

HGC: Island hopping in the Med

"Sicily, Majorca, Crete, Santorini, Ibiza, Cyprus... Let's see now, which island location did I enjoy the most?"

Mr X adjusted his sunglasses and leaned back in his deck chair. A waiter handed him a cocktail with a pink umbrella sticking out of it.

The warm sun beat down on his bronzed body, the cold drink quenched his parched throat, a light breeze ruffled his perfect hair... At least, that's how this looked in Mr X's mind. In reality the sky was clouded, the light breeze was more of an annoying gust and the drink didn't contain enough tequila.

Mr X spoke out loud as he pondered the Third UCC Tournament Series. He spoke to no one in particular, but by speaking out loud it makes it easier for anyone reading this to understand his feelings. Plus, he was on his eighth drink and that's enough to make anyone talk to themselves.

"I didn't care much for **Ibiza**." Mr X mused, "It's a pity, because I do love to watch women fight in their lingerie. Even though **Ayumi** looks fit in that gold corset, she sucked in the cage."

Another sip of the drink went into his mouth, "**Kim** always looks amazing in lingerie, her stockings and suspenders are to die for. But, she couldn't compete with her half sister, **Kendall**. And then there's **Karen**, who went a step further than Kim, but also was destroyed by **Kendall**."

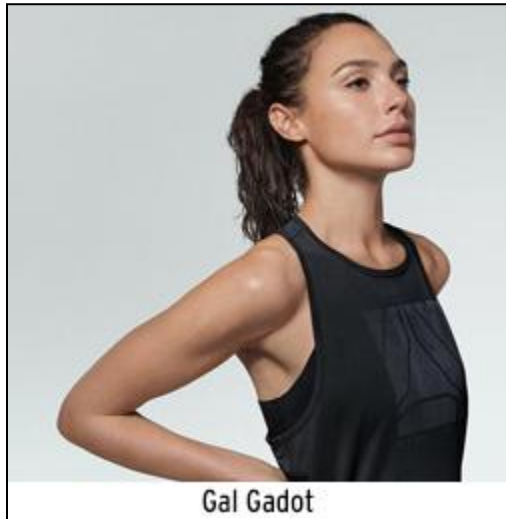


Kim Kardashian

Mr X sighed, "My girls need to learn to fight better in their underwear. Meh, Ibiza is overrated."

"Then there was the island of **Cyprus**, where I had four women testing their luck in their sweaty workout gear. Maybe it was too hot and there wasn't enough Powerade on hand for them, because this was a disaster, too."

A cloud covered the sun and Mr X sighed, "**Ariana's** cute pigtails and sweatpants weren't enough to keep her in the tournament. What a waste, she was really on a roll until this event. I don't know what happened to **Gemma**, but I don't even want to think about what happened to Gemma."



Gal Gadot

The sun remained hidden behind a cloud, "Then there's **Gal**. A winner in the first tournament series, but since then she's been eliminated by **Chyler** in the second and third tournaments. Personally I think there's something very dodgy going on with Chyler Leigh. When she puts on her workout gear she looks way too buff."

The sun peaked out from behind the cloud, but then a darker cloud covered it. Mr X sighed, "Cyprus wasn't good for my brightest Starlet, **Kira**. She's still my highest ranked fighter, but failing to win the tournament she won last time, it's quite disappointing. The cow that beat her, **Kennedy Summers**, did go on to win the tournament, but that's cold comfort really."

Mr X shivered as the cloud continued to block the sun.

"Kira's still the welterweight champion, but this tournament

loss will not help her confidence. Especially since her main rival, **Bella Hadid** won her Denim tournament..."

Mr X's thoughts trailed off for a few minutes. A cool breeze blew over him and the clouds were finally chased away from the sun. As the sunlight once again warmed his skin, his thoughts turned to the tournaments on the island of **Crete**.

"I'm not quite sure why Crete hosted the **Evening Gown** tournament, but Spinalonga Island is a very exotic location."

Mr X was interrupted for a moment as he was handed another cocktail. This time the little umbrella was lime green and the drink had a bit more kick to it.

"I had six women battling in their gowns. **Sophie** had the worst night in Crete, out in round one. Defeated by a legit princess. "

"**Chloe, Salma, Scarlett** and **Jennifer** (Lawrence, not Connelly) all made it to the third round before they were all set home. That dress on Chloe looks so good, the color really suits her. I just wish she had put up more of a fight against **Ellie Goulding**."

"Salma certainly knows how to fill out her dress, but dammit. Why did she have to lose to a newbie like **Melissa Claire Egan**? Argh. That Egan woman..."



Salma Hayek

Mr X picked the lime green umbrella out of his drink and flicked it away from his chair. It landed at the waiter's feet, with a sigh he picked it up and handed Mr X another drink.

"It could have been an all Hellfire Girls final in the middleweight Evening Gown tournament. But, no. Jennifer and Scarlett both got themselves eliminated one round before the final! We gave away the final to a **Badass Barbie** and **World of Fight** bimbo. Jennifer and Scarlett should hang their heads in shame."

Mr X stretched out his legs in the deck chair and yawned loudly.

"My main girl, the one and only **Jennifer Connelly**, made it all the way to the final....and then lost to that Egan woman. The same one that took out Salma. Now, I'm not one to throw accusations around, but I feel I have an obligation to point out something that should be very obvious."

Mr X sat up and spoke louder, no one was listening.

"Egan cheated. Unless my dictionary is out of date, an Evening Gown is a dress. It doesn't have separate things to put your legs into! I don't know what Egan thinks she's wearing, but that ain't no Evening Dress."



Laying back in his deck chair, Mr X pushed his fingers to his temples. "Oh well, at least Jen wasn't beaten by a **Centerfold Angel**, they seem to be winning everything."

Then he heard a voice, "They say in **Sicily** the hottest girls all wear denim."

Mr X looked up at the waiter and raised his eyebrows, "This is my monologue. Shut up and bring me another drink. And some of those tasty bar snacks I know you're hiding."

With a sigh, he cleared his throat, "They say in **Sicily** the hottest girls all wear denim. Unfortunately, as hot and sexy as she looks, **Olivia** was ousted for her tournament in the first round. Yet another loss."

"**Debby** managed to make it round two before she went home to bed early. At least she did better than Starlet friend, Sophie."



Mr X waved at the waiter, "Where are those tasty bar snacks?"

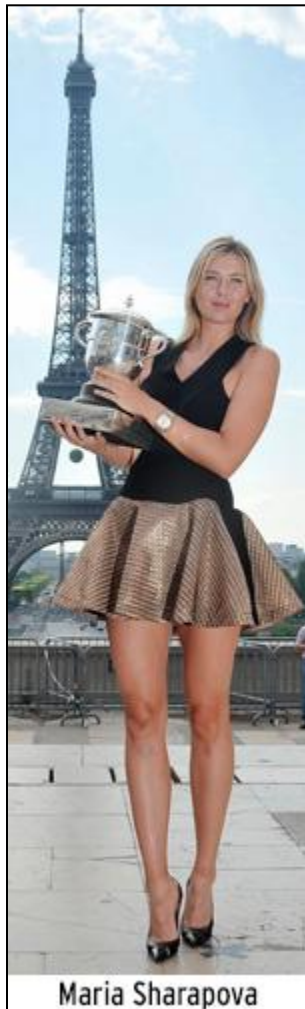
A moment later and Mr X was chomping on something unhealthy as he watched a seagull fly overhead. "It was very wise of me to bring **Maisie** into Hellfire. Not only has she boosted the Starlets, but she's proven she has the skills to pay the bills. She kicked ass in the featherweight denim tournament. From round one to round four, she looked unstoppable. She punched her way through the first couple of rounds and then she destroyed **Nasia Jansen**."

Mr X watched the seagull as it swooped down to the water and back up again. "**Vanessa Hudgens** never stood a chance in that final round. Maisie is now just one UCC rank below Kira, who would have thought two Starlets would be my top fighters? Just a pity that Sophie and Debby are sucking so bad right now."



Maisie Williams

The seagull flew right over Mr X and a splat of birdshit just missed him. He waved his fist in the air, "Fuck off, you stupid bird. Goddam flying rat."



Maria Sharapova

Once again speaking out loud to no one, Mr X said "Where was I? Sicily? No, I'm done with that. **Majorca's** next. Girls fighting in mini dresses. Quite nice. Quite nice, indeed."

"Well, not so nice for **Peyton**, the last of my Starlets that I'll mention. She was thrown out in the second round. Of course she looked as cute as a sexy button, but buttons don't win tournaments."

"The heavyweight mini dress was a pain in the ass. **Maria** and **Elizabeth** were both doing really well, progressing and showing the world their sexy legs. Of course they were fighting expertly too, but mainly I was looking at their legs. Then what happens?"

Mr X paused for effect, but the waiter and seagull didn't seem to notice.

"I'll tell you what happened. In the semi-finals they had to fight each other! How fair is that? It isn't fair! Not fair at all. Bah."

"I'm a little bit shocked that Liz crushed Maria so easily. It's not like Maria sucks, but she was soundly beaten by another Hellfire girl. And when she fought **Alexandra** at UCC XI she was also soundly beaten by another Hellfire Girl. Is there some kind of mental block here? Something stopping Maria from winning against stablemates? That seems ludicrous."

"Anyway, Liz beat Maria and then embarrassed herself in the final against **Eugenie Bouchard**. Oh well, I guess **Queens of the Cage** can celebrate their victory."

"Majorca was great for **Kaley**. Mmmmm...Kaley." Mr X closed his eyes and became lost in his thoughts for a minute.

Actually, more than a minute. Time ticked by as he lay in the sun with his eyes closed...

When he opened his eyes, Mr X saw the waiter beside him, holding a tray of fresh drinks. "Your drinks, sir. And please continue to speak about Ms. Cuoco."

"Erm. OK. Where was I?"

"You said, and I paraphrase here: 'Majorca was great for **Kaley**. Mmmmm...Kaley.'"



Elizabeth Gillies



Kaley Cuoco

"Erm. Right. Yes. It was great for her. She won her middleweight, mini dress tournament."

"She also won the Second Series, didn't she?"

"Yes! She did. And now she's won it again. She's rather special."

"Yes, sir."

Mr X stared at the waiter. The waiter stared back. The seagull landed on the waiter's shoulder, it stared at Mr X. He stared back.

"Tell us about **Santorini**," said the seagull.

Mr X blinked and looked down at his empty glass. The blood red cocktail umbrella opened and closed on it's own. The glass was now full, the colors in the cocktail swirling around.

The seagull took flight and circled above him and the waiter. Mr X adjusted his sunglasses.

After clearing his throat, Mr X began, "Santorini. The UCC swimsuit tournaments. Right. Why am I talking about this last? This was the best set of tournaments for Hellfire."

He put the empty glass down and sat up, the horizon dipped and swayed. "I'll start with **Alexandra**, my heavyweight who fights in a blue one piece swimsuit with 'Beach Please' emblazoned on the front. My gosh, she has great boobs."



Alexandra Daddario

"Well, Ms. Great Boobs fought well and made it all the way to the semi-finals. Yes, she was outclassed by a **Death By Bikini** fighter in the end, but kudos to Ms. Great Boobs."



Emily Ratajowski

The waiter handed Mr X a cup of black coffee, "Please drink this, sir. I'm sure you'll feel better."

"You know what made me feel great? Watching **Victoria** win the featherweight swimsuit tournament and **Emily** doing the same in the lightweight division. That, my friendly waiter, is what made Santorini feel like the best place in the entire Mediterranean Sea."

Mr X continued, "Victoria had been competing in the workout tournaments, but this time around I put her in a polka-dot bikini and she fought her way to the very top. No wonder



Victoria Justice

Hanna-Maria is in love with her, she looks so good! A perfect example of the female species."

"Then there's Emily, who switched from lingerie to bikini. It had the same effect as Victoria's change, she won, too! Oh rejoice! Two tournament winners in Santorini, two bikini winners in Santorini. I love some Santorini. That black sand, that Greek food, those whitewashed houses, those donkey's that you can ride..."

"Well. There you have it."

Mr X finished his cup of coffee and stood up. He wobbled and staggered, the waiter grabbed him by the elbow.

"I think I need to lie down."

The seagull flew overhead, it did a barrel roll and headed out over the sea.

The waiter escorted Mr X away from the beach. Mr X turned to face the waiter, "Hey. Have you seen **Rachel** anywhere?"

The waiter shook his head and smiled. He led Mr X back to his room and closed the curtains.

