claws now, and they're sharp! Miami is getting a double dose of Beatrice – the KO queen and the glitter goddess! Get ready for some serious payback, Alison, because this time, you're the one going night-night!"

[Beatrice winks at the camera, her goofiness masking a flicker of steely determination beneath the surface.]

"Colombia, you guys were the best crowd ever! Miami, hold onto your panties! The Beatrice show is rolling into town, and it's gonna be a knock-out, bitch-fest extravaganza! Who knows, maybe I'll even learn a new victory dance... or at least trip over myself spectacularly while trying. Either way, it'll be epic! Now, where's the nearest ice cream stand? A champion needs some celebratory sprinkles!"

[Beatrice skips off towards the medical team.]



Charli: Donkey Kong

Charli Aitchison takes down Leryn Fraco for the win.

[Camera catches Charli leaning against the cage, wiping sweat off her brow with a grin that could melt glaciers. She grabs the mic and shrugs, a hint of relief in her voice.]

"Alright Puerto Triunfo, Colombia, you guys were wild tonight! Let's just say the energy was definitely flowin'. **Leryn** put up a decent enough fight, gotta give her props for that. But hey, sometimes you gotta get in there and get a little rough and tumble, you know what I mean?"

[Charli winks at the camera, a playful glint in her eyes that could disarm a bomb squad.]

"Look, my punches weren't exactly on point tonight. Maybe I was too busy checkin' out the crowd? You guys lookin' good out there! But hey, a win's a win, and that sweet TKO feels pretty darn good. Maybe not the most glamorous victory, but sometimes you gotta win ugly, right? Besides, a little clinch action never hurt anyone. Except maybe Leryn's ribs, but hey, that's the fight game, baby!"

[She throws her head back and laughs, the infectious sound echoing through the arena.]

"Miami, buckle up! Heard there's a rematch with **Amelia Windsor** brewin'. Amelia, girl, you know I love a good challenge, and this time, it's on like Donkey Kong! Remember that time you talked smack about my takedown defence? Honey, let's just say I've been practising. Miami's gonna see a whole new level of Charli – faster, stronger, and maybe even a little more cheeky. Just sayin'. Consider this a sneak peek, a taste of the fireworks I'm about to unleash in Miami."



[Charli throws a playful peace sign at the camera, the image of confidence personified.]

"Colombia, you guys were awesome! The electricity in this place was off the charts! Miami, get ready for the fight of the night! 'Cause Charli's here to have some fun and maybe hand out a few bruises along the way. But make no mistake, this win tonight is just the first domino. Miami's gonna witness the rise of a champion, and let me tell you, it's gonna be a beautiful thing. Stay tuned, everyone! This is just the beginning of the Charli show, and trust me, you won't want to miss a single dazzling moment!"

[Charli throws the mic down with a laugh and heads over to her Amped friends, already planning the post-fight celebrations.]



Rina: True Terror

Rina Sawayama picks up an important win over Georgia Luzi.

[Camera jerks towards Rina, her face contorted in a feral grin. Blood streaks down her cheek, a crimson trophy from the fight. She grabs the mic, her voice a low growl, punctuated by ragged breaths.]



"Narino, Colombia. You wanted violence? You craved a spectacle? Consider yourselves satiated.

Georgia Luzi? More like Georgina 'in a body bag' Luzi now. Three whole rounds wasn't even enough. It took every ounce of my sadistic pleasure to finally quiet that screeching. Pathetic."

[Rina scans the crowd, a predator searching for prey. Her eyes, devoid of warmth, lock onto a particularly animated section, a flicker of violence dancing in their depths.]

"You all enjoyed that, didn't you? The way she crumpled under me? Begged for mercy that never came? That's what this is about, isn't it? The sweet, intoxicating surrender. The knowledge that you wield absolute power, that your will is the only law within the confines of the octagon."

[She runs a finger along the blood on her cheek, a chilling smile playing on her lips, the crimson staining mirroring the violent glee in her eyes.]

"The ground game? That's where the true terror lives. Trapped beneath me, a helpless little insect struggling against the unrelenting force of my body. Every pound of flesh, every desperate twitch, a testament to the exquisite agony I inflict.

The stomach claw? A mere whisper compared to the symphony of suffering I can orchestrate."

[Rina lets out a guttural laugh, devoid of humour, a sound that sends shivers down the spines of even the most hardened spectators. It's a laugh that speaks of a darkness that resides deep within, a darkness that thrives on the screams of the broken and the whimpers of the defeated.]

"Miami. **Maggie Q**. You heard right. You think you're different? You think your footwork is fancy enough, your punches strong enough to withstand the pain I bring? Wrong. In Miami, I'll paint the canvas red, not with my blood, but with yours. This TKO? Just a prelude, a mere appetiser to the main course I'm preparing for you. A slow, agonising feast where I break you not just physically, but mentally. I'll make you regret the day you ever thought you could step into the UCC cage with me."



[Rina throws the mic down with a clang, her eyes burning with a manic intensity. The camera lingers on her for a beat, the silence thick with a sense of dread that hangs heavy in the air. Then, she lets out a bloodcurdling scream, a primal echo of the violence that resides within her. The camera pans out as she stalks towards the locker room, leaving the crowd both exhilarated and terrified by the glimpse they've had into the darkness that fuels Rina's fighting spirit.]

Janelle: up Close and Personal

Janelle Monae gets her second victory, a win against Troian Bellisario.

[Camera zooms in on Janelle, sweat dripping down her face but a wide grin plastered across it. She catches her breath, then grabs the mic, her voice a touch hoarse but laced with exhilaration.]



"Santa Marta, Colombia! ¡Madre mia! That was a fight! Five rounds of pure, unadulterated chaos with **Troian** – gotta give her props, sister can throw down like a bitch! We were practically glued at the hip for half the fight, like sweaty best friends who can't get enough of each other's bad decisions."

[Janelle throws her head back and laughs, a genuine, carefree sound that echoes through the arena.]

"Look, the judges gave it to me by the width of a pubic hair, and hey, I ain't complaining! Two wins in a row, baby! This whole pro fighter thing is starting to feel pretty darn good. Miami's next, right? Heard there's a feisty redhead named **Francesca Capaldi** waiting to throw punches. Are you ready for this, girl? Age is just a number, and this number's ready to party like it's 1999!"

[Janelle winks at the camera, a playful glint in her eyes. She leans in conspiratorially.]

"Maybe I can even teach you a thing or two about those fancy kicks you love so much. Or maybe, we can get a little more... up close and personal. Just sayin'. Consider this your official invitation to a clash of titans, a dance in the octagon that'll leave the crowd breathless and the highlight reels begging for mercy."

[Janelle throws a playful peace sign, then she lowers her voice a touch, a playful seriousness creeping in.]

"Don't get me wrong, Francesca, I respect your skills. You've carved out a name for yourself in this game, and I wouldn't be here if I didn't think this was gonna be a hell of a fight. But let's face it, Miami needs a little spice, a dash of the unexpected. They need to see a woman like me, someone who walks the walk and talks the talk – and trust me, this talkative ho' can back it up in the octagon."

[Janelle throws her head back and lets out a hearty laugh, the sound echoing through the arena. She knows she might not be the most experienced fighter, but she has heart, grit, and a fighting spirit that burns brighter than any championship belt.]



"So Miami, get ready. Janelle's coming to town, and she's bringing the party with her. We're gonna turn that octagon into a dance floor, a whirlwind of sweat, strategy, skin, and maybe even a little bit of making out. Let's give the fans a fight they'll never forget, a spectacle that'll leave them wanting more. Miami, Colombia, the whole damn world – prepare to be entertained!"

[Janelle throws the mic down and practically skips towards her Amped stablemates, already plotting a post-fight celebration worthy of the epic battle she just left the octagon from.]

Jillian: I'm Sorry

Jillian Banks' disappointing loss to Skai Jackson.

[Camera focuses on Jillian, her head bowed slightly, a shadow of disappointment clouding her eyes. She clutches the mic tightly, fingers trembling slightly. Her voice comes out in a hushed whisper.]



"Narino, Colombia... Thank you. Thank you for your support. The fight... It wasn't enough. I didn't... I didn't do what I needed to do."

[Her voice cracks slightly, and she looks away from the camera, focusing on a spot in the distance.]

"**Skai**... she's a great fighter. Deserves the win. I just... I couldn't find my rhythm. The kicks... the punches... they just weren't landing."



[A tear rolls down her cheek, and she quickly wipes it away with the back of her hand.]

"I'm sorry. I know everyone expected more. I... I wanted more for myself."

[Jillian takes a deep breath, trying to steady her voice.]

"Miami... **Hala Al Turk**... It's going to be a tough fight. I know that. But I'll... I'll try my best. I'll keep working with Caroline, with Rina... everyone at Amped. Maybe next time..."

[Her voice trails off, and she looks back at the camera, a flicker of determination sparking in her eyes.]

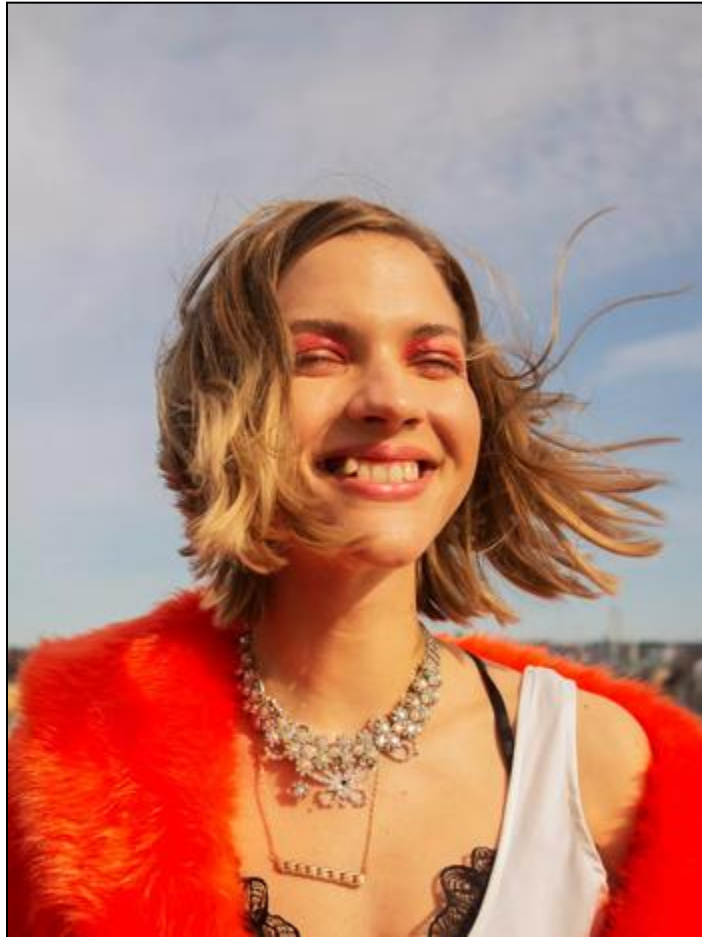
"Thank you... again. For believing in me. Even when I don't believe in myself."

[Jillian manages a small, shy smile, a glimmer of hope peeking through the disappointment. She nods once at the camera, then turns away, seeking solace in the embrace of her squad.]

Tove: Things Just Clicked

Tove Styrke wins! A hook downs Jana Defi.

[Camera finds Tove, her eyes wide and a faint blush creeping up her cheeks. She fidgets with the microphone, a hesitant smile tugs at the corners of her lips.]



"P-Puerto Triunfo, C-Colombia... Um... Thank you. Thank you for being here."

[The crowd erupts in cheers, catching her off guard. Tove shrinks back slightly, overwhelmed by the sudden noise, but a flicker of pride shines in her eyes.]

"I... I still can't believe it. The fight... I... Well, it went well."

[She looks down at her feet, then back up, a shy grin replacing the initial shock.]

"**Jana...** she's a tough opponent (her tits are enormous). Everyone's tough in this octagon. But tonight... I don't know, things just clicked. Every kick... every punch... they just seemed to find their mark (usually her enormous tits)."

[Tove runs a hand through her hair.]

"Miami next... **Melissa Benoist**. Everyone says she's a legend. And she's dressed as... Supergirl?"

[A bewildered expression washes over Tove's face. This whole thing feels surreal.]

"I... I don't know what to say to that. Maybe I can wear, uh... a Wonder Woman costume? Something inspirational, right?"

[A small laugh escapes her lips, a sound that fills the air with an unexpected charm.]

"Seriously though, Melissa... I respect you. You're going to be a force to be reckoned with. But I... I won't give up without a fight. I'll keep training, keep believing. Maybe next time, I'll even find the courage to wear something with a cape."

[A faint blush returns to her cheeks, and she casts a quick glance down at her own fighting attire. The shyness returns briefly, but Tove squares her shoulders, a newfound determination replacing it.]

"Thank you, Colombia. Thank you for cheering for me. Even when I doubted myself, your support helped me find my way. Miami, see you soon. And Melissa... Well, let's just say... get ready for a fight that's both powerful and... surprisingly adorable?"

[Tove offers a final, shy smile before turning away, a mix of relief and nervous excitement washing over her.]



Rebecca: Then BAM!

Rebecca Lucy Taylor gets her first UCC win, KO'ing Caylee Cowan.

[Camera zooms in on Rebecca, a wide, grin splitting her face. Sweat glistens on her brow, but it can't dim the sparkle in her eyes.]



"La Calera, Colombia! Did somebody order a heavyweight knockout with a side of awesome? Because that's exactly what you just witnessed! Boom! Pow!"

[She throws a playful punch at the air, the crowd erupting in cheers. Rebecca pumps her fist in the air, her victory cry a high-pitched squeak punctuated by a giggle.]

"**Caylee**, honey, you were outclassed tonight. Don't worry, I won't hold it against you. This heavyweight's punches have a way of putting even the toughest cookies to sleep! Am I right, everyone?"

[Rebecca throws a question to the audience, punctuated by her signature grin.]

"Seriously though, Caylee put up a good fight... for, like, a minute. Then BAM! The Rebecca Express rolled in and left you in the dust! Choo choo! Next stop, victory land! And let me tell you, the view from here is fantastic!"



[She throws her head back and laughs, a booming sound that echoes through the arena.]

"Speaking of fantastic, who's excited to see Ella's fight? She's gonna be heavyweight champion, baby! That's right, Ella's gonna dominate!"

[Rebecca throws her arms wide, the picture of unbridled enthusiasm.]

"**Naomie Harris**, my next opponent? Don't be scared, honey! This ring is big enough for both of us. Maybe after the fight, we can grab some ice cream and celebrate – winner or loser! Because hey, in this crazy UCC world, the only thing better than winning is having fun doing it! Right, everyone?"

[She winks at the camera, her chubby charm undeniable. This might be only her third fight, but Rebecca's infectious energy and positive spirit are a force to be reckoned with.]

Caroline: Call Me Crazy

Caroline Polachek remains winless, beaten by Mallory James Mahoney.

[Camera focuses on Caroline, her jaw clenched tight but eyes blazing with defiance. Sweat streaks down her face, a testament to the gruelling battle she just left the octagon from. She grabs the mic, her voice hoarse but laced with raw emotion.]

"Narino, Colombia! You came to see a fight, and that's what you got! Five rounds of pure fire out there with **Mallory**. Split decision? Frustrating? Hell yes! But let me be clear: this ain't the end. This is a bump in the road, a lesson learned the hard way."

[She slams her fist into her open palm, the sound echoing in the sudden silence.]

"Look, the clinches were mine. I had her pinned, controlled the fight for most of it. But the kicks... they just weren't landing tonight. That changes in Miami. Back to the drawing board, new strategy, same relentless will to win. **Lily Collins'** next. Not the most impressive record, but that doesn't mean a thing. Every fighter deserves respect, and I'll give her that respect by crushing her in the octagon."

[Caroline's voice hardens with steely resolve. The frustration is evident, but so is the unwavering determination.]

"Some might call me crazy, stepping back into the cage after two losses. But that's not what I see. I see a fighter who learns from her mistakes, who gets back up stronger after every blow. This is my journey, and I wouldn't trade it for anything. Miami, get ready for me.

Caroline's back, and this time, I'm coming in hungry. Lily might have a winning record, but against me, she'll be

tasting defeat faster than she can blink."



[A flicker of fire ignites in Caroline's eyes. The frustration morphs into a burning desire to prove herself.]

"Maybe my strategy needs tweaking, maybe my training needs a new edge. But one thing's for sure: my fighting spirit? Unbreakable. My courage? Unquestionable. Miami will witness the evolution of Caroline, the fighter who doesn't back down, who doesn't crumble under pressure. Lily might be the favourite, but underdogs have a nasty habit of biting back. Consider yourself warned."

[Caroline throws the mic down with a determined glint in her eyes.]



Answers:

Dua

Marina

Charli

Bebe

Louisa