

When I threw together this month's poll, I didn't bother including a few ideas. Wrestle Kingdom and Titboxer In Training were among them, because I knew they always win and I knew I'd be working on Sedna's story again.

This was actually a request from Diana/Hellbridge themselves. They wanted to know if Sedna could match have a match with Masha, their flagship character. I turned it down at first just because I couldn't imagine Sedna having much of a chance or a reason to fight at her level, since I had always wanted her to linger as a rookie in training. The charity match idea I'd set up last time was the spark I needed to make it happen. It was interesting writing it as a not full on femdom fight but clearly favoring one fighter.

I've also got a commission story based around Masha in the works, so probably more of her along the way. Remember the easiest way to keep track of all my patreon and commission work is joining the Discord or following Twitter, but all my original stuff ends up on here.

The next few weeks flew by for Sedna. Between her preparations and keeping in contact with Lonnie and her league (she learned it was called the Oregon Busty Boxer's League, or just the BBL for short), she was plenty distracted from something as unimportant as time. She had a titboxing career to think about! What was more, she was going to meet and fight one of her heroes before she even left Alaska.

Lonnie had called on her as effectively the only semi-pro boxer in the entire state when the titboxing federation wanted to host a charity boxing match and save themselves an extra plane ticket. Sedna was all too happy to let their cost cutting help act as her big break; she'd be in the pro's line of sight while getting to touch gloves with Masha "The Polar Doll" Nikolayeva in the ring. She was one of the most popular boxers in the world and one of Sedna's personal favorites. It was going to be a thrill to meet and fight someone she'd masturbated to so many times.

If nothing else, the league was very accommodating and left her as little to do as possible. They booked her a hotel near the location of the fight, arranged travel for her, and shipped her a few sets of gear in her colors. Her usual blue and silver gloves and trunks happened to contrast Masha's red and gold perfectly, but they wanted their usual top of the line stuff out there for the cameras. Thinking about the cameras and it being around the world made Sedna's heart race for a moment every time she thought about it, but it would quickly settle down. The whole point of her joining the sport was being topless in front of a crowd, so she'd quickly learned to box like nobody was watching.

She kept up her training until the day finally came. She was driven off to a coastal town a quick hop from her place, which was pretty crowded for... anywhere in Alaska, really. She'd only seen the occasional film crew pass through her town, usually filming a nature documentary or a reality show, but this was a full on scene. Sedna was expected to basically hunker down in her hotel room for a day or so before showing up for a weigh-in, a quick interview, and then the

promotional match the next day. “Hot bodies, frozen ice caps” was the tagline she saw around on some of the swag and banners set up for the charity. Just like Sedna and Masha were the perfect candidates for the match in terms of their species, cute little seal and polar bear faces were being used to tug at donors’ heart strings. It was being filmed and streamed all over the globe taking donations and encouraging various ways to help out.

Apparently, Sedna’s way to save the world was to get her ass kicked. She was thrilled by the opportunity, but she didn’t kid herself. She couldn’t imagine going against one of the strongest, most talented women in the world and winning before she was even officially a pro. Sure, she’d had some real success with Megan and Diance, but she’d lost track of how many years of experience Masha had compared to her. She was literally in a whole different league than her!

The chubby seal busied herself about the hotel like they’d asked. She distracted herself with the bottomless well of fetish fight footage and hit the gym for some light workouts but she wanted to keep her strength for the fight itself. After some light work on a speed bag, she went back to the locker room. They’d closed it off for the guests of honor, so as she changed out of her lightly sweaty t-shirt, the door opening behind her could only mean one thing.

Sedna froze up facing her locker, forcing herself not to spin around and scream out of nerdy delight. She forced herself to move at a snail’s pace, but still turned briskly around and saw her there. Masha was there in shorts and a muscle shirt that exposed her massive arms and the sides of her matching massive chest. She was a little bit bigger than Sedna in every way; a few inches taller, buffer built, two cup sizes bigger at L cups (according to all the stat tracking sites Sedna knew)... the only thing Sedna seemed to have on her was her thick belly, and she doubted that counted as any sort of “edge.” Always fashionable, Masha regularly changed her hair and had settled into a shoulder-length straight fashion of her snowy white locks.

The pure white model, boxer, actress and all around sex symbol blinked her icy blue eyes at Sedna with a small flash of recognition.

“Ah. I was wondering when I would run into you. You’re the girl from all these posters,” Masha said with a warm, blue-lipped smile (the same shade as her nipples, Sedna knew from countless matches).

It felt like a light joke. Sedna smiled and laughed either way out of nerves. There were tons of translators in the international titboxing circuit, but apparently most of the boxers picked up decent English as a common middleground between them. Masha’s English was effectively fluent, but still heavy with her Russian iconic accent.

“Haha! Yea! And you must be Masha! The champ. The Polar Doll. The Russian Ice Queen. The Big Blue Best of the Breast...”

Masha cracked a smile and a snicker.

"I have not heard the last one before," she noted.

"Oh. Yea, it's uh... pretty popular online among the uh... fans."

Masha nodded and adjusted her gym bag on one massive shoulder muscle . She held out a hand, warm and inviting despite the killer right hook and meaty forearm behind it.

"Always happy to meet a fan. Sedna, da?"

"Da. I mean ya. I mean yea," Sedna laughed as she shook the hand back.

"Phew. Sorry. I'm SO honored, but I thought I'd just have to punch you in the face and not really talk to you in person. It'd feel so much easier at this point."

Masha gave her a coy wink.

"You are free to try. I am not responsible for what happens after."

The polar bear scanned the locker room and then sat on a bench a few paces from Sedna. She set down her bag and gestured invitingly at the rest of the bench. Sedna blushed and felt her sweat kick back in, but she trotted over and sat down next to her. She was so practiced in it by now that she had forgotten she was the only one topless. Masha didn't mention it, but politely removed her top as well.

"I just wanted to talk to you before the fight. And about the fight," Masha offered.

Sedna nodded, her big shiny eyes wide open in awe.

"This is for charity. I have done many of these before. They are shows. Not for titles or points or anything like that. Nothing too, ah... unsportsmanlike? We are not looking to injure ourselves. Just have a good match."

"Uh huh..." Sedna didn't know where she was going, but she would have listened to Masha say anything at all if it meant she kept talking to her.

"It is why I want to ask you... the better the show, the better for the charity."

"Sure. People get generous when they're horny," Sedna said with a nod.

How could that be one of the first things she said to her idol!? Or at least one of her top five idols... but she could leave that part out for now. Masha still nodded along.

"What I am saying is... do you want me to go easy? I am not planning to throw the fight for you, but do you want just for show Masha? Or do you full Masha?"

Sedna took a second to piece together what she meant. She was offering to take it easy on the rookie and have them pull their punches enough to just put on a show, take some lumps and get things done. She was also offering to go all out on the younger seal, and everything that would entail. There were some nasty and degrading moves one could pull, all within the rules of formal titboxing, and even some of the nicer girls got competitive and dominant in the ring. Sedna shivered a little to think of all the busted up women Masha had left laid out on the mats covered in inappropriate bruises and blue lipstick marks.

“Oh! Definitely go all out on me,” Sedna said with genuine certainty.

She had to bite back the urge to add “mommy” on the end of it, but she meant it. She had to know what it was like. If she was ever going to be anywhere near Masha’s level, she’d have to see her at her best firsthand. No more videos and spars with randos. She was playing with the big girls now, and she didn’t want to get coddled into it. Masha tilted her head upward towards her, and Sedna thought she saw a hint of respect in her eyes. She patted Sedna on the shoulder.

“Very well. Then I must break you,” Masha said in a low and serious tone.

Sedna couldn’t help herself. She squealed and bounced her sneakers on the tiles of the locker room floor.

“EEEE~! YOU SAID THE LINE! YOU are SO COOL!”

Masha was startled by her response, but laughed jovially when she caught up to her response. She shook her head and stood back up, reclaiming her bag.

“Well, good luck, Miss Selkia. We’re fighting for a good cause, so let us make it a good fight, da?”

“Yea! Thanks, Masha! I’ll see you at the weigh-in!”

She waved to Masha as she went to get changed. Sedna hastily gathered her things and hurried back to her room, blushing and hugging an arm around her chest to hide how hard her nipples were with excitement.

Sedna had fought in front of crowds before, but going to the weigh-in felt like a whole new level. She was used to performing in front of people, but it was the first time she’d had to show up for an actual camera crew. One of the spokesmen of the league warmed up the press in attendance, urging them towards the charity before calling her out.

“We’ve reached out to local talent to help us bring attention to this cause. Please welcome our first fighter, The Glacier herself, Sedna Selkia!”

Sedna was used to horny whistles and bloodthirsty shouts from her earlier matches. The eagerly approving applause was a bit new to her. She stifled her blush as best she could beneath her fur as she stepped on stage dressed in her trunks and a snug blue sports bra with the titboxing league logo printed across on breast (she was absolutely going to ask to keep it). She beamed with excitement, unintentionally adding a bit more flex and jiggle to her short jog to the podium. The handsomely smiling red panda that had been speaking gave her a nod and a handshake. Sedna quickly spotted him as an Outsider from the league; even in the heated building, he was wearing an extra layer to keep warm.

“Thank you so much for having us in your chilly corner of the world,” he greeted warmly.

“Couldn’t be happier,” she answered promptly and genuinely. “I get to help a good cause and beat up one of my heroes.”

The joke landed with a few sharp laughs in the crowd.

“But we like it cold here in Alaska. Let’s keep her that way!”

She smiled wide and waved to the crowd. When the cameras kept flashing, she gave them a firm flex of one arm and quietly hoped to find the picture online later.

“Glad to have you onboard. And for her opponent, all the way from Russia, please welcome multi-championship winning superstar, Masha “The Polar Doll” Nikolayeva!”

Sedna watched the big bear come out just as eagerly as the audience. She kept grinning, and she counted herself as lucky that she met her backstage before seeing her on camera. Masha really taught her a lesson on how to make an entrance. She moved with a model’s grace despite her porn-star tits and bodybuilder muscle, taking her time reaching the center stage. She made a meal of it while giving the crowd what they wanted, striking poses and angles that gave them full views of her curves and muscles while barely breaking stride.

Masha wore a similar outfit to Sedna’s, but with a red and gold sports bra. Much like Sedna, she grew up in a cold enough place that she didn’t flinch from walking around the heated room in her underwear.

“Thank you so much for coming, Masha. I’m sure your fans are happy to see you at this event,” the host prompted her.

“Absolutely, Nathan,” she said, clearly knowing him well enough from all her touring and appearances.

“People shouldn’t need a reason to care, but if this helps draw their attention then I am happy to help. It’s no wonder the ice is melting when there are so many hot bodies out here.”

Masha raised her arms and gave the crowd a massive flex, kissing one of her biceps. It pumped up her huge, furry arms while making her breasts swell and perk up beneath her top. The cameras went wild for it, and Sedna stared for a second before she caught Masha making pointed eye contact with her. She caught herself and flexed her shoulders, striking a double bicep of her own and puffing up her chest. Definitely looking those up later...

"Much appreciated. Now let's get you on the scales."

Sedna followed the lead of one of the stagehands, stepping onto a large scale. She didn't need the machine to tell her she was outclassed, but the scale spelled things out as she stood still facing the audience. They called out the numbers as they came in.

"Masha Nikolayeva: 6'3", 535 lbs! Sedna Selkia: 6' 550."

Sedna was a little surprised to have the weight advantage on Masha, but a fair amount of that probably came from her gut. It didn't sound like enough to give her any actual edge when Masha was a sculpted goddess of a fighter. Besides, the part people were really waiting for was a few steps away.

They wheeled out a pair of scales set no more than two inches apart from each other. They were about the size of ones Sedna would see at a butcher's shop, but with adjustable bowl shapes instead of the usual scales. The devices were left center stage as Masha and Sedna were guided to either side.

"Think you can measure up?" Masha goaded her as she gracefully removed her top.

Her huge tits bounced back into place and firmly steadied themselves. Their immense girth and power was shown off the instant they were free, her hard blue nipples already peaking at the tips of the furry mountains. They were almost perfectly spherical, heavy with milk and muscle compared to Sedna's big but lower sloping breasts.

"I'll try to think really heavy thoughts," Sedna laughed a bit breathlessly.

It got a few more chuckles as she tugged her sports bra off one arm and then the other. That got a few interested mutterings as she flexed her pecs and shoulders, bouncing them in place. Masha smiled and gave a quick pec bounce back like a little salute, only she could do so hers one breast at a time.

With that, Masha slid in close and rested her boobs on the bowls. Sedna moved to do the same. Their assistants reached out and made some adjustments to both her breasts and the scale, making sure they fit on it while expanding the bowl shape underneath her. Sedna caught a glimpse of some letters coming and going along its border, realizing it was measuring her bust size and weight all at once.

“Sedna coming in as J cups, 38 pounds each for a combined weight of 76 pounds!”

The crowd applauded. Her coach had given her a proper checkup early on in her training and she noticed she'd put on some weight in her boobs while losing a little on her body. She was briefly impressed with herself before they finished measuring the bear across from her.

“Masha measures as L cups. 44 pounds each to a total of 88 pounds.”

The audience cheered a bit louder at that. Sedna blushed, both excited and embarrassed. She was outclassed in almost every single way by Masha, but she'd gone in expecting as much. The newest member of the amateur league wouldn't stack up against a heavyweight champ's tits.

Masha was smiling with subtle pride at Sedna as they wheeled the scales away. It left nothing between the ladies, topless in front of the audience at center stage. Masha gave her another urging glance, so she stepped up to her to go tit to tit with the bear. It was an iconic staredown like the ones Sedna saw in nearly every pre-fight weigh in (at least the ones that didn't break out into a brawl). Masha's were bigger and higher up, making her have to put a bit more weight into her toes to make up for it. Even then, her wide, pink nipples hardened instantly on contact with the Polar Doll's firm and fluffy jugs. It was even more intense in person. Sedna always knew it was a means of showing off and getting into your opponent's head like she did before a match. But with all the cameras and her drop dead gorgeous (and just plain deadly) opponent, Sedna felt like she could feel her heartbeat bumping uselessly against Masha's bosom. She could feel Masha's strong, steady breathing blowing over her snout and cleavage.

Masha smirked and leaned in the last inch to bump her nose against Sedna's. The playful gesture broke the spell on Sedna's senses as she started back a step. The audience laughed as she smiled herself and rubbed her snout. She gave a quick thrust of her hips at Masha, deciding to play with the one advantage she had. Her soft belly bumped into Masha's hard abs along with her breasts, pushing her with more weight than the bear was expecting. The champ even stumbled a step before giving Sedna an amused smirk and a warning point in her direction as she backed off to fully break the standoff.

“Save it for the fight, ladies,” Nathan urged showily. “We hope the rest of you will help support our cause and tune into the stream tomorrow. Remember, we want hot bodies and frozen ice caps.”

Sedna wondered if she could even sleep that night, but all her excitement made her crash. All it took was a masturbation session to cool her off, trying to remember if she'd had wet dreams that went like today.

The match was early the next day, so she prepared quickly and was glad that she didn't have to wait long. The town center they'd turned into their arena was packed with tourists and fans and reps from various divisions of the vast league. The league was taking it seriously but fast and

loose in most regards, so the women would have stools and water provided but no proper seconds in their corners. Sedna amused herself wondering if having a foul mouth like Poison in her corner would hurt the charity anyway.

Masha and Sedna came down the walkway towards the ring together, a gesture that showed it was all for fun and show. The cheering crowd greeted them both, and while it wasn't even as big a crowd as Sedna's last fight, it still felt bigger knowing that easily thousands of fans were streaming it online and donating to the charity. She'd have to scrape through every comment from the archived feed to see what people thought as she waved, flexed and jiggled for the crowd. She was in her full titboxing gear, just her loose, open robe, silver and blue gloves, boots and trunks to Masha's opposing red and gold. She had planned her entrance a hundred times over the years and decided to finally try it out. It turned out that hugging her beefy arms around her boobs until they popped out over her muscles and letting them flop back into their jiggy place caught her a lot of love.

They entered the ring with Sedna bending her short tail behind her, helping hold the middle ropes down for Masha. The buff polar bear gave her a nod of appreciation before catching the shoulders of Sedna's robe and sliding it off for her. The chubby seal gave her a smile as Masha tossed the robe at her.

"That is the last favor I do you tonight, da?" she warned with an amused but serious glance.

Sedna swallowed hard but still cracked a smile as she fumbled with her robe.

"Da. Very da," Sedna giggled.

The women finished disrobing before a squat, pink-faced monkeygirl in skimpy referee attire entered the ring to gesture them towards each other.

"You ladies know the rules by now, so keep it clean. Touch tits and touch gloves, then come out swinging."

Sedna nodded and took a short breath to puff up her chest. She took the initiative (no doubt because Masha let her) to lean in the last inch or so to bump her bust against Masha's. Her doughier build showed as her tits molded around the big bear's firmer pair. At least her belly reached far enough to bump against Masha's 6-pack. Masha didn't budge, and she didn't even have to show her superiority. Her rack was clearly packed full of milk and muscle as she patiently waited with her gloves planted on her hips. Even her nipples were constantly hard, poking at Sedna's nips provokingly.

"Last chance to back off, you know," Sedna reminded her with a sheepish smile.

Masha smirked back far more confidently. "I'll be fine," she assured her, pointedly not mentioning Sedna in the statement.

Sedna held out her gloves and Masha raised hers to bump them from below. Sedna's whole upper half jiggled as a result, but she backed off and they went right into their stances.

The rookie knew she had an uphill battle ahead of her, so she took the only approach she could think of. She lunged in and threw a quick hook at Masha's face as soon as she had her footing. The big she-bear looked surprised but her seasoned reflexes still leaned out of the way of Sedna's glove. It completely whiffed as Masha leaned back in with a firm straight to Sedna's exposed boob. It made the chubby seal huff and stumble back a pace, expertly warding her off while getting in a hit of her own. Sedna might have admired the maneuver more if it weren't being used on her.

Sedna tried to regroup to pace herself, but Masha wasn't about to let her get away. She moved in with just the right combination of power and speed, popping off shots that peppered the seal's chest and stomach. She finally got her arm at the right angle to intercept a punch, giving a sweeping backhand to parry it away. Sedna forced her way forward and swung a followup uppercut into Masha's abs. The beefy bear flinched and the audience popped with interest when the rookie landed a clean, hard hit. Sedna moved in close enough her breasts bumped back into Masha's, squashing them against each other once again with her advance.

Masha quickly adjusted her arms, bracing her fists on either side of them and using Sedna's close proximity to bring her gloves crushing inward with the seal's boobs stuck between them. Even seeing it coming, Sedna wasn't quick enough to match the Polar Doll's pace and simply let out a long, guttural groan as her breasts were crushed together. An early spurt of milk spat out of her pressurized nipples, blending in with Masha's paler fur.

Sedna reeled back, her solid arms going up to cradle her chest instinctively. Masha still caught her with a few hard hooks to the face, clocking Sedna in the muzzle and sending her face and hair flying along with the heavy hits. Sedna kept trying to back out and regroup, but Masha stuck on her and kept her stuck on defense. A defense that she kept slipping past to bash into her face and belly. Already, Sedna was starting to slow down as the bear's power punches did their work, leaving her dazed and trying to get back in the fight.

"I thought you weren't going easy on me," Masha taunted her as Sedna took another straight to the snout.

The amateur seal felt her tail and ass bump against the ropes, grabbing onto one for a quick hand steadying herself. Masha grabbed the ropes as well, pulling them hard to effectively slingshot herself forward while trapping Sedna in place. Her bigger, stronger pair of tits rammed right into Sedna's, forcing a shrill scream out of her crushed chest. Masha's hard nips stabbed into her bosom, hitting like tiny fencing daggers digging into her soft breast tissue. Masha's arms bulged and flexed with effort, really crushing Sedna like a human trash compactor. She smiled sweetly in Sedna's face, even as she pulled away and slammed herself back in bodily. This time Sedna let out a breathless howl as Masha hit even more on target. Her nipples stabbed right

into her own, the harder and faster-moving pair inverting hers into her chest. Getting nipplefucked by Masha felt like something Sedna would have put on her bucket list, but it was a lot more painful and concerning that it was exciting right now.

Masha withdrew again, her chest smeared with a cup's worth of Sedna's milk like the blood of an enemy. Sedna took some sharp, seething breaths as her nipples popped back into place, but she was at least tough and present enough to know now to let her do that again. When Masha went in for a third body slam, Sedna was launching herself right back at her with a short hook leading the way. The glove crashed right into the top of Masha's incoming sternum, making her huff and stop short at her stunning blow.

As Masha recoiled, Sedna escaped the corner as quickly and directly as she could. She threw herself into Masha, bending low to avoid any further counter attacks and grabbing her around the waist. The bear was blindsided, allowing Sedna to drive a quick barrage of punches into her ribs and sides. Masha beat and pushed at her back, trying to ward her off while Sedna bulldozed her way out of the corner. Masha had trouble keeping a woman of her weight at bay, and Sedna only realized it after she'd executed her plan but she'd gotten into a blind spot beneath the hugely busty bear's tits.

Once that occurred to her, Sedna released her low clinch and rose up, swinging with all the muscle she could muster. Her glove clapped noisily under Masha's right tit, sending it flying upward. It gave another fleshy slapping noise as the boob connected with Masha's unsuspecting chin, the titty uppercut startling her with a hit from her own assets. Sedna popped back upright, popping a few more body blows into Masha's solid core while she was still reeling.

The chubby seal shifted away from a swing, just to realize she fell for a faint. Masha's other arm was primed and ready to swipe in and crash into the side of Sedna's face while it was heading her way. The big red glove smashed into her cheek, sending her face jerking away while it was rearranged by the punch. Spittle flew from her unprotected mouth as she stumbled hard into the other direction. Masha recovered quicker than Sedna might have hoped from the titty upper, following up on her cannonball of a punch with more hard and fast blows about her body. Sedna could barely even get her arms into a sloppy semblance of a guard as Masha tore through it, burying her gloves in her boobs and belly to soften her up. Even when Sedna got her brief advantages or moments on the offensive, Masha's hulking arms made up the difference and then some with just a few hits. She not only had more muscle but she knew just where to apply all her power to make it hurt Sedna the most.

Two swift hooks into Sedna's doughy stomach knocked the wind out of her, bouncing her belly around before slamming a hook into the side of her breast. It knocked all of her weight to one side, making Sedna stumble and fall to one knee just as the end of the round bell rang. Sedna braced herself on one knee and glove, catching her breath while Masha towered over her. Once the Russian champ saw that she was getting back up, she gave her an upward nod and turned back to her corner. Even facing away from her, Sedna could see the power of her back muscles at work and her bulging tits swaying visibly past her broad body.

The rookie seal got back to her corner, finding a stool and open water bottle waiting for her. She plopped down and took a few shallow drinks. She was sore and throbbing with pain throughout most of her body, even her arms where she'd blocked some of Masha's hammering hits. She was working up a sweat enough that she poured a portion of the water over her sore tits, just to cool them down and clean off some of the leftover milk.

"All that from the first round," she sighed to herself. She still cracked a smile through the pain.

"So I lasted this long. Gotta say, that's better than I would have guessed. Good job, me."

She rested up the best she could while Masha did much of the same in her corner. She just looked better off while doing it. The bell summoned them back to the middle where they started to circle with their gloves up. They sized each other up with a few blockable jabs apiece before Masha committed to a heavier straight. Sedna's block turned into a clumsy parry, finding herself much more tired than Masha was from their initial beating. Masha plowed her arm aside and moved in with an advancing hook to her boob, starting an aggressive assault on the seal's softened up chest. Masha had clearly picked up on her style and committed to throwing her brawn around to force her way through Sedna's guard, pummeling her boobs around. The firm leather smacked the the chubby flesh around until she was spitting out globs of milk onto her gloves and fur. Sedna got the occasional hit in but it was slower and flimsier than anything Masha was dishing out. Masha's longer reach made it hard for her to deliver anything too devastating while her breasts were starting to swell and ached a little with every jiggle.

Masha got some distance between them, just to break into a burst of speed back towards her. The big bear tagged Sedna with a sock to her left side before circling around her left while she was off-balance. Sedna took a swing at her but Masha saw it coming, batting her arm aside as she kept going. The Alaskan's heart skipped a bit to realize that Masha had maneuvered right behind her; just about the last place any boxer wanted an opponent to be at the best of times.

She couldn't see Masha wind up but she felt her swing both gloves up and around her sides, clocking her in her underboobs with a double uppercut. Sedna gave a loud gasp of pain and surprise as her jugs squished together, arcing upward to spray some of her milk into her snout. Masha kept her brawny arms around her opponent's middle, holding her stuck in the troubling position. The bear's biceps and footing kept her trapped while one flexible glove squeezed around her tit. It pinched around her areolas, pulling and twisting to milk her further while the other arm clubbed short but heavy hits to her other boob. Sedna was left groaning and grunting in a clear spectacle for the audience, struggling to pull herself free from the bodybuilder's grasp.

Seeing she wasn't powering her way out of this one, Sedna saw she had to change tactics. She repositioned her hips to press her chubby butt against Masha's powerful thighs and kept sweeping her stubby tail upward. It thumped against Masha's crotch enough times to deter her, making the bear retreat with the heavy damage to her boobs already done. Sedna spun around to face her, but Masha spotted her pivot and had an incoming glove already waiting for her.

Sedna had no choice but to walk right into it, the combined momentum hitting hard enough to drop her to the mats. Sedna barely caught herself as she landed on her stomach right at Masha's booted feet.

The Polar Doll backed off, catching her breath and rolling her brawny shoulders. She played to the crowd a bit while Sedna took a moment herself, blinking some of the sweat and blur from her eyes. She licked a bit of milk off her lip as she planted a glove on the mats, boosting herself back up again around the count of 5. She got her gloves up, but she was breathing and sweating much heavier than Masha was. She spared a tender rub against her boob to ease some of the aches and budding bruises as Masha moved in, clearly intent on putting her back down.

Sedna moved around another heavy left, popping a couple long-range shots into Masha's right nipple. She knew she needed to do some damage to even stay in the match at this rate. A streak of milk started down her big blue nip but Masha hammered her in the face to punish her for the overly aggressive move. The big red glove filled Sedna's vision, but the stars on the gloves lingered as they seemed to flash before her eyes. It became open season on the dazed seal as Masha went to town on her, landing huge and perfectly timed punches to her face and tits that practically juggled Sedna's body in place, slowly working her backward. Sedna left a trail of milk, sweat and spit in her wake until Masha caught her with a cross to the cheek followed by a deep hook to the belly. Masha's softness soaked up some of the impact but there was no stopping that much power being driven into her body. Sedna huffed loudly, spraying a mouthful of drool over Masha's unflinching face. She doubled over, grasping as Masha's beefy arm weakly as if she was admiring it rather than trying to pull it out of her rearranged guts. She slumped forward enough that Masha ground her glove in her belly, making her stumble the last few inches to make her fall face-first between the fluffy white cleavage. A part of Sedna enjoyed the unique position she found herself in, making her pussy twitch and soak itself with excitement, but it was all buried and muted beneath a lot of pain and exhaustion at the moment.

Masha smirked down at her before shoving her back. Sedna's weakened legs were too unsteady to stop her as her back hit the ropes. She caught on with one solid arm over the top rope, trying to get her balance back and start seeing straight while she still had Masha's tit sweat clinging to her face. They just came back to haunt her as Masha grabbed the ropes and pulled herself into her, smothering her between the big famously thick and dense orbs. Sedna gave a muffled shout, trying to push her tits away to let herself get some fresh air. She squeezed and pinched at Masha's nipples but the chesty groan it got from her showed she had the same mixed feelings about the intimate pain as Sedna.

Masha freed up her hands, but rather than try to hold Sedna's hands back she started driving short uppercuts into her boobs. The seal was left blind and powerless to stop her from hitting one boob after the other like a pair of jackhammers. She ultimately slammed both deep into Sedna's jugs, digging into the bruised boobs to make them swell beneath her gloves. Sedna gave a shrill whine as all the earlier hits seemed to come flowing right back to her while her milk

sputtered messily past Masha's mitts. She heaved from the deep pains in her chest, popping her head up in a burst of energy to gasp for air. She huffed down a refreshing lungful, but it was interrupted again as Masha remained glued to her sweaty fur. The big bear locked lips with her, swallowing up Sedna's mouth with her plump blue lips. Sedna barely even heard the cheers booming from the crowd, lost in the moment that was no doubt raking in the donations as they kissed and fought for a good cause. Masha's thick tongue rolled out into her mouth, fully invested in the embrace. It certainly cut off any aggressive momentum Sedna was starting to build, and it was also making it incredibly hard to breathe as the taller bear's tits mounted and pinned Sedna's back against her chest. The big seal could only moan back into Masha's mouth as the bear adjusted her gloves to dig her thumbs into Sedna's nipples, drawing out even more pained cries from her.

With a sloppy smack of her lips, Masha pulled away from her mouth. Sedna gasped again, barely gaining any room to breathe. She had the faint feeling of the leftover blue lipstick left on her lips from Masha's marking kiss, but it remained low on the list of her concerns. Masha's fist became much more important as it slammed full force in between her tits. Milk and spittle flew out of Sedna as she was pushed far enough back into the ropes that her wide ass thrust out between them. Masha quickly stepped aside, letting Sedna come bouncing back off them and falling flat on the mats. She remained splayed out and groaning by the time the bell rang to end the second round.

Sedna managed to stumble back to her feet, only mostly sure she would have beaten the 10 count. She took a moment to shake away the pain and arousal-induced cobwebs before she found her corner and wobbled back into her stool. She guzzled more water to wash down the taste of sweat and milk, and when she drew it back she saw a colored stain on the lip of the bottle. Rather than the worrying red of blood, it was a smudge of Masha's leftover lipstick. She looked across the ring at the champ, who blew her a playful kiss and a wink. Sedna blushed and managed to find a little more motivation from the mocking move of sexual dominance.

Round three rang out all too soon for her. She gave herself a quick splash of water on her face, wiped it off with her forearm and forced herself back up. She met Masha in the middle, determined to do her best and put on a good show. Masha was slow in her approach this time, giving Sedna a flash of hope. Her defense was looser than earlier, and she did seem to have exerted some effort wailing on the big seal. Sedna waited until they got close enough to strike and launched a quick shot across Masha's rack. The firm tits bounced along with it but when Sedna went for a straight to follow up, the bear had already backed off. Sedna's punch fell short, and it took a few more heavy, tiring swings before Sedna realized she'd been baited by the bear. She was working up a sweat trying to catch her while Masha was exaggerating her fatigue just to dodge at the last second. When Sedna was feeling the burn in her heavy limbs, Masha struck while she was good and vulnerable. A speedy combo to her tits was followed by a massive uppercut, slamming Sedna in the chin.

Her face flew upward, trailing spit and sweat behind her as the rest of her felt momentarily numb. Sedna's eyes fluttered as she crumbled forward, about to drop to her knees if not for

Masha's brawny arm in the way. Sedna's chin caught on her big bicep, her head spinning as she landed on the slab of beef that was Masha's limb. The audience went wild around her at the showy catch, leaving the challenger resting on the bulging and veiny flexing arm. Masha showed off to the crowd, kissing her other bicep and making her other muscle pulse beneath Sedna's chin. It made her head bounce as she limply rested on it, as if her arm had its own muscular boxing glove to thump her with tiny punches.

"You may be done, but I am not," Masha purred.

She called Sedna something in Russian that she'd forget long before she could look it up, then threw her bodily into the nearest corner. The seal slammed into the turnbuckles back-first, propped up with her weakened arms hanging over the top ropes to force her to stay up. Masha planted her feet firmly in front of her, providing a powerful base for her to unleash a painful storm of punches. Sedna huffed and shuddered violently as Masha seemed committed to turning her tits into mashed potatoes. Her jugs flopped around and warped into painful new shapes that Sedna herself didn't know they could form. Milk spat out of her like a faulty sprinkler, and by the time Masha paused from punishing her mammaries, Sedna was slumped in her corner. Her nipples were wide open, busted loose and steadily spilling a stream of cream from each nipple.

Masha smirked at her, taking a step back to admire her handiwork. She grabbed one of Sedna's bruised up boobs, making the already swollen tit bulge up into a gray, black and blue balloon. The seal wailed as her nipples puckered up, parting to flow even heavier. Masha pinned her bodily against the corner as she lifted the breast up to her mouth. She started sucking down Sedna's milk, even her mouth feeling strong and tight on the big muscle bear as her fangs pricked her areolas. The seal wailed and shuddered, the shocking pleasure cutting deep to her corner. She gripped the ropes tightly while Masha nursed from her bruised up boob, though the hunger that the champ drank from her with showed she really did appreciate the drink after the long and draining bout. She practically drank the strength from Sedna's teat before standing back up and wiping her mouth off on her arm.

"Spasibo," she thanked heartily before repaying Sedna with more punishment.

She folded her arms behind her short hair, thrusting her boobs just short of Sedna's face. She swung her shoulders sharply to one side, slapping her huge jugs across her cheek. Sedna's snout flew violently along with it as one boob collided with her head, backed by the other clapping against it. Masha showed off while giving her arms a rest as she started swinging her tits back and forth, pummeling the seal with a violent motorboating. Sedna's head bounced left and right as she picked up the pace, sending spit flying in either direction and drooling over her cleavage. Sedna's head was rolling around listlessly as she gawked and dangled powerlessly in the corner. Masha brought her arms back to her front and started flexing again, this time focusing on her pectorals to make her tits bounce up. Each one got a few short, firm bumps into Sedna's face, mockingly bopping her around as if they were getting revenge for their beatings earlier.

Sedna grunted cutely from the tiny blows that still made her spinning head ache. She drooped heavier towards the mats, only hanging on by one glove now. She heaved for air, her boots slipping out from under her and almost on her knees. Masha smirked down at her, and Sedna found herself too dizzy to think straight. She couldn't remember being this fully dazed, but she still found enough active brain cells to pull off a single thought more. She couldn't stand straight but she still threw all her might into an upward swing, clocking Masha with a sloppy right hook to the face.

Masha's head barely even moved from the exhausted blow. All it really accomplished was getting a smear of her makeup across her gloves. Masha loomed over her, a shadowy mass of muscle about to beat the tar out of her before the bell rang to save Sedna's ass one more time.

The seal could barely crawl to her corner and sit up straight. She doubted she could stay standing for another round let alone trade punches with the mighty polar bear. It felt like everything ached, and she tried to latch onto that to at least assure her she was still conscious. Her heart raced as she picked up on the still thrilled cheers of the crowd. A tiny, admittedly nerdy voice in the back of her head pointed out the occasions when Masha had knocked out a professional opponent in the first round. Another voice piped in to point out that a lot of her title-ranked bouts lately went into the double digits in rounds. Sedna had to wonder if she was a little concussed or if she just had that big of a nerd.

"Either way," she panted to herself. "I've gotta be the buffest nerd in the world at this rate."

The bell rang again for round 4, leaving Sedna wondering where the time had gone. She took a hasty swig of water, spat out the milk-and-blood-flecked mouthful into the provided bucket and forced herself back up. She felt twenty years older and fifty pounds heavier with how absolutely drained she was. She groaned and her legs shook as she still dragged herself out to meet Masha. Sedna was barely able to put up her dukes, to say nothing of forming an actual defense. She overcompensated by going too high with her guard, making her completely open to Masha's sudden double uppercut clocking her in the underboobs. Sedna cried out as her hefty boobs flew straight upward. The punches and the stretching of her rack both left a tearing sensation in her pec muscles that echoed as they flopped back down. She started to buckle over but Masha caught her on the way with a sharp blow to her jaw that juggled her back upright. Sedna stumbled up, leaving herself easy pickings so she couldn't curl up trying to defend from the heavy hitting superstar. The rapid headshots kept her too dazed to fully collapse as she drunkenly staggered in place, knocked around as Masha pleased with her guiding punches.

She quickly rendered Sedna a sloppy mess, stuck at a leaky standstill in the middle of the ring. Masha clenched her fists and raised them high overhead, rewarding the audience a stunning look at her muscles and chest alike before she brought her gloves smashed back down. The pair of hammer blows down on Sedna's upper chest. With a weakened grunt and a dual spurt of milk spitting over Masha's chest, the seal shuddered from the pain throbbing through her tits.

Her legs gave out completely as the throbbing felt like it replaced her heartbeat. Sedna dropped to her knees, pawing at Masha's thick legs to try and hold herself up in her lightheaded state. She couldn't even flex her fingers fully, but the curve of her gloves caught on the waistband of Masha's red and gold trunks. The bear didn't even try to stop her, letting her heavy body sink to the mats and drag the tight shorts down with her. Masha allowed the fans a view of her fluffy crotch and thick, muscled ass before she palmed the back of Sedna's head, forcing her face deep into her muff. Sedna let out a startled but pathetically weak moan as the smell of sweat and milk was overpowered by the dominant bear's musk. It imprinted deep into her, a clear act of dominance as her weakened body gave up and submitted to the alpha female. Sedna's eyes rolled back while her leftover lipstick from Masha smeared across the big bear's groin. As Sedna looked up to Masha, her blurry eyes saw the final glove come crashing down into her face. The burst of stars and red made her finally collapse flat on her back, arms and legs splayed out around her.

Sedna was in and out of consciousness for a bit. She heard the roar of the crowd, she heard their ref counting. She only realized she was fading in and out when she heard the count. "4... 5.... 8..."

Sedna mumbled something even she wasn't sure of but she could barely get her shoulders off the ground. She let herself collapse again, letting her muscles finally do nothing at all. It felt perfect, even if she knew it meant she'd lost. She let her body give in and shut her eyes under Masha's shadow. She heard the muffled noise that resembled "ten," but the clanging of the bell assured her it was over. She was about to shut her eyes and wait for someone to drag her out of the ring, but she felt a sudden weight on top of her. She huffed as Masha planted her boot on Sedna's crotch, grinding the sole slightly as she flexed for the crowd. She had several streaks on her fur of lipstick and milk left behind from Masha's beating, trophies on her amazonian body from her victory. Her swelling, primed muscles swelled and she arched her back to keep her huge, powerful tits thrust outward and upward. Even the few bruises and scuffs Sedna had left only seemed to compliment Masha's mix of beauty and power. Sedna was surprised to find she managed to look even hotter when she had just beaten the everloving shit out of her.

Masha ground her boot on Sedna's groin, rubbing in how wet she'd become. Sedna shuddered as the intimate grinding, no matter how rough, was welcomed by her aching body. She was still numb enough to barely feel it as her body shuddered and she orgasmed in front of the roaring crowd. She had no idea if Masha meant it as an insult, a treat, or just a natural part of her job by leaving her conscious for it all, but Sedna appreciated it in her sporting, horny way.

She spaced out, lightheaded between the pain and the surprising orgasm. She faintly remembered somebody moving her around and the easing sting of ice packs. It was all a blur until she found herself back in the bed of the medical wing. A poodle nurse passed her a cup of water that she nursed down, taking a minute to realize she had a few med-patches taped to her, especially around her chest and a bandage taped to the top of her nose.

"Good fight out there," the nurse praised her.

“Even if you didn’t win, you helped raised a lot of money today! Over 500 thousand by the last count.”

Sedna smiled and rubbed her sore arm around her tattoo.

“Oh I definitely wasn’t going to win the match. I just wanted to do my best, and I did. I actually got a few clean hits on the Polar Doll, so if that’s not an achievement in itself, what is?” she laughed.

She snorted sharply, clearing some of the dry blood out of one nostril. It gave her a leftover whiff of Masha’s pussy, made her blush. The nurse tapped her on the shoulder and passed her a folded note.

“Miss Nikolayeva sent this for you while you were out.”

Sedna opened it up eagerly and read.

“Miss Selkia,

Thank you kindly for all your hard work today. You put on a good show and helped a lot of people. Just as importantly, you showed me you know your way around a ring. I’ve seen people at my level that show less enthusiasm and instincts for the ring than you did today. You’ve got a lot of potential and I can’t encourage you enough to keep pursuing what is clearly your passion. I went hard on you today and you performed better than I expected. I promise you that you’re going to get knocked down again. We all do. If you keep getting back up, you’ll go farther than you imagine.

I’m heading out tomorrow, but I’ll be in the US for a while on business. Maybe we’ll run into each other again.”

Masha had signed the bottom of her note and left a blue lipstick mark, much like she had on Sedna’s body in a few places. The seal blushed and cracked a wide smile. She was surprised to find herself wondering if the bear beating the crap out of her bumped Masha up or down on her top 5 list.

“Good news?” the nurse asked casually.

Sedna hugged it tightly to her bandaged chest.

“I’m framing this,” she sighed.

She was also finding and masturbating to her match with the superstar as soon as she could, but that felt less important to share with the nurse. She laid back, letting herself rest and recover for the next few days. She had a plane of her own to catch next week that would take her to her bright future full of getting punched in the tit.

